THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

The Laurel Song Book

C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

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THE

LAUREL SONG BOOK

For Advanced Classes in Schools, Academies, Choral Societies, etc.

EDITED BY

W. L. TOMLINS

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1915

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INTRODUCTION

The Laurel Song Book is the result of an effort to give to the young students of this country a collection of songs and choruses representative (in so far as is possible to a work of limited compass) of the best musical art of the world, and more especially of the art of our contemporary American composers.

In the past it has been necessary for us to turn to other countries, not only for great examples of art in its highest aspects, but also for its more humble, but none the less beautiful and enduring forms, such as those simple songs expressive of man's primal emotions, love, faith, sorrow, and worship.

America, like all the world, was drawn to these by the attraction of their inherent beauty, and because in the immortal Lieder of the Germans, as in the chansons of the French and in the canzone of the Italians, there is a universal note to which the heart of man, of whatever color or clime, will be for all time vibrant and responsive. This universal quality, however, does not take from them their several individualities as German Lied, French Chanson, or Italian Canzona. They speak to the universal heart, but they speak each of them in a manner peculiarly their own; and they are, before all else, the utterances, not of artists, but of men, segregated and distinguished by racial traits, social ideals, and natural environments.

To anyone who has followed with interest the development of musical art in America, it must have become apparent that the time is at hand for the fullest recognition of the writers of our own country, for a change of attitude in regard to the artists of America, and also for the realization of the hope, long entertained, that at length we may begin to speak with confidence and pride of the existence of a National Art.

For this reason the editor wishes to place especial emphasis upon the value of the American compositions contained in The Laurel Song Book. They will be found reminiscent, necessarily, of the compositions of the standard writers in form and treatment, having a resemblance, structurally, to the classic forms of the master harmonists, and including the rhythms of the ancient Volk-Lieder; but under all, as fuse and amalgam, there will be found the pulsation of a new life, the life of the men and the ideals of Modern times.

That the young students of our country should be afforded the opportunity to study and sing so many songs of their own countrymen, and that these songs should include so much of what is most beautiful in the literature of their race, — is not this in itself a witness of what has been accomplished by American composers in the past, and an earnest of the things that are to be? Such a collection as the present ought to awaken in the student a higher ambition than that which is satisfied with technical excellence of rendition. It ought to have some influence upon their lives and characters, and to beget in them an admiration for, and a faith in, the genius of their own land.

The quality of the texts in The Laurel Song Book is worthy of consideration. The poems represent nearly all the great writers of the English-speaking peoples of almost every period (or

at least such of their poems as were lyrical in nature and adapted to musical treatment), and their range of thought and emotion is as great and varied as life itself.

The selected pieces have been taken from a large number of compositions gathered by the editor through many years of teaching and conducting; and it is hoped that they may prove as inspiriting as they are beautiful, and be within the capacity of young singers. The gratitude of editor and publishers alike is due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for permission to use poems from the works of Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, and Holmes; also to Messrs. Daniel Appleton & Co. for their kindness in giving us the right to use Bryant's "Lines to the Fringed Gentian." The two Indian songs are from the interesting and authoritative work of Miss Alice M. Fletcher on the Songs and Myths of the American Indians; and we are glad to acknowledge her courtesy in letting us use them. The editor and publishers also take this opportunity to thank the many friends who have helped and encouraged them in their work throughout. They are under particular obligations to Messrs. Frank G. Cauffman and W. W. Gilchrist, to Henry K. Hadley, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Arthur Farwell, Henry Holden Huss, and also to Mr. S. Henry Hadley and Mr. Grant Drake. These gentlemen have not only contributed original compositions, but have also given valuable advice and material assistance.

In the hope that a book representing much of the art and life of America to-day, and giving to the student so unusual a combination of the beautiful in the sister arts of poetry and music, may be found acceptable and helpful, the editor offers this work to the educators and musicians of the country.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

NOTE.

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A number of the pieces in The Laurel Song Book have been arranged for orchestra. Scores may be had from the publishers upon application.

THE LAUREL SONG BOOK.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

Robert Browning. *Henry K. Hadley.*

Moderato.

p

Grow old . . a - long with me! The best . . is yet to be, . . The last of life, for which the first was made;

mf

Our "A whole I planned, youth times are in His hand Who saith, ...

p *f*

shows but half; Trust God; see all, nor be a - fraid. A . . whole I planned, youth shows but half; Trust God; see all, nor be a - fraid."

mf *f* *p*

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THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Whittier. *Clayton Johns.*

Moderato.

1. Bless - ings on thee, lit - tle man, Bare - foot boy, with cheek of tan! . . . . . With thy turned up pan - ta - loons, And thy mer - ry whis - tled tunes; Bless - ings
2. Let the mil - lion - dol - lared ride! Bare - foot, trudg - ing at his side, ... Thou hast more than he can buy In the reach of ear and eye, Bless - ings
3. Out - ward sun - shine, in - ward joy; Bless - ings on thee, Bare - foot boy, ... Cheer - i - ly then, my lit - tle man, Live and laugh as boy - hood can, Bless - ings

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on thee, lit - tle man, Bare - foot boy! With thy
on thee, lit - tle man, Bare - foot boy! Thou hast
on thee, lit - tle man, Bare - foot boy! Cheer - i - ly

cres. *cres.* *rit.* *f* *a tempo.*

turned up pan - ta - loons, And thy mer - ry whis - tled tunes; Bless - ings
more than he can buy In the reach of ear and eye, Bless - ings
then, my lit - tle man, Live and laugh as boy - hood can, Bless - ings

cres. *cres.* *rit.* *f* *a tempo.*

cres. *cres.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

on thee, lit - tle man, Bare - foot boy!

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

JUNE.

(PART SONG.)

James Russell Lowell. *P. A. Schnecker.*

Allegretto.

mf

What is so rare as a day in June? A

mf

What is so rare as a day in June? A

p

mf

day . . in June? Then, if ev - er, come per - fect days, come per - fect

day . . in June? Then, if ev - er, come per - fect days, come per - fect

f *dim. e rit.*

days; Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, . . And o - ver it

f *dim. e rit.*

days; Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, . . And o - ver it

f

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pp *a tempo.*

soft - ly her warm ear lays; Wheth-er we look, or wheth-er we lis - ten, We

pp *a tempo.*

soft - ly her warm ear lays; Whether we look, or wheth-er we lis - ten, We

hear life murmur, or see it glis - ten; Ev - 'ry clod feels a stir of might, a

hear life mur-mur, or see it glis-ten; Ev - 'ry clod feels a stir of might, a

stir of might. An in - stinct with-in it that reach - es and tow - ers, And

stir of might. with-in it, and tow - ers, And

rit.

grop - ing blind - ly a - bove it for light, Climbs to a soul,

rit.

grop - ing blind - ly a - bove it for light, Climbs to a soul,

rit.

climbs to a soul, Climbs to a soul . . . in

climbs to a soul, Climbs to a soul . . . in

ff rit.

grass and flowers, Climbs to a soul . . in grass and flowers.

ff rit.

grass and flowers, Climbs to a soul . . in grass and flowers.

ff rit.

Ped.

PRAYERS OF LOVE.

Whittier. *W. W. Gilchrist.*

p *Andante with expression.* ♩ = 66.

Pray'rs of love like rain - drops fall, Tears of pit - y are

p

Pray'rs of love like rain - drops fall, Tears of pit - y are

p

cres.

cool - ing dew, And dear to the heart of our Lord are

cool - ing dew, And dear to the heart of our Lord are

cres.

mf *dim.*

all Who suf - fer, like Him, in the good they do.

dim.

all Who suf - fer, like Him, in the good they do.

mf *dim.*

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THE STORMY EVENING.

R. L. Stevenson. *G. W. Chadwick.*

Allegro marcato.

1. The storm - y eve - ning clos - es now in vain, . Loud wails the
2. Yon ship you chase, per-chance but yes - ter - night . Bore still the

1. The storm - y eve - ning clos - es now in vain, . Loud wails the
2. Yon ship you chase, per-chance but yes - ter - night . Bore still the

While here in shel - tered
That here in shel - tered

wind and beats the driv - ing rain, While here, while here in
pre - cious freight of my de - light, That here, that here in

wind and beats the driv - ing rain, While here, while here in
pre - cious freight of my de - light, That here, that here in

house, With fire - y - paint - ed walls, I hear the
house, With fire - y - paint - ed walls, Now hears the

shel - tered house, With fire, with fire - y - paint - ed walls,
shel - tered house, With fire, with fire - y - paint - ed walls,

house, With fire - y - paint - ed walls,
house, With fire - y - paint - ed walls,

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wind a - broad, I hear the call - ing squalls, I hear the
wind a - broad, Now harks the call - ing squalls, Now hears the

f

I hear the wind a - broad, I hear the call - ing squalls,
Now hears the wind a - broad, Now harks the call - ing squalls,

8va

ff

wind a-broad, I hear the call - ing squalls. "Blow, blow," I cry, "You
wind a-broad, Now harks the call - ing squalls. "Blow, blow," I cry, "In

ff

I hear the wind a-broad, The call - ing squalls. "Blow, blow," I cry, "You
Now hears the wind a-broad, The call - ing squalls. "Blow, blow," I cry, "In

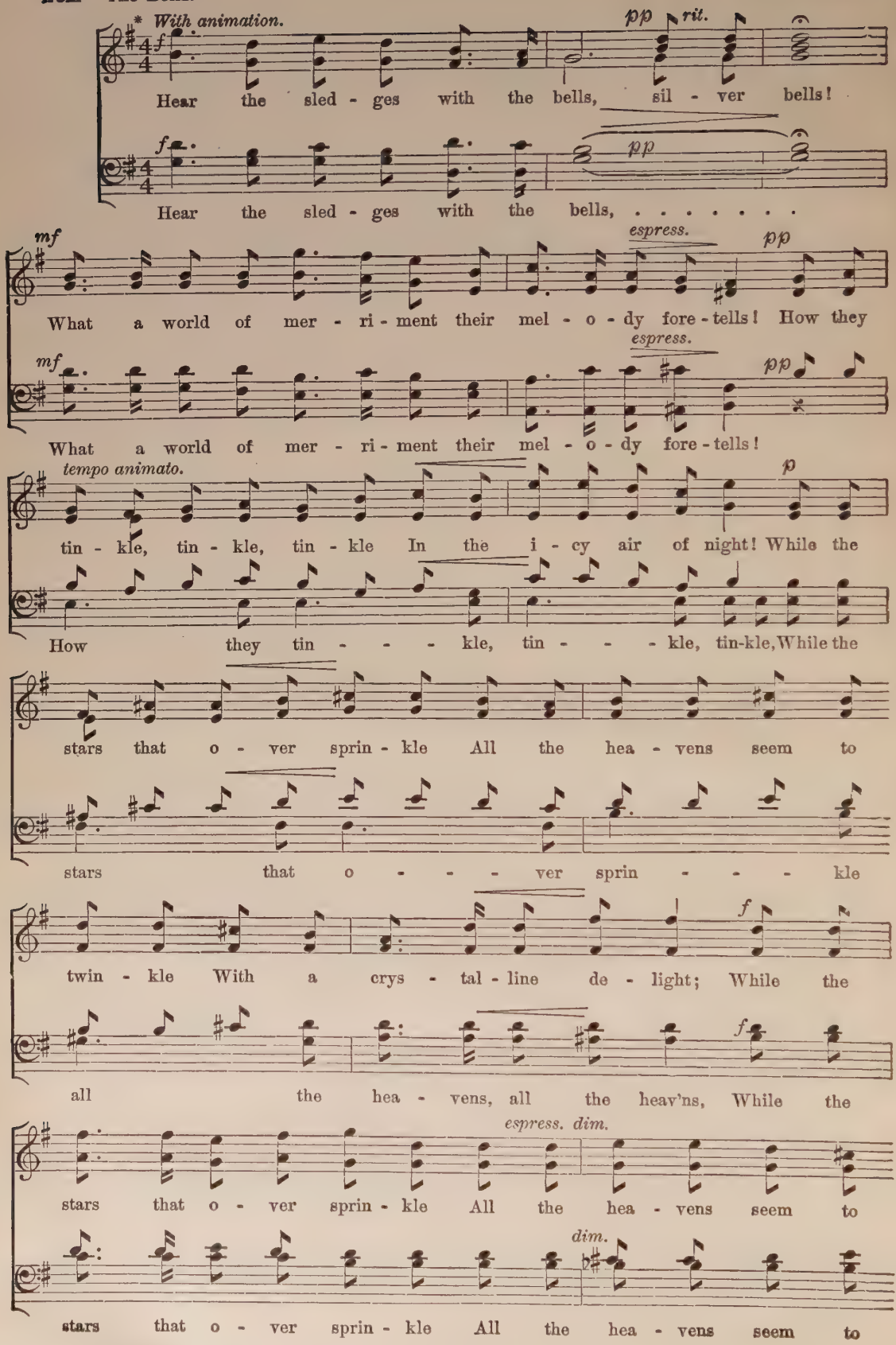
burst your cheeks in vain; Blow, blow" I cry, "my love is home a - gain."
vain you rouse the sea, My res - cued sai - lor shares the fire with me."

burst your cheeks in vain; Blow, blow" I cry, "my love is home a - gain."
vain you rouse the sea, My res - cued sai - lor shares the fire with me."

THE BELLS.

Edgar Allan Poe, from "The Bells."

Arthur Foote.



* To be sung unaccompanied, and preferably in the key of G-flat major.

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p

twin - kle With a crys - tal - line de - light,

p

twin - kle With a crys - tal - line de - light, Keep - ing

p

Keep - ing time, time, Keep - ing

Keep - ing time, *pp*

keep - ing time, ... time,

pp

time, time, time, Keep - ing

p accel.

time, time, time, In a sort of Ru - nic rhyme, To the

p accel.

time, time, time, In a sort of Ru - nic rhyme, To the

cres. e molto. *f tempo.*

tin - tin - na - bu - la - tion, that so mu - si - cal - ly swells From the

cres. e molto. *f tempo.*

tin - tin - na - bu - la - tion, that so mu - si - cal - ly swells From the

ff

bells, bells, bells, From the jing - ling and the tink - ling of the

ff

bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, From the jing - ling and the tink - ling of the

p *f*

bells, Hear the sled - ges with the bells, Sil - ver bells! Sil - ver bells!

f

bells, Sil - ver bells!

SONG OF GREETING.

Frederick Manley.

Omaha Indian Melody,
Harmonized by Arthur Farwell.

Restfully.

Greet - ing, O peace - ful one, greet - ing, O . . . maid - en,

Greet - - - ing, O peace - - - ful one,

mp

laugh - ing, Dew - ey eyed

lit - tle maid - en, shin - ing, O maid - en, laugh - ing child,

greet - - ing, O maid - en, laugh - ing child,

p *p*

Spir - it of morn - ing a - ris - ing for me, for me,

Spir - it of morn - ing a - ris - ing for me, for me,

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Bring - ing the dead moons, the old morns to me; . . .

Bring - - - ing old morns to me, . . .

pp

pp

maid - en, . . . greet - ings to

mf

p

maid - en, O maid - en, greet - ings to thee, . .

p

O maid - - en, greet - ings to thee, . .

mf p mf p

p

Spir - it who keep - est the world young for me.

p

Spir - it who keep - est the world young for me.

p

LARGHETTO.

Adapted from Isaiah, Chap. 25, by Frederick Manley.

Arranged from Beethoven's 2d Symphony by Edgar Stillman Kelley.

p

O Lord, my God, I praise Thy name, For Thou hast com-passed

p

O Lord, my God, I praise Thy name, For Thou hast com-passed

p *cres.*

won - derful things; Strength of the poor, in his dis -

won - derful things; Strength of the poor, in his dis -

p

tress, Ref - uge from storms, we glo - ri - fy Thee. Re - joice, He will

tress, Ref - uge from storms, we glo - ri - fy Thee. Re - joice, He will

cres.

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Yea, the Lord

save us, Re - joice, God will save us, Re - joice! He hath swal-lowed up

save us, Re - joice, God will save us, Re - joice! He hath swal-lowed up

Yea, the Lord

Death in vic-to-ry, Re - joice, He will save us, Re - joice, God will save us, Re-

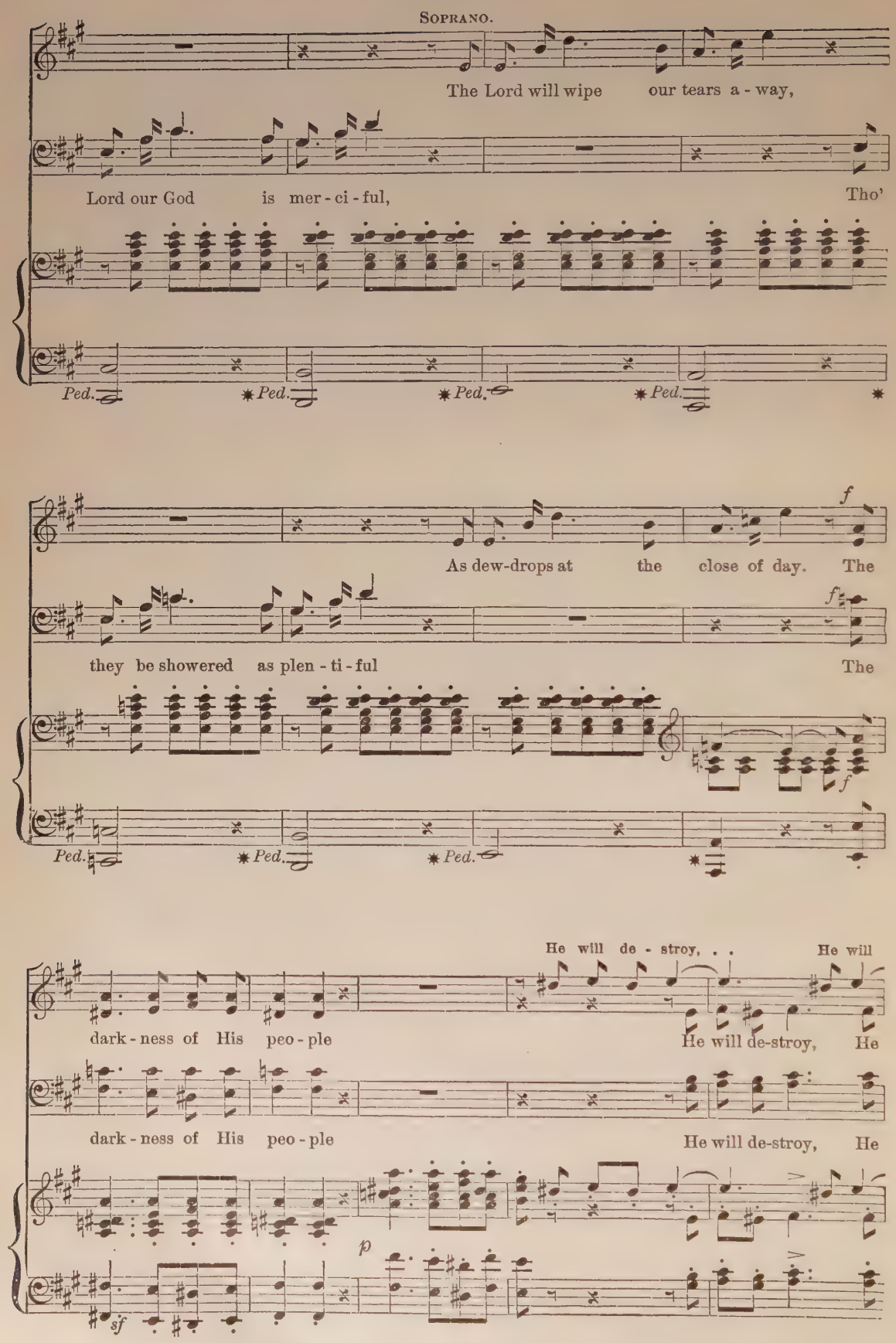
Death in vic-to-ry, Re - joice, He will save us, Re - joice, God will save us, Re-

joice! He hath swal-low-ed up Death in vic - to - ry.

joice! He hath swal-low-ed up Death in vic - to - ry. The

Ped. *

LARGHETTO.


SOPRANO.
The Lord will wipe our tears a - way,
Lord our God is mer - ci - ful, Tho'
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
As dew-drops at the close of day. The
f
they be showered as plen - ti - ful The
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
He will de - stroy, . . He will
dark - ness of His peo - ple He will de-stroy, He
dark - ness of His peo - ple He will de-stroy, He
p
sf

de - stroy, ...

will de - stroy, He will de - stroy and on the earth, And on the

p

will de - stroy, He will de - stroy and on the earth, And on the

p

earth Will He breathe forth His . . joy. O Lord, my God,

mf

earth Will He breathe forth His . . joy. O Lord, my God,

mf

f

mf

I praise Thy name, For Thou hast com - passed won - derful things;

I praise Thy name, . . . For Thou hast com - passed won - derful things;

(*Easier*)

LARGHETTO.

In Thee, O God, we will re -

In Thee, O God, we will re -

joice, And in Thy word we will re -

joice, And in Thy word we will re -

joice, Prais - es, prais - es un - to Thee, Fa - ther and Lord.

joice, Prais- es, prais - es un - to Thee, Fa - ther and Lord.

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

SWEET CONTENT.

Thomas Decker. *Wilson G. Smith.*

In moderate time.

1. Art thou poor, yet hast thou gold - en slum - bers? O sweet con -
2. Canst thou drink the wa - ters of the crisp-ed spring? O sweet con -

O sweet con - tent,

tent, O sweet, O sweet con - tent. Art thou rich, yet is thy mind per -
tent, O sweet, O sweet con - tent. Swim'st in wealth, yet sink'st thou in thine

O sweet con - tent,

cres. *somewhat faster.*

plex - ed? O pun - ish-ment, O pun - ish - ment. Dost laugh to see how fools are
own tears? O pun - ish-ment, O pun - ish - ment. Then he that pa - tient - ly wants

cres.

softer. *ritard.* *In moderate time, and*

vex - ed To add to gold - en num - bers, num - bers? O sweet con -
bur - den bears, No bur - den bears but is a king. O sweet con -

ritard.

with delicate shading. *rallent.*

tent, O sweet con - tent, O sweet con - tent, O sweet con - tent.

rallent.

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MY BRIGANTINE.

James Fenimore Cooper. *Louis V. Saar.*

MIXED CHORUS, *a capella.*

Non troppo All, ma con Spirito.

f *f* *dolce.* *mf*

1. My brig-an-tine! My brig-an-tine! Just in thy mould, And

mf dolce.

Just in mould and

buoy-ant on the surge, . .

beau-teous in form, gen-tle in roll and buoy-ant on surge, .

legg.

Light as the sea-fowl rock-ing in the storm, In breeze and gale thy

legg. storm. . . In breeze . . and gale . . . thy

rock-ing in storm, In breeze and gale thy

f *rit.* . . . . *f* *f*

on-ward course we urge, My wa-ter queen, my wa-ter queen! 2. La-dy of mine,

course . . . we urge, *f* *rit.* *f* *f*

course we urge,

f *mf dolce.*

La-dy of mine! more light and swift None threads the sea, with sur-er keel or

mf dolce.

La-dy of mine! light-er, swift-er, None threads the sea with sur-er keel or

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legg.

stead-ier on its path. We brave each waste of o - cean mys - ter-y, And laugh to

legg.

stead - ier on path.

f *rit.* . . . *f*

hear the howling tem-pest's wrath, For we are thine, for we are thine!

rit. . . .

f *f*

hear the tem - pest's wrath,

poco piu lento. *pp* *pp* *mf dolce.* *a tempo I mo.*

3. My brig-an-tine! My brig-an - tine! Trust to the pow'r that points thy way, .

poco piu lento. *pp* *pp* *mf dolce.* *a tempo I mo.*

Trust the

pier - ces from a - far, *legg.*

Trust to the eye that pier - ces from far, . Trust the red me - teors

legg.

Trust the eye that pier - ces from far, .

that a - round thee play, And fear - less trust the

And fear - - less

that play a - round, And fear - less trust the

f *ff* *rit.* . . . . . *ff*

Sea-green La - dy's star, Thou bark di - vine, thou bark di - vine!

f *ff* *ff* *ff*

La - - dy's star,

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

Alfred Tennyson. *W. W. Gilchrist.*

Moderato espressivo. *Con espress.*

SOPRANO.

1. Home . . . they bro't her
2. Stole . . . a maid- en

Con espress.

ALTO.

1. Home they bro't her war - rior dead,
2. Stole a maid - en from her place,

war-rior dead, She . . . . nor swooned nor uttered sigh, All her
from her place, Light - - ly to the war-rior stept; Took the

She nor swooned nor ut - tered sigh; All her maid-ens watching
Light-ly to the war- rior stept, Took the face-cloth from the

maid- ens watching said, She must weep or she will die, She must weep or she will die.
face-cloth from the face, Yet she nei-ther spoke nor mov'd, Yet she nei-ther spoke nor mov'd.

said, She must weep or she will die, She must weep or she will die. . . . . .
face, Yet she nei- ther spoke nor mov'd, Yet she nei-ther spoke nor moved. . . . .

rall. ad lib.

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Then . . . they praised him soft and low,
Rose . . . a nurse of man - y years,

Then they prais'd him soft and low, Called him
Rose a nurse of man - y years, Set his

a tempo.

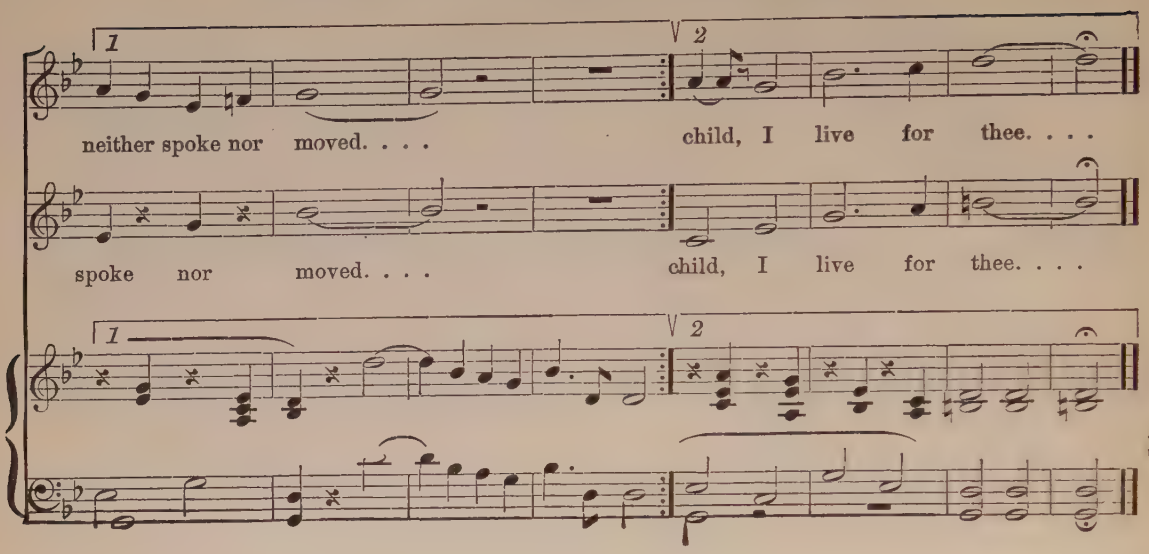
Called . . him wor - thy to be loved, Tru - est friend and
Set . . . . his child up - on her knee; As sum - mer tem - pest

wor - thy to be loved, Tru - est friend and no - blest foe, Yet she
child up - on her knee; Like sum - mer tem-pest came her tears, "Sweet, my

no - blest foe, Yet she nei-ther spoke nor moved, Yet she
came her tears, "Sweet, my child, I live for thee, Sweet, my

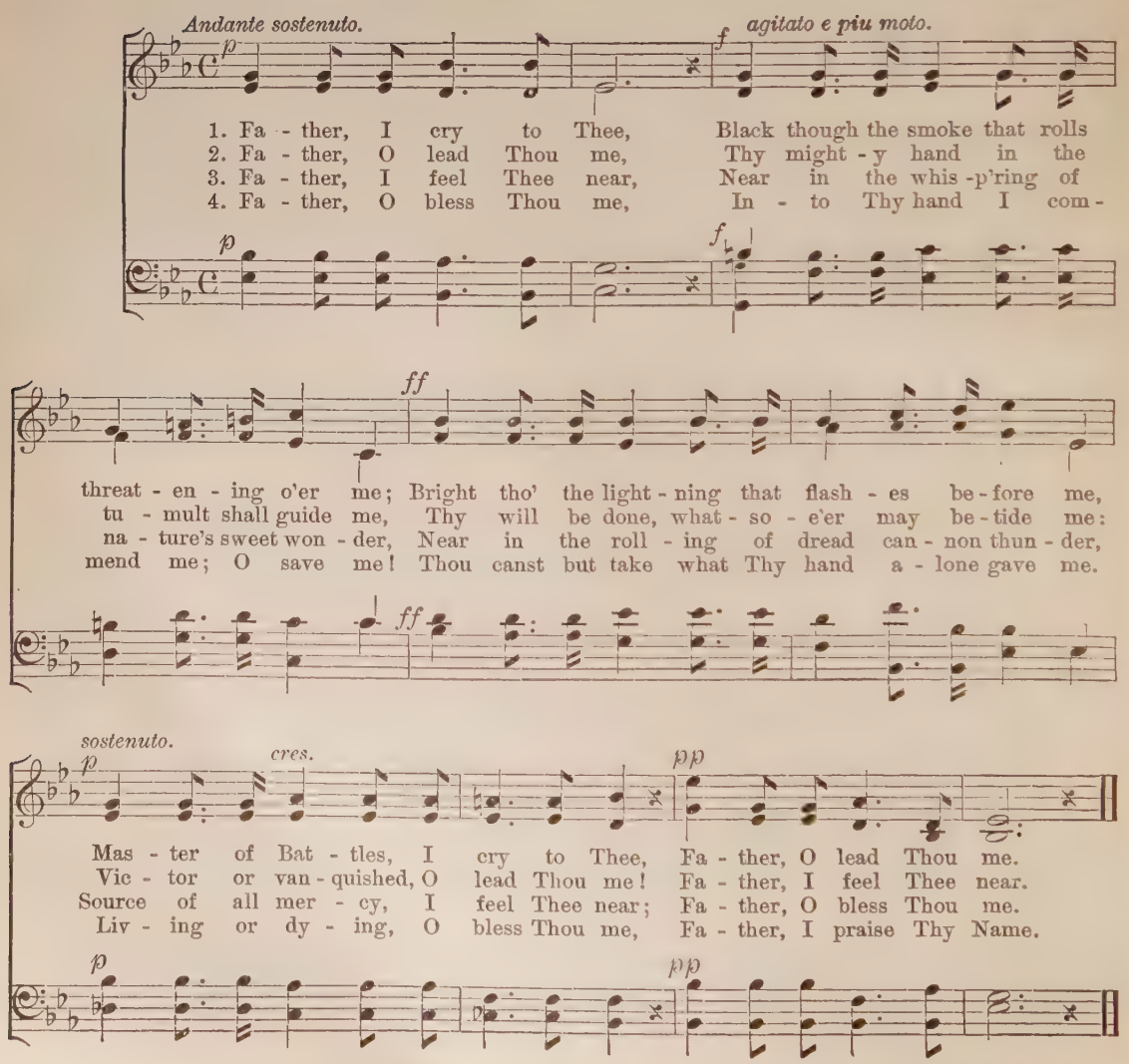
nei-ther spoke nor moved, Yet she nei-ther spoke nor moved, Nei- ther
child, I live for thee, Sweet, my child, I live for thee, Sweet, my

p



PRAYER.

F. H. Himmel.



LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

William Wordsworth. *Henry Waller.*

Quietly, in moderate time.

p *p* VOICES.

I heard a thou - sand blend - ed notes while in a grove I sat re - clined, In

heard . . . a thou - - sand notes while in . . a grove re - clined, In

heard a thou - sand blend - ed notes while in a grove I sat re - clined, In

heard . . . a thou - - sand blend - - ed notes, . . . In

p

that sweet mood when pleas - ant tho'ts bring sad tho'ts to the mind. Thro'

sad tho'ts to mind.

mf

prim - rose tufts, in that sweet bow'r, the per - i - win - kle trailed its wreaths; And

cres. e rit.

a tempo. *piu f*

'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r en - joys the air it breathes; And

dim. e rit.

'tis my faith that ev - 'ry flow'r en - joys the air it breathes.

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O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Walt Whitman.

Edgar Stillman Kelley, Op. 19.

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 104.)

poco rit. *f* *a tempo.*

O Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! our

f *f*

O Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! our

a tempo.

f *poco rit.* *f*

fear - ful trip is done; The ship has weathered ev - 'ry rack, The prize we sought is

fear - ful, fear - ful trip is done; The ship has weathered ev - 'ry rack, The prize we sought is

The port is near, the bells I hear, The peo - ple all ex - ult - ing; While

f *mf*

won. The port is near, the bells I hear, . . The

The port is near, the bells I hear, The peo - ple all ex - ult - ing; While

f *mf*

won. The port is near, the bells I hear, . . The

marcato. *col. 8va. ad lib.*

f *mf*

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fol - low eyes the stead - y keel, the ves - sel grim and dar - ing.

rit.

port is near, the bells I hear. . .

fol - low eyes the stead - y keel, the ves - sel grim and dar - ing

port is near, the bells I hear. . .

sf rit.

Much slower. (♩ = 76.)

f *p*

But O! heart, heart, heart! O the bleed - ing drops of red, Where

p *dim.* *pp*

But O! heart, heart, heart! O the bleed - ing drops of red, Where

rit. *Much slower.*

f *sf* *sf* *p* *dim.* *pp*

p *pp* *f*

on the deck my Cap - tain lies Fall - en cold and dead. O Cap - tain! my

p *pp*

on the deck my Cap - tain lies Fall - en cold and dead. O Cap - tain! my

Tempo 1mo.

sf *sf* *p* *rit.* *pp* *f*

Cap - tain! Rise up and hear the bells. Rise up, for you the

Cap - tain! Rise up, rise up and hear the bells. Rise up, for you the

f *mf* For you bou - quets and

flag is flung, for you the bu - gle trills; For you they

f *mf* For you bou - quets and

flag is flung, for you the bu - gle trills; For you they

cres. *f* *col. 8va ad lib.*

rib - bon'd wreaths, for you the shores a - crowd - ing, For you they call, the

call, the sway - ing mass, . . their ea - ger,

rib - bon'd wreaths, for you the shores a - crowd - ing, For you they call, the

call, the sway - ing mass, . . their ea - ger,

sway - ing mass their ea - ger fa - ces turn - - ing.

rit. *Much slower.*

ea - ger fa - ces turn - ing. Here

sway - ing mass their ea - ger fa - ces turn - - ing.

rit.

ea - ger fa - ces turn - ing. Here

Much slower.

rit.

p

Cap - tain! dear fa - ther! This arm be - neath your head! It is some dream that

p

Cap - tain! dear fa - ther! This arm be - neath your head! It is some dream that

sf

p *pp* *f*

p *dim.* *pp*

on the deck you've fall - en cold and dead. My Cap - tain does not

p *dim.* *pp*

on the deck you've fall - en cold and dead. My Cap - tain does not

sf *p* *dim.* *pp*

an - swer, his lips are pale and still. . . My fa - ther does not

an - swer, his lips are pale and still. . . My fa - ther does not

feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will. . . The ship is an-chor'd

feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will. . . The ship is an-chor'd

sostenuto.

poco accel. e cres.

safe and sound, its voy'ge closed and done; From fear - ful trip the vic - tor ship comes

poco accel. e cres.

safe and sound, its voy'ge closed and done; From fear - ful trip the vic - tor ship comes

poco accel. e cres.

f tempo 1mo.

Ex - ult, O shores, and ring, O bells, The in with ob - ject won. Ex - ult, O shores, and

f

Ex - ult, O shores, and ring, O bells, The in with ob - ject won. Ex - ult, O shores, and

tempo 1mo.

f

ship is an - chored safe and sound; Ex - ult, O shores, ex - ult, O shores, ex - ring, O bells, Ex - ult, O shores, and

ship is an - chored safe and sound; Ex - ult, O shores, ex - ult, O shores, ex - ring, O bells, Ex - ult, O shores, and

ult and ring, O bells; But I with mourn - ful tread walk the deck my ring . . O bells; But I with mourn - ful tread walk the

p *Much slower.*

ult and ring, O bells; ring, O bells; But I with mourn - ful tread walk the deck my

p

p

Cap - tain lies, . .

deck my Cap-tain lies, . . Fall - en! Fall - en! Fall - en cold and

Cap - tain lies, . . Fall - en! Fall - en! Fall - en cold and

f *sf* *sf*

cres. *f* *p*

dead, O Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! Fall - en! Fall - en!

cres. *f* *p*

dead, O Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! Fall - en! Fall - en!

sf *sf* *f* *p*

pp sostenuto.

Fall - en cold and dead.

pp

Fall - en cold and dead.

pp *pp* *mf* *pp*

WEAVE IN, MY HARDY LIFE.

Walt Whitman. *Frank van der Stucken.*

Vigorously.

Weave in, weave in, my har - dy life, . . Weave yet a soldier strong and full for great cam-paigns to come; . . . Weave in, weave in, my har - dy life, . . Weave in red blood, Weave sin - ews in like ropes,— The sens - es, sight weave in, . . Weave in, weave in my har - dy life, . . Weave . . . last - ing sure, Weave day and night the weft, The warp, in - ces-sant weave, tire not, tire not, . . Weave . . in . . . . . .

Broadly.

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THE HUMBLE BEE.

R. W. Emerson. *W. H. Neidlinger.*

Briskly.

mf

Where thou art is clime for me;
Sweet to me thy drow - sy tone:

1. Bur - ly, doz - ing, hum-ble bee, doz - - - ing bee,—
2. Hot mid sum - mer's pet - ted crone, pet - - - ted crone,—

1. Bur - ly bee, doz - - - ing bee,
2. Pet - ted crone, pet - - - ted crone,

Let them sail for Por - to Rique Far - off heats through seas to seek,
Tells of count - less sun - ny hours, Long days,—sol - id banks of flow - ers,

Let them sail, . . .
Sweet thy tone, . . .

I will fol - low thee a - lone, Thou an - i - ma - ted tor - rid
Aught un - sav - 'ry or un - clean, Hath my in - sect nev - er

I will fol - - - low thee a -
Aught un - clean, Nev - - - - - - er

zone! Let me chase thy wav - ing lines, Sing - ing o - ver shrubs and
seen. Clo - ver, catch - fly, ad - der's tongue, Bri - er ro - ses sweet a -

lone! Fol - - - low thee o - ver shrubs and
seen! Banks of flow'rs, ro - ses dwelt a -

p

vines, . . . When the south-wind in May - days, With a net of shin - ing
mong, . . . Wis - er far than hu - man seen, Yel - low breech'd phi - los - o -

When the shin - - ing
Wise phi - - - - - los - o -

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haze, Sil - vers the ho - ri - zon wall, And with soft - ness touch - es all,
pher, See - ing on - ly what is fair, Thou dost mock at fate and care.

haze, Soft - - - ly touch - es all,
pher, See - - - ing what is fair!

Thou, in sun - ny sol - i - tudes, Rov - er of the un - der - woods. The
When the fierce North - west - ern blast Cools sea and land so far and fast, .

Thou in sun - - ny sol - i - tudes, The
When the blast cools all so fast, Thou

green . . si - lence dost dis - place With mel - low breez - y base. . . .
Thou al - rea - dy slumb - 'rest deep, Woe and want thou can'st out - sleep, . .

rit.

si - lence doth dis - place With mel - low . . base. . .
slumb - 'rest, slumb - 'rest deep, Woe and want thou canst out - sleep. . .

rit.

Where thou art is clime for me,

In time. mf

Bur - ly, doz - ing hum - ble bee, doz - - - ing bee,

Bur - ly bee, doz - ing bee,

Let me chase thy wav - ing lines Sing-ing o - ver shrubs and vines. . .

accel. *rit.*

Bur - ly bee o - ver shrubs and vines. . . .

accel. *rit.*

Bur - ly bee o - ver shrubs and vines . . .

GOOD-NIGHT.

R. Reinick. Tr. *J. Raff. Arr.*

Andante.

1. In the heav-en earth re - pos - es,
2. In the gar-den stands a cot - tage,
3. In the win-dow sleeps a maid-en,

p

1. In the heav-en earth re-pos - es, Moon and
2. In the gar-den stands a cot-tage, In the
3. In the win-dow sleeps a maid-en, Thro' her

p

1. In the heav-en earth re - pos - es,
2. In the gar-den stands a cot-tage,
3. In the win-dow sleeps a maid-en,

p

1. In the heav-en earth re - pos - es, Moon and
2. In the gar-den stands a cot-tage, In the
3. In the win-dow sleeps a maid-en, Thro' her

p

Moon and stars their watch do keep, Moon and stars their watch do keep.
In the lin-den shad-ow deep, In the lin - den shad - ow deep.
Thro' her dream the blossoms peep, Thro' her dream the blos-soms peep.

mf

stars their watch do keep, . Moon and stars their watch do keep. On the earth a lit - tle
lin - den shad-ow deep, . In the lin - den shad - ow deep. Singing by the lit - tle
dream the blossoms peep, . Thro' her dream the blos-soms peep. In her bos-om heav'n re -

Moon and stars their watch do keep, Moon and stars their watch do keep.
In the lin-den shad-ow deep, In the lin - den shad - ow deep.
Thro' her dream the blossoms peep, Thro' her dream the blos-soms peep.

stars their watch do keep, Moon and stars their watch do keep.
lin - den shad-ow deep, In the lin - den shad - ow deep.
dream the blos-soms peep, Thro' her dream the blos-soms peep.

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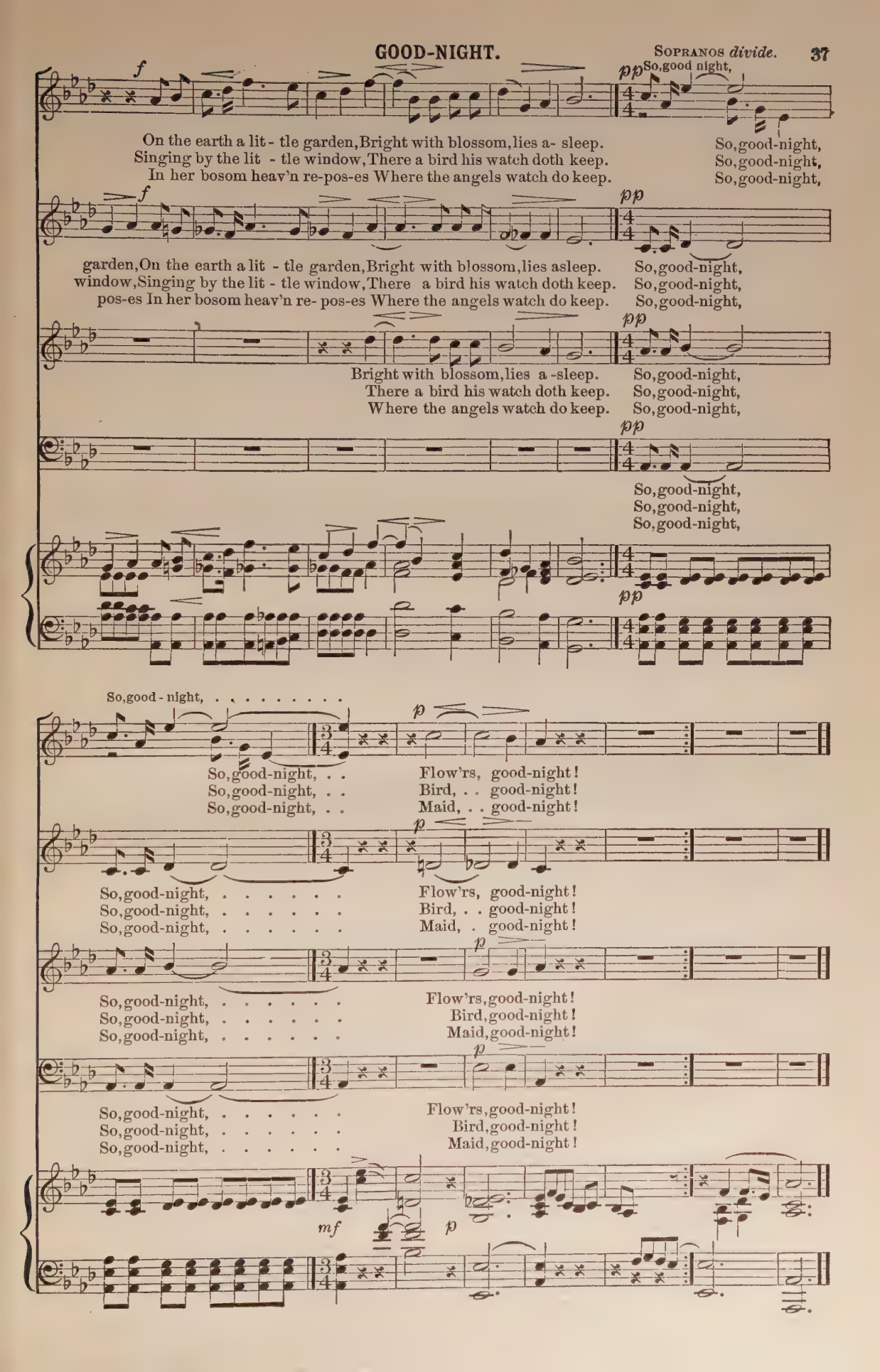
Sopranos divide.
So, good night,
On the earth a lit - tle garden, Bright with blossom, lies a- sleep.
Singing by the lit - tle window, There a bird his watch doth keep.
In her bosom heav'n re-pos-es Where the angels watch do keep.
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
garden, On the earth a lit - tle garden, Bright with blossom, lies asleep.
window, Singing by the lit - tle window, There a bird his watch doth keep.
pos-es In her bosom heav'n re- pos-es Where the angels watch do keep.
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
Bright with blossom, lies a -sleep.
There a bird his watch doth keep.
Where the angels watch do keep.
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
So, good-night,
So, good - night, ...
So, good-night, . .
So, good-night, . .
So, good-night, . .
Flow'rs, good-night!
Bird, . . good-night!
Maid, . . good-night!
So, good-night, ...
So, good-night, ...
So, good-night, ...
Flow'rs, good-night!
Bird, . . good-night!
Maid, . good-night!
So, good-night, ...
So, good-night, ...
So, good-night, ...
Flow'rs, good-night!
Bird, good-night!
Maid, good-night!
So, good-night, ...
So, good-night, ...
So, good-night, ...
Flow'rs, good-night!
Bird, good-night!
Maid, good-night!

MAY SONG.

Frederick Manley. *David S. Smith.*

Tempo di Mazourka. Joyfully.

mf

1. Ye lads and las - sies all, a - rise and speed . . Hith - er where the
2. Come trip a - long whilst lev - el sun-beams play, And fire the green with

1. Ye lads and las - sies all, a - rise and speed . . Hith - er where the
2. Come trip a - long whilst lev- el sun-beams play, And fire the green with

mf L.H.

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

poco rit.

flow - ers throng; The lark hath show - er'd the prim-rose mead With a
gold - en light; Let ev - 'ry maid - en and younk - er gay Be as

poco rit.

flow - ers throng; The lark hath show - er'd the prim - rose mead With a
gold - en light; Let ev - 'ry maid - en and younk - er gay Be as

poco rit.

Ped. ✱

a tempo.

joy - ous rain of song; My la - dye of the night shews pale a-mong The
fai - ry maid and sprite; Soft fall your feet as fall the dews of night, And

joy - ous rain of song; My la - dye of the night shews pale a - mong The
fai - ry maid and sprite; Soft fall your feet as fall the dews of night, And

a tempo. L.H.

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jew - els of the dawn a - bout her flung; Hie ye here a - long
o'er the green like fire - flies twin - kle bright, For the la - dye May,

jew - els of the dawn a - bout her flung; Hie ye here a - long
o'er the green like fire - flies twin - kle bright, For the la - dye May,

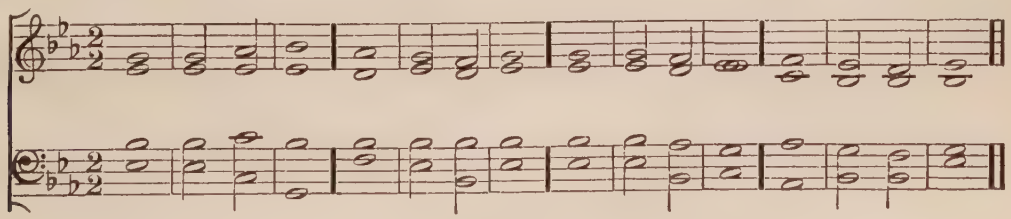
L.H.

ere the ma - tin's rung, With the flow'rs of May a - round ye strung.
fair - est la - dye May, Bring - eth in the Shep - herd's Ho - ly - daye.

ere the ma - tin's rung, With the flow'rs of May a - round ye strung.
fair - est la - dye May, Bring - eth in the Shep - herd's Ho - ly - daye.

TROYTE'S CHANT.

Charlotte Elliott. *Sir Arthur H. D. Troyte.*



1 My God and Father, | while I | stray||
Far from my home, on | life's rough | way,||
Oh, teach me from my | heart to | say,||
Thy | will be | done!

2 Let but my fainting | heart be | blest||
With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,||
My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest.||
Thy | will be | done!

3 Renew my will from | day to | day.||
Blend it with Thine, and | take a | way||
All that now makes it | hard to | say,||
Thy | will be | done!

4 Then when on earth I | breathe no | more||
The pray'r, oft mixed with | tears be- | fore,||
I'll sing upon a | happier | shore,||
Thy | will be | done!

PILGRIMS' CHORUS.

(TANNHAUSER.)

Richard Wagner.

Andante maestoso.

Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the

Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the

p

fields that so sweet-ly en - fold thee. Thou, pil - grim staff, may rest thee

fields that so sweet-ly en - fold thee. Thou, pil - grim staff, may rest thee

now, Since I to Heav'n have ful-filled my vow. By pen - ance sore I

now, Since I to Heav'n have ful-filled my vow. By pen - ance sore I

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have a - toned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned; My pains hath

have a - toned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned; My pains hath

He with bless-ing crown'd, To God my song shall aye re - sound, To

He with bless-ing crown'd To God my song shall aye re-sound, To

God my song shall aye re - sound. . . . .

God my song shall aye re - sound. . . . .

p *cres.* *molto.*

Ped.

ff *ff*

. . . Once more, dear home, I with rap - ture be - hold thee, And

. . . Once more, dear home, I with rap - ture be - hold thee, And

cres. *ff* *ff sempre.*

Ped.

greet the fields that so sweet - ly en - fold thee; Thou

greet the fields that so sweet - ly en - fold thee; Thou

pil - grim staff, thy toil . . . is o'er, I'll

pil - grim staff, thy toil . . . is o'er, I'll

8va

serve my God . . . for ev - - er - more, Hal -

serve my God . . . for ev - - er - more, Hal -

f *ff*

le - - lu - jah! Hal - le - - lu - jah! I'll

f *ff* *f*

le - - lu - jah! Hal - le - - lu - jah! I'll

f *f* *f* *mf*

dim. *p*

serve my God, . . I'll serve my God for ev - er-more.

dim. *p*

serve my God, . . I'll serve my God for ev - er-more.

dim. *p*

NIGHT SONG.

Frederick Manley. *Wilhelm Rittmeyer.*

Moderato.

PIANO.

f

p

1. The night comes o - ver the hills, dear, The night with her sad, sweet sighs; . . . . . She brings the dew to the rose, dear, The ea - gle home from the skies. . . . . She
2. She leads the wolf from his lair, dear, She stirs the owl from his tree; . . . . . She lights the shore - less air, dear, For lone men out on the sea. . . . . She

colla parte.

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stills the caws of the rook, dear, She stills the lit - tle birds'
wakes the cuc - koo to sing, dear, A drow - sy wood mel - o -

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cries; . . . She brings broth - er home to his nook, dear, And
dy; . . . . And oh, with her stars she will bring, dear, Thy

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

sleep to my ba - by's eyes; . . . She brings broth - er home to his
fa - ther to thee and me; . . . . And oh, with her stars she will

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

nook, dear, And sleep to my ba - by's eyes. . . . . .
bring, dear, Thy fa - ther to thee and me. . . . . .

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp . . . . . perdendosi. ppp

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

LOCH LOMOND.

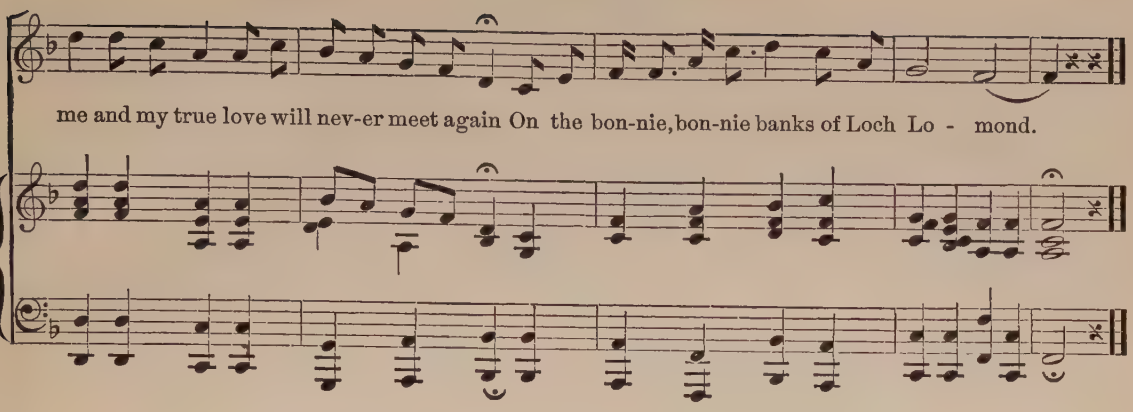
THE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND.

Old Scotch.

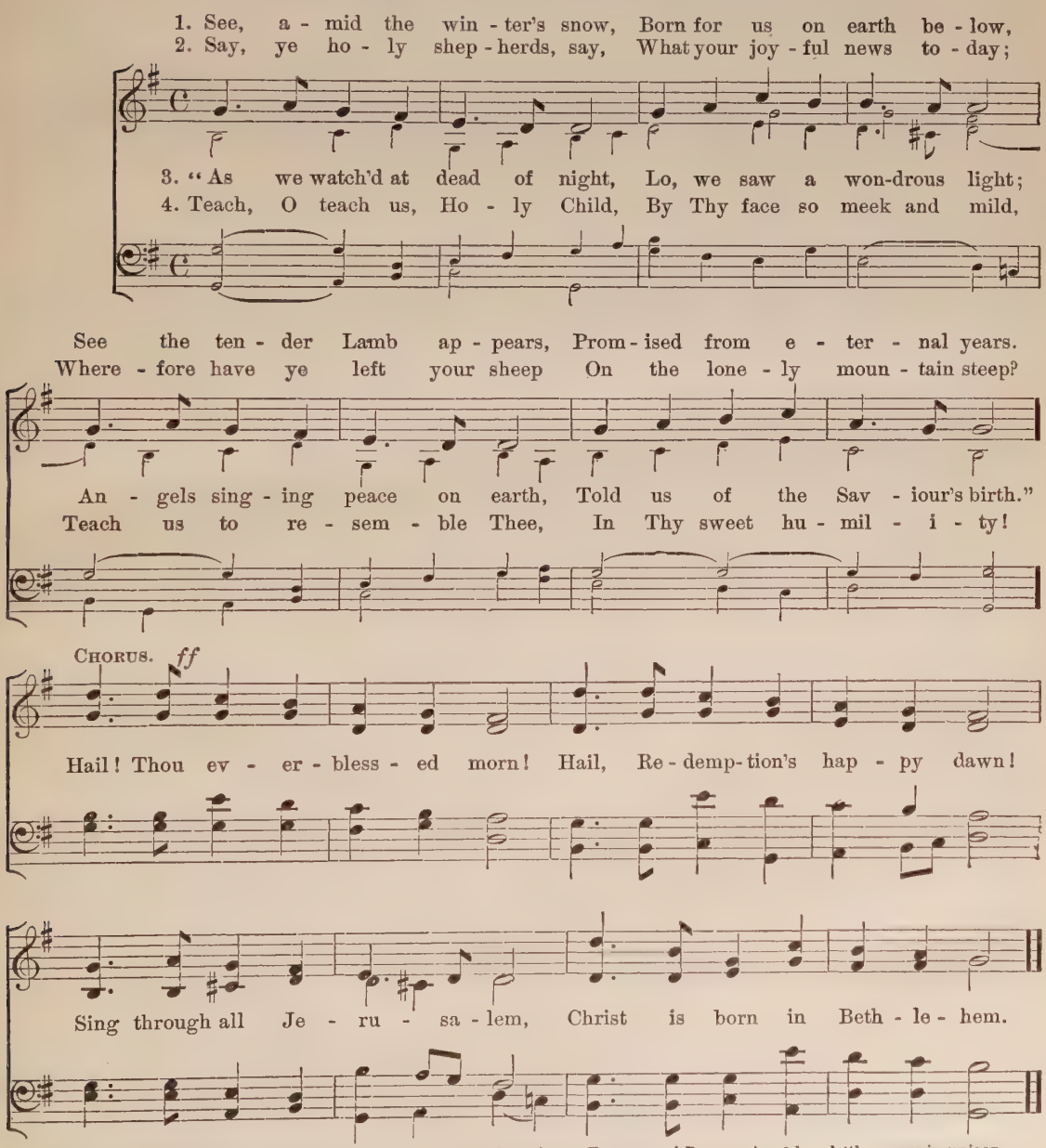
1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love Were ev - er want to gae On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. Oh!
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon sha - dy glen On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue The High - land hills we view, And the moon com - ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh!
3. The wee bir-die sang, And the wild flowers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the bro - ken heart it kens Nae sec - ond Spring a - gain Tho' the wae - ful may cease frae their greet - ing. Oh!

Brisker.

ye'll take the high- road and I'll take the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye; But



SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.



Note. Sopranos and Altos sing 1st, 2d, and 4th verses in unison; Tenors and Basses sing 3d and 4th verses in unison.

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IF WITH ALL YOUR HEARTS.

From "Elijah." — *Mendelssohn.*

RECIT.

Ye peo-ple, rend your hearts, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your tran-

fp

gres - sions the pro - phet E - li - jah hath seal - ed the heav - ens thro' the

cres. *sf* *f*

word of God. I therefore say to ye, For-sake your i - dols, re-turn to God; for He is

f *p* *8va.*

slow to an - ger, and mer - ci - ful and kind, and gra - cious, and re -

Andante con moto.

pent - eth Him of the e - vil. If with all your

sf *p* *p*

hearts ye tru - ly seek Me, ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me,

Thus saith your God; If with all your hearts ye tru - ly

seek Me, ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our

p *cres.*

God, thus . . saith our God. Oh! that I knew where I might

p *cres.*

find Him, that I might e - ven come be - fore His pres - ence!

p

Oh! that I knew . . where I might find Him, that I might

p *cres.*

cres.

e - ven come be - fore His pres - ence! Come be - fore His pres - ence!

sf *p*

p *pp*

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him.

dim. . . . . . *pp* . . . . .

f

If with all your hearts ye tru - ly seek Me, Ye shall ev - er sure - ly

sf *p*

find Me, Thus saith our God, Ye shall ev - er sure - ly

f

find Me, thus saith our God.

sf *Ped.*

AUSTRIAN HYMN.

Haydn.

1. { Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels, in the height;
   { Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2. { Praise the Lord! for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom-ise fail;
   { God hath made His saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.

Praise the Lord! for He hath spo - ken, Worlds His might - y voice o - bey'd;
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His power pro-claim;

Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance He hath made.
Heaven and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name!

THE FLAG.

Joel Lewis. *Henry K. Hadley.*

Moderate and majestic. ♩= 92. *With spirit.*

f

1. Our
2. As

f

1. Our
2. As

f

1. Our
2. As

f

1. Our
2. As

Moderate and majestic. *With spirit.*

f *f*

flag, our flag a - bove the clouds Is ev - er wav - ing free, A -
deep in love, in aim as high As heav'n be it un - furl'd, And

flag, our flag a - bove the clouds Is ev - er wav - ing free, A -
deep in love, in aim as high As heav'n be it un - furl'd, And

flag, our flag a - bove the clouds Is ev - er wav - ing free,
deep in love, in aim as high As heav'n be it un - furl'd,

flag, our flag a - bove the clouds Is ev - er wav - ing free, A -
deep in love, in aim as high As heav'n be it un - furl'd, And

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cres. *p*

bove the dark - ness and the crowds That cher - ish tyr - an - ny; And
shine as bright as star - lit sky A - cross a peace - ful world. And

cres. *p*

bove the dark - ness and the crowds That cher - ish tyr - an - ny; And
shine as bright as star - lit sky A - cross a peace - ful world. And

cres. *p*

A - bove the dark - ness and the crowds That cher - ish tyr - an - ny; And
And shine as bright as star - lit sky A - cross a peace - ful world. And

cres. *p*

bove the dark - ness and the crowds That cher - ish tyr - an - ny; And
shine as bright as star - lit sky A - cross a peace - ful world. And

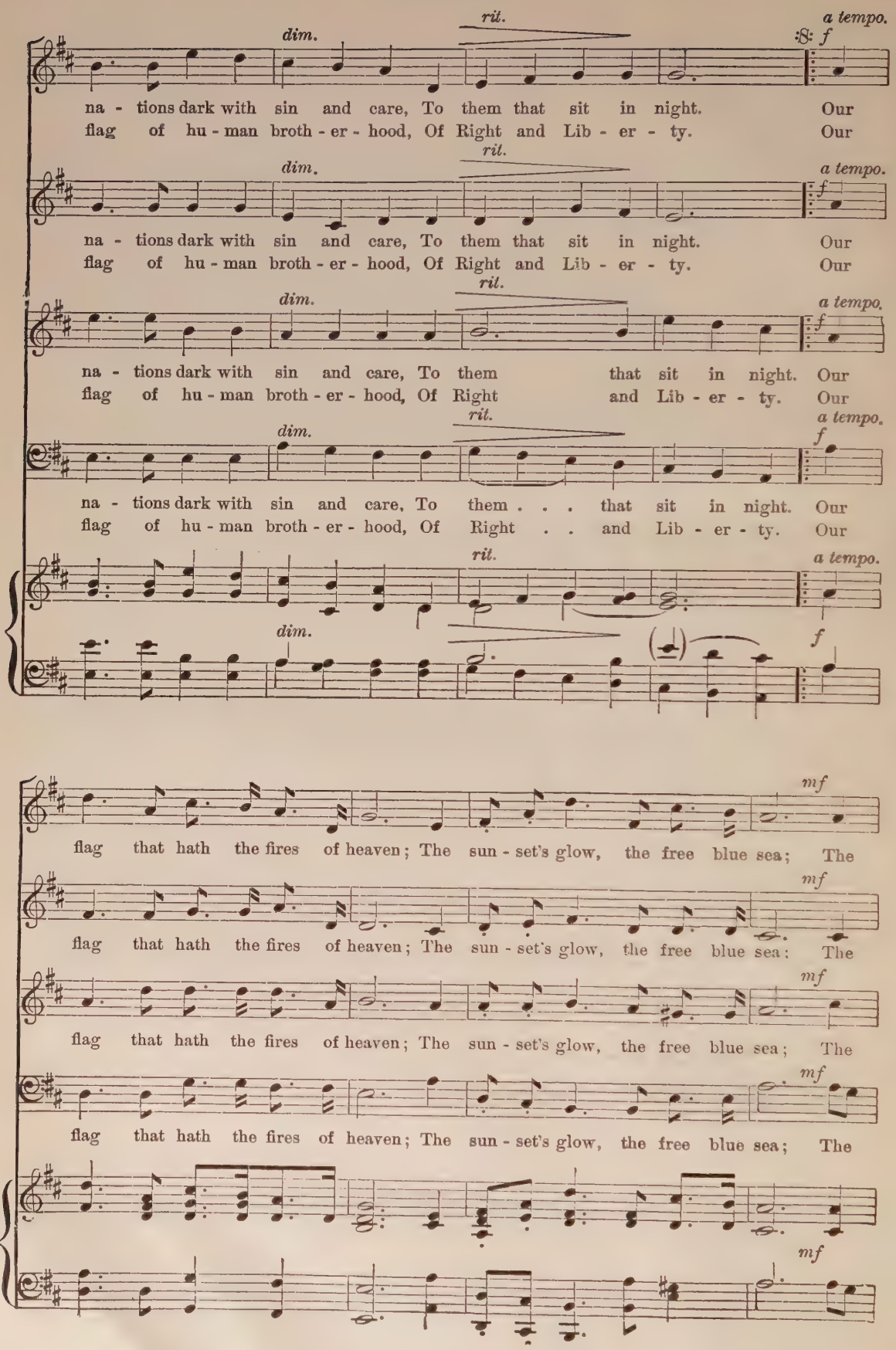
cres. *p*

may it long be like its stars A com - fort and a light To
wide in char - i - ty and good As sun - shine may it be, The

may it long be like its stars A com - fort and a light . . To
wide in char - i - ty and good As sun - shine may it be, . . The

may it long be like its stars A com - fort and a light To
wide in char - i - ty and good As sun - shine may it be, The

may it long be like its stars A com - fort and a light To
wide in char - i - ty and good As sun - shine may it be, The


dim.
rit.
a tempo.
f
na - tions dark with sin and care, To them that sit in night. Our
flag of hu - man broth - er - hood, Of Right and Lib - er - ty. Our
na - tions dark with sin and care, To them that sit in night. Our
flag of hu - man broth - er - hood, Of Right and Lib - er - ty. Our
na - tions dark with sin and care, To them that sit in night. Our
flag of hu - man broth - er - hood, Of Right and Lib - er - ty. Our
na - tions dark with sin and care, To them . . . that sit in night. Our
flag of hu - man broth - er - hood, Of Right . . and Lib - er - ty. Our
mf
flag that hath the fires of heaven; The sun - set's glow, the free blue sea; The

cres. *f* *D.S.*

might - y sym-bols of the soul, . . . The glo - ry of hu - man - i - ty.

cres. *f*

might - y sym-bols of the soul, The glo - ry of hu - man - i - ty.

cres. *f*

might - y sym-bols of the soul, . . . The glo - ry of hu - man - i - ty.

cres. *f*

might - y sym-bols of the soul, The glo - ry of hu - man - i - ty.

D.S.

cres. *f*

INTEGER VITÆ.

Flemming.

1. Night's shad - ows, fall - ing, men to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos -
2. Thou ev - er liv - est; end - less life Thou giv - est; Thou watch art
3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a - dore Thee— Thee for us

sess - ing heav'n - ly peace and bless - ing; This we im -
keep - ing o'er Thy faith - ful sleep - ing; In Thy clear
giv - en, our true rest from heav - en! Rest, peace, and

plore Thee, fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of Glo - ry!
shin - ing they are now re - clin - ing, All care re - sign - ing.
bless - ing, we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Alfred Tennyson. *Henry Holden Huss.*

Andante ma poco sostenuto. *pp*

Sun - set and eve - ning star and one clear call for

pp

Sun - set and eve - ning star and one clear call for

Andante ma poco sostenuto.

pp *pp* *mp* *espressivo.* *pp*

p *p* And may there be no moan - - ing, no

me, And may there be no moan - - ing, And may there be no

mf *p*

me, And may there be no

p *mf* *p*

pp *poco rit. a tempo.*

moan-ing of the bar when I put out to sea, when I put out to sea.

pp

moan-ing of the bar when I put out to sea, when I put out to sea.

pp *pp* *pp* *poco rit. a tempo.*

mf poco marc. *espressivo.*

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molto quieto. *pp*

But such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, . . . seems a -

pp

But such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, . . . seems a -

pp

ppp

p

sleep, too full for sound and foam, too full . . for sound and

p

sleep, too full for sound and foam, too full . . for sound and

p

p

cres.

foam, When that . . which drew from out the bound - less deep, . . .

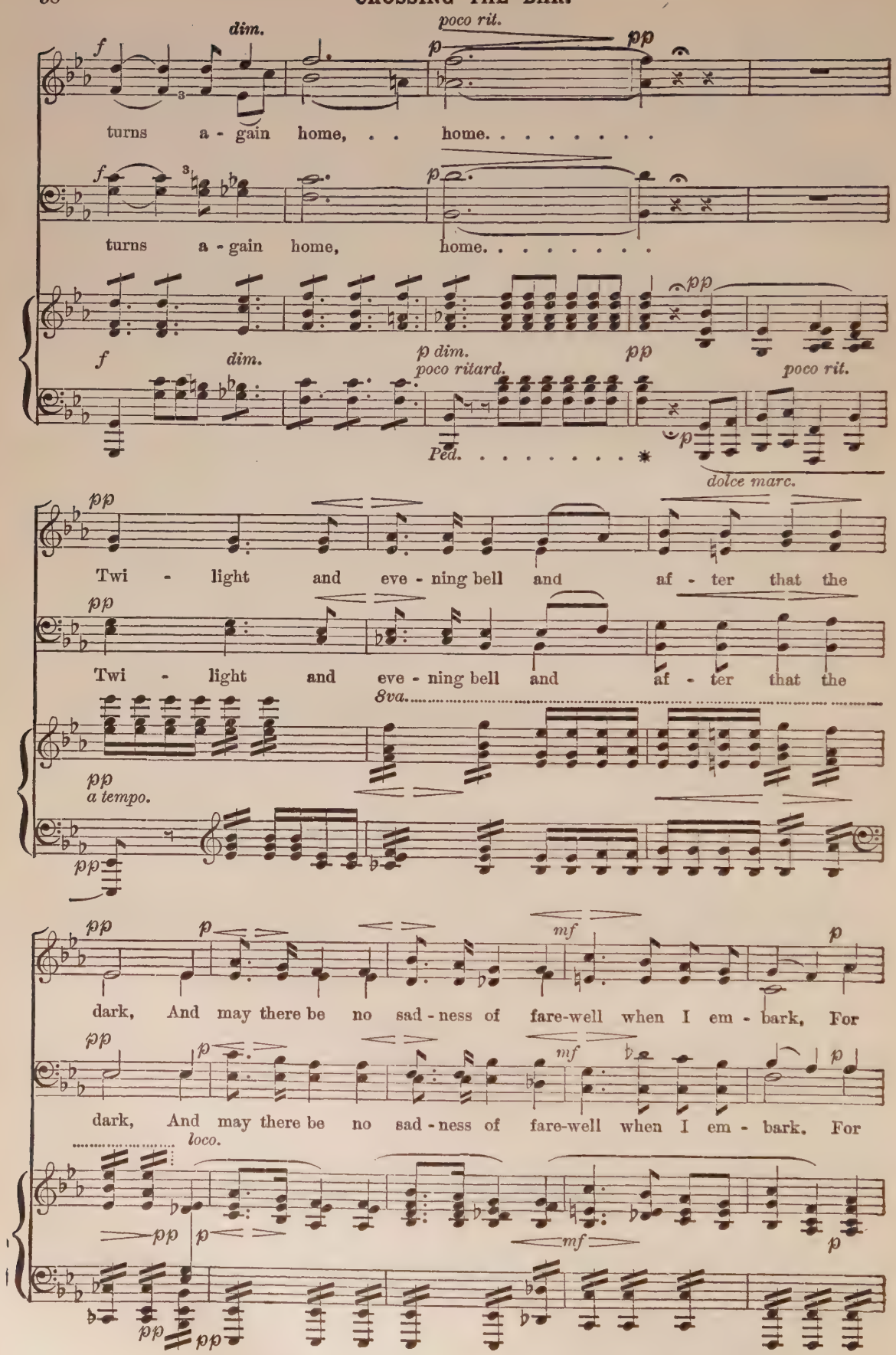
p

cres.

foam, When that . . which drew from out the bound - less deep,

p

cres.


f
dim.
poco rit.
p
pp
turns a - gain home, . . home. . . . . .
f
p
turns a - gain home, home. . . . . .
pp
f
dim.
p dim.
poco ritard.
pp
poco rit.
Ped. . . . . *
p
dolce marc.
pp
Twi - light and eve - ning bell and af - ter that the
pp
Twi - light and eve - ning bell and af - ter that the
8va.
pp
a tempo.
pp
pp
p
mf
p
dark, And may there be no sad - ness of fare-well when I em - bark, For
pp
p
mf
p
dark, And may there be no sad - ness of fare-well when I em - bark, For
loco.
pp
p
mf
p
pp
pp

poco a poco cres. *f* *poco ritard.*

tho' from out our bourne of time and place, the flood may bear me

poco a poco cres. *poco ritard.*

tho' from out our bourne of time and place, the flood may bear me

poco a poco cres. *f poco ritard.*

ff *ppp* *sotto voce.* *Meno mosso.*

far! . . . . I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face when

ff *ppp sotto voce.* *Meno mosso.*

far! . . . . I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face when

ff Ped. . . . . . * *ppp* *Meno mosso.*

ppp *ritard.*

I have crossed the bar, when I have crossed the bar. . .

ppp *ritard.*

espressivo.

I have crossed the bar, when I have crossed the bar. . .

ritard.

pp dolce marc.

SLEEP, GENTLE BABE.

Mendelssohn. Arr.

Adagio non troppo. ♩ = 58.

p

1. Sleep, gen - tle babe, your moth - er watch - es o'er you, Soft sleep the
2. Sleep, hap - py babe, the sleep that knows no sor - row, Love light - ly

mf

moon-beams on your cra - dle bed; Sleep, while the storms of life are yet be -
rocks your lit - tle cra - dle bed; Sleep, while you may, all heed - less of the

p *mf*

fore you, Soft lies the pil - low be - neath your drow - sy head. No thoughts of
mor - row, Love smooths the pil - low be - neath your dream - y head. Soon clouds of

cres. *f*

wrong your balm - y slum - bers break - ing, No rude a - larms, no care to vex your
care may thick - ly o - ver - shade you, Friends may be faith - less, conscience may up -

dim. *dim.* *rit.* *tempo.*

wak - ing, Sleep sound and deep, in per - fect peace re - pos - ing, Sleep, gen - tle
braid you, Bleak doubt be nigh, or pas - sion's tem - pest shake you, Sleep, hap - py

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babe, your pret - ty eye - lids clos - ing, Soft sleep the moon - beams on your cra - dle
babe, there's one will not for - sake you, Love light - ly rocks your lit - tle cra - dle

mf *p* *pp* *rit.* *dim.* *ppp*

bed. Sleep while you may, Sleep on till day; Soft lies the pil-low beneath your drow- sy head.
bed. Sleep while you may, Sleep on till day; Love smooths the pillow beneath your dream-y head.

mf *p* *pp* *rit.* *dim.* *ppp*

PARTING.

German.

Allegro.

1. Three knights went rid-ing a - way to the war, A - de; The la -dy look'd out from her
2. There's one that part-eth, his name is Death, A - dè; The maiden's bloom fa-deth be-
3. He part- eth the babe from its mother's breast, A - dè; Would God that I might from my

lat - tice far, A - dè; . Sir Knight, if this part - ing needs must be, Take the ring from thy
fore his breath, A - dè; . He part - eth full ma- ny a man and wife, And break- eth the
la - bours rest, A - dè; Tho' it be not tomorrow, ah, would t'were to - day, And I were e'en

p

fin - ger and give it to me, A - dè, a - dè, a - dè, For part- ing brings sorrow al - way.
chord of their love and life: A - dè, a - dè, a - dè, For part- ing brings sorrow al - way.
now on my home-coming way: A - dè, a - dè, a - dè, For part- ing brings sorrow al - way.

p

THE COSSACK'S SONG.

Arr.

Allegro con brio.

1. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! High the Cossack's heart is bounding when the bat-tle call he
2. Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! Yet the rest-less Cos-sack nev-er long a peaceful life can

Ho! ho! ho! ho!

hears,
lead,

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! When the wild hur-rahs are sound-ing Wel-come mu-sic to his
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! For his heart is burn-ing ev-er Tow'rds the bat-tle-field to

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ears; Wild hur-rahs! wild hur-rahs! Now his steed to com-bat
speed; Wild hur-rahs! wild hur-rahs! Now the can-non's roar he

ears; Wild hur-rahs! wild hur-rahs!
speed; Wild hur-rahs! wild hur-rahs!

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On - ward strains, ...
Nought fears he, ...

spring - ing, Onward strains, High in air his lance he's swing-ing, Fights and
hear - eth, Nought fears he, E'en the face of death he near - eth, Laugh-ing-

Onward strains,
Nought fears he,

gains! . . . . .
ly, ...

f

Fights and gains; Now his steed to com - bat spring - ing, Now his steed to com - bat
Laugh-ing - ly; Now the can-non's roar he hear - eth, Now the can - non's roar he

f

Fights and gains; Now his steed to com - bat
Laugh-ing - ly; Now the can - non's roar he

f

spring-ing, High in air his lance he's swing - ing, High in air his lance he's
hear - eth, E'en the face of death he near - eth, E'en the face of death he

spring-ing, High in air his lance he's
hear - eth, E'en the face of death he

ff

swing-ing, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!.. Ho!
near-eth, Hur-rah! hur-rah! bur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!.. Ho!

ff

swing-ing, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!.. Ho!
near-eth, Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!.. Ho!

ff

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

(AMERICA.)

Samuel F. Smith. *Henry Carey.*

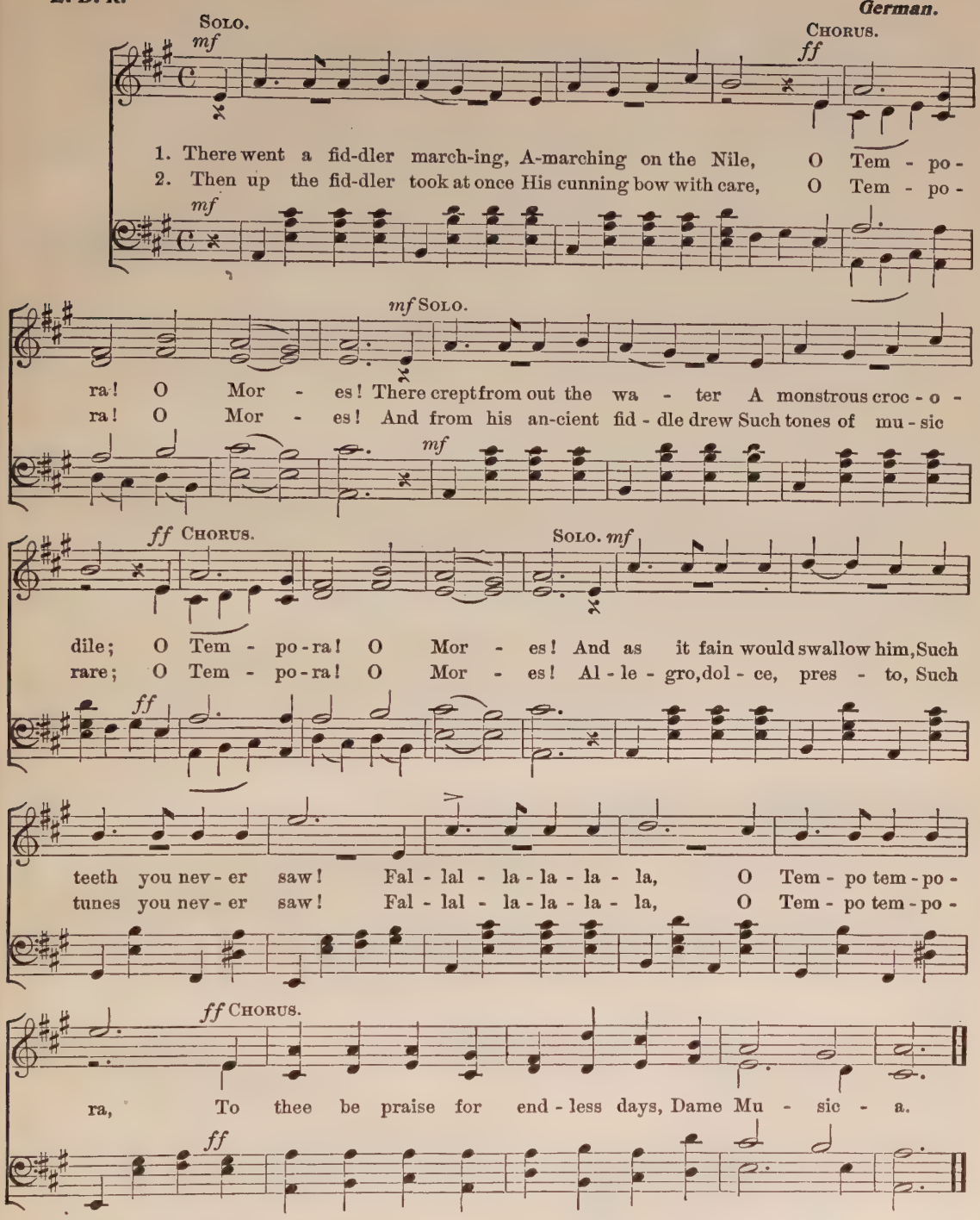
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free,
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song. Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing! Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil-grims' pride! From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

E. D. R. *German.*



3 And when the fiddle sounded,
Beneath his skilful hands,
O Tempora! O Mores!
The crocodile began to dance
Upon the desert sands.
O Tempora! O Mores!
Quadrilles, gavottes, and waltzes,
Such steps you never saw!
Fal-lal-la-la-la-la, etc.

4 And now this song is ended,
The moral's near to seek,
O Tempora! O Mores!
It is not well to spend your time
Alone in learning Greek.
O Tempora! O Mores!
But learn at once to fiddle,
Such sport you never saw!
Fal-lal-la-la-la-la, etc.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

Charles Jeffrey. *Scotch. Arr.*

1. The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No
2. Wher-e'er I wandered, east or west, Tho'
3. And when my fe-vered lips were parch'd On

Moderato.

p

breath came o'er the sea, When Ma - ry left her high - land cot, And
fate be - gan to lour, A sol - ace still was she to me, In
Af - ric's burn - ing sand, She whis - pers hopes of hap - pi - ness, And

wandered forth with me; Tho' flow - ers deck'd the moun - tain's side, And fragrance fill'd the
sorrow's lone - ly hour; When tem-pests lash'd our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiver-ing
tales of dis - tant land; My life had been a wil - der-ness, Unblest by for - tune's

vale, By far the sweet-est flow-er there, Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
sail, One maid - en form withstood the storm, 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
gale, Had fate not link'd my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.

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:S: *1st time*, SOLO.

The Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By

The Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By

far the sweet-est flow - er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

far the sweet-est flow - er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

p

STEPHANOS.

Tr. John Mason Neale. ***Sir Henry Williams Baker.***

1. Art thou wea - ry, Art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Is there Di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns!"
"Ma - ny a sor - row, ma - ny a la - bor, Ma - ny a tear."
"Sor - row van - quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan past." A - MEN.

LARGO.

Handel. Arr.

p *Legato.*

Fa - - ther in heaven, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a - dor-ing bow,

p

mf *p*

O Thou Al - might - y One, Our weak - ness heed; Strength - en our faith;

mf *p*

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f

With hope in - spire our hearts, Flam-ing our souls . . with love Like un - to

f

pp *f*

Thine. Then . . shall Thy works abound, Men shall pro - claim that God our Lord . . is

f

p

God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho-ly is His name, . . And ho - ly is His name;

p

ff QUARTET.

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - - ly, ho - ly is His name.

ff

ff

EVENING HYMN OF THE CRUSADERS.

Words translated by Rev. J. Troutbeck,
and printed by permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.

Niels W. Gade. Arr.

Andante con moto.

p *mf*

PETER, THE HERMIT.

f *mf*

Fa - ther! from a

p *sf* *p*

f

dis - tant land Thy host hath come. Fa - ther!

CRUSADERS. *p* *f*

Fa - ther! Fa - ther! from a

p *f*

Fa - ther! Fa - ther! from a

f *p*

mf

Let Thy grace de - fend us when a - far from

dim.

dis - tant land Thy host hath come!

dim.

dis - tant land Thy host hath come!

dim. *mf*

home! O Fa - - ther! O Fa - - ther! Thou didst

mf

Let Thy grace de - fend us when a - far . . from home!

mf

Let Thy grace de - fend us when a - far . . from home!

mf *dim.* *p*

f

guide Thy cho - sen peo - ple on their way; Thou wilt guide us al - so . .

p

mf *f* *p*

where the Sav - iour lay, Thou wilt guide us

mf *dim.* *p* *p* *ten.* *pp*

al - so where the Sav - iour lay, where the Sav - - - iour

lay. *f* *mf*

Fa - - - - - ther! From a

p *f*

Fa - ther! watch o'er us! . . . . . .

p *f*

Fa - ther! Watch o'er us! . . . . . .

p *f* *p*

dis - tant land Thy host hath come; Watch o'er us!

Fa - ther, watch . . . o'er . . .

p

Watch o'er us, Fa - ther,

p

Watch o'er us!

f

When the

us,

dim. *p*

Fa - ther, watch o'er us, Thou watchest o'er the nest - ling weak,

dim. *p*

Thou, thou watchest o'er the nest - ling weak,

mf *dim.* *p* *p trem.*

poco a poco animato.

day . . ap - pear - eth, grant the boon we

f

When the day . . . ap - pear-eth, grant the

f

When the day . . . ap - pear-eth, grant the

poco a poco animato. *f* *p* *f*

ff

seek, grant the boon . . . . we seek! When the day ap -

ff

boon, O grant the boon . . . . we seek! When the day ap -

ff

boon, O grant the boon . . . . . we seek! When the day ap -

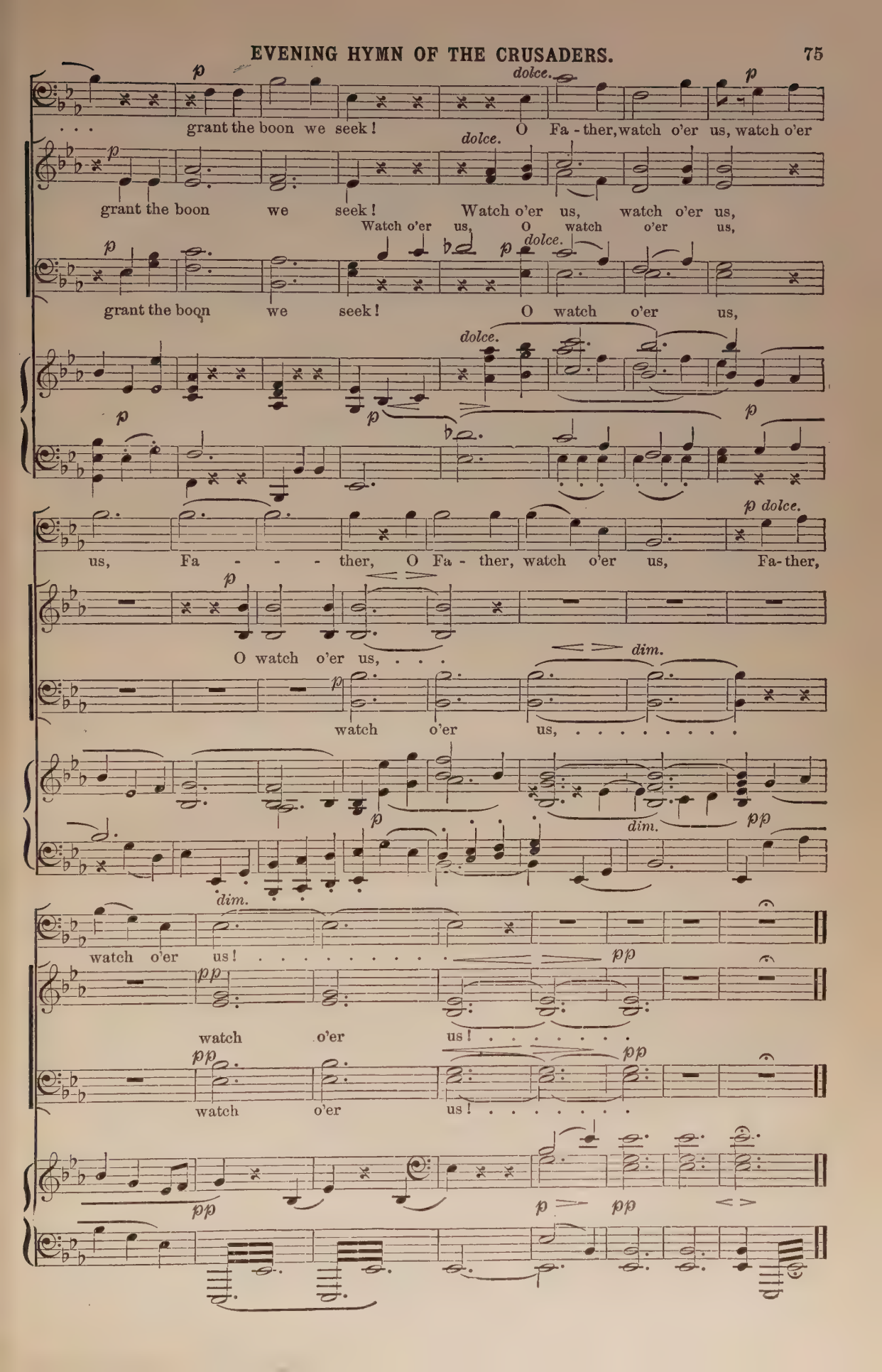
f *ff* *sf*

pear-eth, when the day ap - pear - eth, grant the boon we seek, . . .

pear-eth, when the day ap - pear - eth, grant the boon we seek,

pear-eth, when the day ap - pear - eth, grant the boon we seek,

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *dim.*


p
dolce.
p
. . . grant the boon we seek! O Fa - ther, watch o'er us, watch o'er
p
dolce.
grant the boon we seek! Watch o'er us, watch o'er us,
Watch o'er us, O watch o'er us,
p
dolce.
p
grant the boon we seek! O watch o'er us,
dolce.
p
p
p
p dolce.
us, Fa - - - ther, O Fa - ther, watch o'er us, Fa-ther,
p
O watch o'er us, . . .
dim.
p
watch o'er us, ...
p
dim.
pp
dim.
watch o'er us! . . . . . .
pp
pp
watch o'er us! . . . . . .
pp
pp
watch o'er us! . . . . . .
pp
p
pp

MORNING SONG AND MARCH.

Words translated by Rev. J. Troutbeck,
and printed by permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.

Niels W. Gade. Arr.

Allegretto quasi Andantino. ♩ = 72.

p *p* *dim.* *p*

p dolce.

1. For - ward! For - ward! for - ward, O wea - ry feet; For - ward!
2. For - ward! For - ward! stay not for rock or for thorn; For - ward!

p dolce.

1. For - ward! For - ward! for - ward, O wea - ry feet; For - ward!
2. For - ward! For - ward! stay not for rock or for thorn; For - ward!

mf *p*

for - - ward my thoughts fly be - fore me, Wing'd by my
for - - ward thro' the air hot - ly glow - ing; Now toil - ing

mf *p*

for - - ward my thoughts fly be - fore me, Wing'd by my
for - - ward thro' the air hot - ly glow - ing; Now toil - ing

mf

f *dim.*

long - ing, the prize to greet; Would I had wings that up -
up - wards to heights for - lorn, Now through the rough thick - et

f

long - ing, the prize to greet; Would I had wings that up -
up - wards to heights for - lorn, Now through the rough thick - et

mf *dim.*

p

bore me! For - ward! For - ward!
go - ing! For - ward! For - ward!

bore me! For - ward! For - ward!
go - ing! For - ward! For - ward!

p *p*

poco animato.
p dolce.

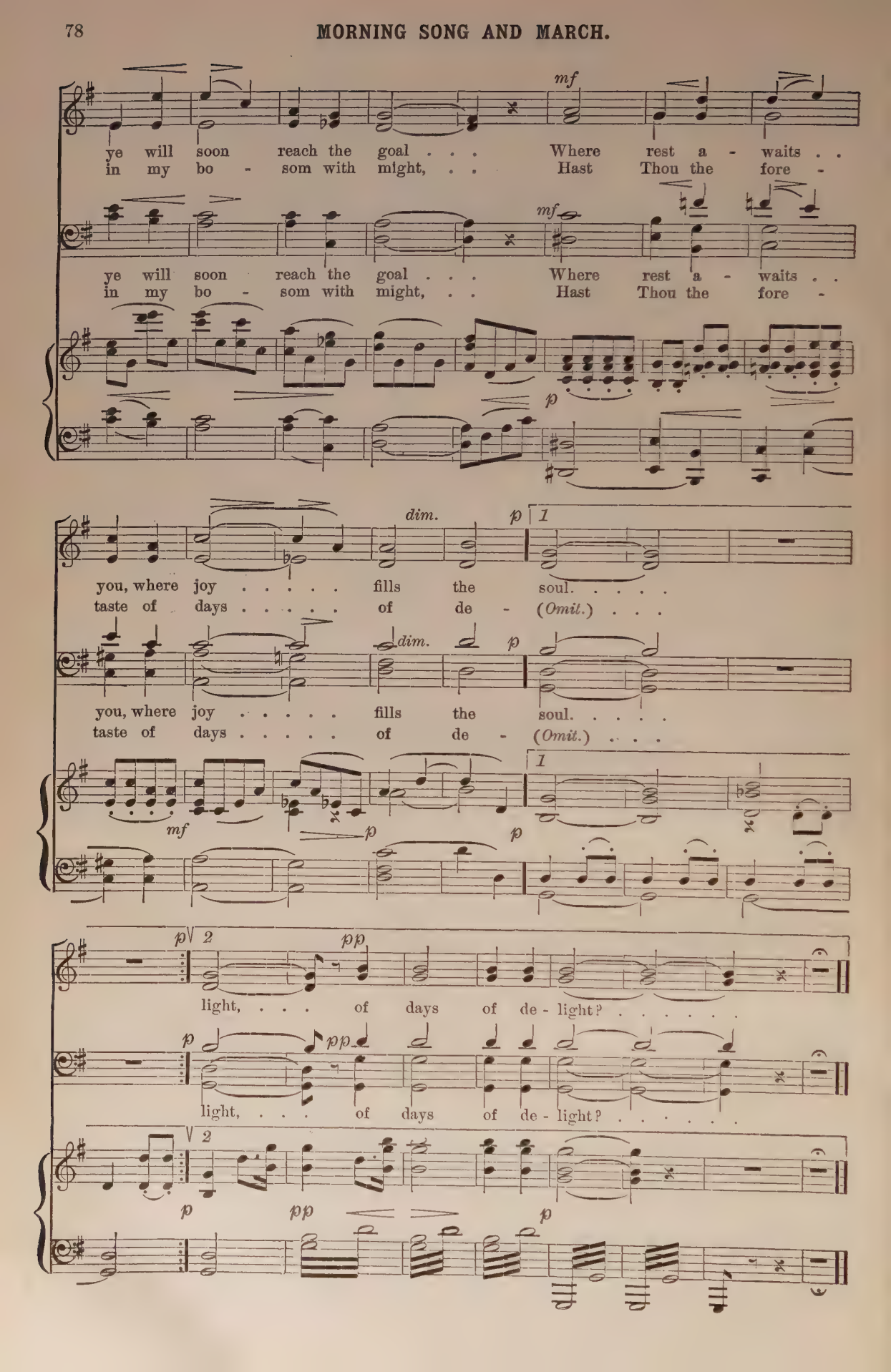
f

For - - - ward! Hope, wea - ry feet,
For - - - ward! Heart, thou dost beat

f *p*

For - - - ward! Hope, wea - ry feet,
For - - - ward! Heart, thou dost beat

f *dim.* *p*


mf
ye will soon reach the goal . . . Where rest a - waits . .
in my bo - som with might, . . Hast Thou the fore -
mf
ye will soon reach the goal . . . Where rest a - waits . .
in my bo - som with might, . . Hast Thou the fore -
p
dim.
p
1
you, where joy . . . . . fills the soul. . . . .
taste of days . . . . . of de - (Omit.) . . .
dim.
p
you, where joy . . . . . fills the soul. . . . .
taste of days . . . . . of de - (Omit.) . . .
mf
p
p
1
p
2
pp
light, . . . of days of de - light? . . . . . .
p
pp
light, . . . of days of de - light? . . . . . .
2
p
pp
p

GAELLIC LULLABY.

Victor Harris, Op. 20, No. 2.

Moderato. *p* *mf*

1. Hush! Hush! the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam, . .
2. Hush! Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come, . .
3. Hush! Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes, Where they roam, . .

p *mf* *p*

Hm . . . . . .

pp e piu rall. *a tempo.* *mf*

white with foam; Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps,
on they come; Broth - er seeks the wan-d'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps,
where they roam; Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps,

pp e piu rall. *a tempo.* *mf*

Hm . . . . . .

dim.

ba - by sleeps, Ba - by sleeps at home, Ba - by sleeps at home,

dim.

Hm. . . . . .

pp *pp*

Ba - by sleeps at home, Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

pp

Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

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MADELEINE.

Joseph L. Roeckel.

Allegretto. *p* *cres.*

SOPRANO.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Air - y, fai - ry Queen of May, Hap - py, laughing
2. Wea - ry lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Pink lids drooping o'er blue e'en, Sleeping, dreaming

p *cres.*

ALTO.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Air - y, fai - ry Queen of May, Hap - py, laughing
2. Wea - ry lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Pink lids drooping o'er blue e'en, Sleeping, dreaming

p *cres.*

TENOR.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Air - y, fai - ry Queen of May, Hap - py, laughing
2. Wea - ry lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Pink lids drooping o'er blue e'en, Sleeping, dreaming

p *cres.*

BASS.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Air - y, fai - ry Queen of May, Hap - py, laughing
2. Wea - ry lit - tle Mad - e - leine, Pink lids drooping o'er blue e'en, Sleeping, dreaming

p *Allegretto.* *cres.*

p *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

Mad - e - leine, Beaming, mis-chief-lov-ing fay, beam-ing, mis-chief - lov-ing fay. Ti - ny feet, with
Mad - e - leine, Sweeter cher - ub ne'er was seen, sweet-er cher-ub ne'er was seen. Lit - tle head on

p *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

Mad - e - leine, Beaming, mis-chief-lov-ing fay, beam-ing, mis-chief - lov-ing fay. Ti - ny feet, with
Mad - e - leine, Sweeter cher - ub ne'er was seen, sweet-er cher-ub ne'er was seen. Lit - tle head on

p *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

Mad - e - leine, Beaming, mis-chief-lov-ing fay, beam-ing, mis-chief - lov-ing fay. Ti - ny feet, with
Mad - e - leine, Sweeter cher - ub ne'er was seen, sweet-er cher-ub ne'er was seen. Lit - tle head on

p *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

Mad - e - leine, Beaming, mis-chief-lov-ing fay, beam-ing, mis-chief - lov-ing fay. Ti - ny feet, with
Mad - e - leine, Sweeter cher - ub ne'er was seen, sweet-er cher-ub ne'er was seen. Lit - tle head on

p *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

mer-ry twinkle, Gai-ly danc-ing all the day, Ti-ny feet with mer-ry twinkle,
pil-low rest-ing, Sunning o'er in gold-en sheen, Lit-tle head on pil-low resting,

mer-ry twin-kle, Gai-ly danc-ing all the day, Ti-ny feet with mer-ry twin-kle,
pil-low rest-ing, Sun-ning o'er in gold-en sheen, Lit-tle head on pil-low rest-ing,

mer-ry twinkle, Gai-ly danc-ing all the day, Ti-ny feet with mer-ry twin-kle,
pil-low rest-ing, Sun-ning o'er in gold-en sheen, Lit-tle head on pil-low rest-ing,

mer-ry twin-kle, Gai-ly danc-ing all the day, Ti-ny feet with mer-ry twin-kle,
pil-low rest-ing, Sun-ning o'er in gold-en sheen, Lit-tle head on pil-low rest-ing,

espress.

Gai-ly dancing all the day. Dream thy ba-by flow'rs among, Childhood's
Sunning o'er in gold-en sheen. Dream thy ba-by flow'rs among, Childhood's

pp

Gai-ly danc-ing all the day. Sing, my birdie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie,
Sunning o'er in gold-en sheen. Sing, my birdie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie,

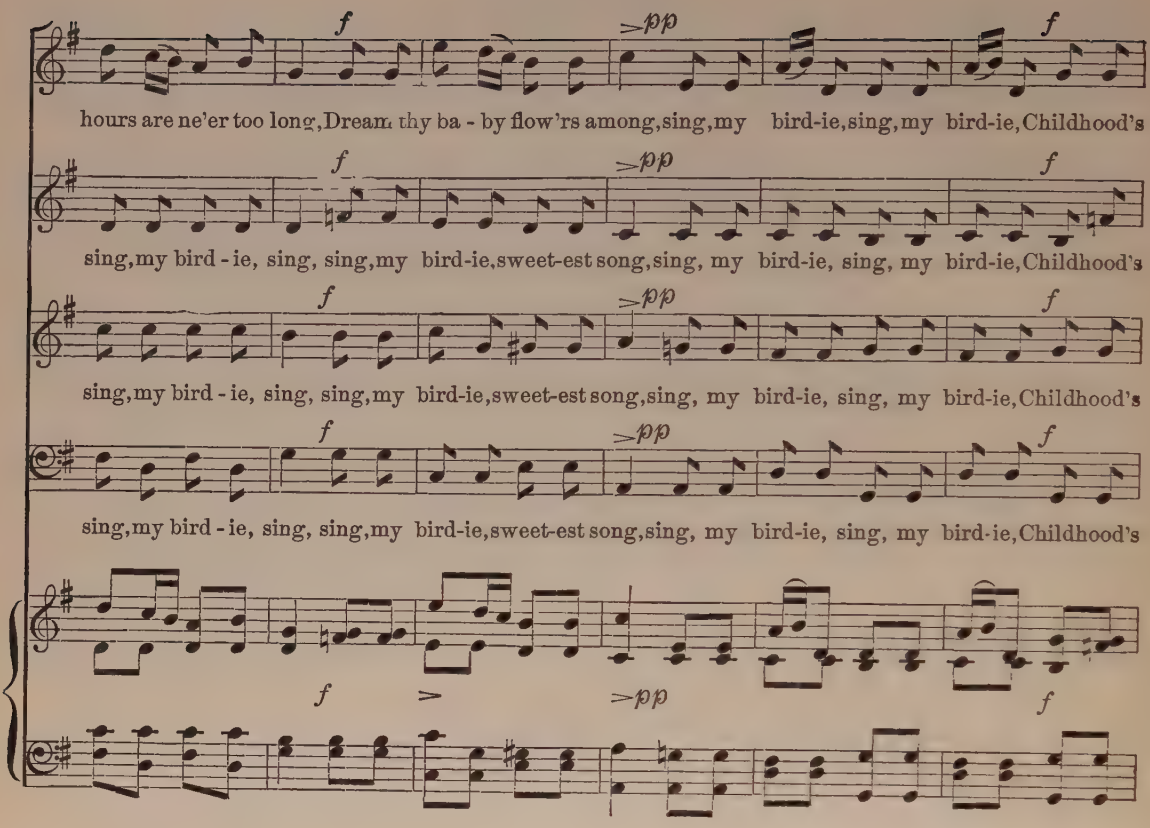
pp

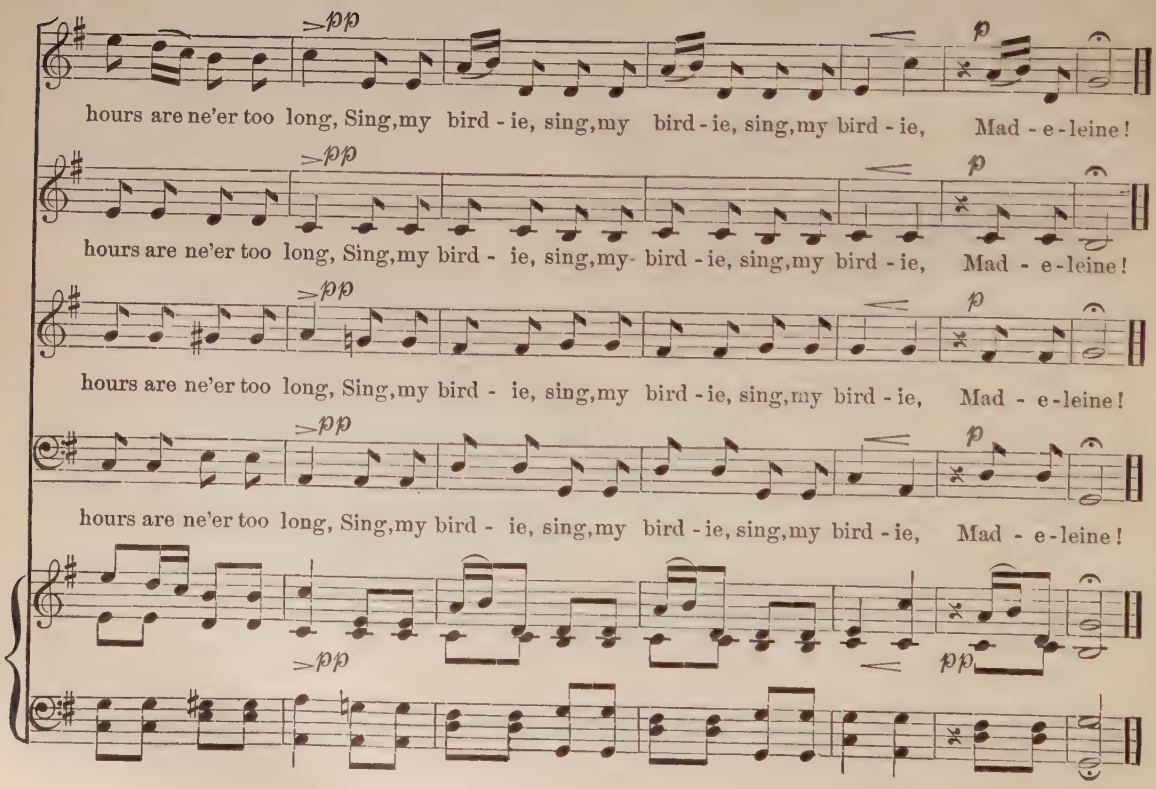
Gai-ly dancing all the day. Sing, my birdie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie,
Sunning o'er in gold-en sheen Sing, my birdie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie,

pp

Gai-ly danc-ing all the day. Sing, my birdie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie,
Sunning o'er in gold-en sheen. Sing, my birdie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie,

pp


f
pp
f
hours are ne'er too long, Dream thy ba - by flow'rs among, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, Childhood's
sing, my bird - ie, sing, sing, my bird-ie, sweet-est song, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, Childhood's
sing, my bird - ie, sing, sing, my bird-ie, sweet-est song, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, Childhood's
sing, my bird - ie, sing, sing, my bird-ie, sweet-est song, sing, my bird-ie, sing, my bird-ie, Childhood's


pp
p
hours are ne'er too long, Sing, my bird - ie, sing, my bird - ie, sing, my bird - ie, Mad - e - leine!
hours are ne'er too long, Sing, my bird - ie, sing, my- bird - ie, sing, my bird - ie, Mad - e - leine!
hours are ne'er too long, Sing, my bird - ie, sing, my bird - ie, sing, my bird - ie, Mad - e - leine!
hours are ne'er too long, Sing, my bird - ie, sing, my bird - ie, sing, my bird - ie, Mad - e - leine!

PHŒBUS, ARISE!

Drummond of Hawthornden. ***Constantin von Sternberg.***

Andante, very gently, in the manner of prayer.

p

Phœ - bus, a - rise! . . . Phœ - bus, a - rise, a - rise! And

agitated.

paint the sa-ble sky with az - ure, white, and red! . .

p *mp* A -

A -rouse Memnon's mother from her

mf A -

A - rouse Mem - non's moth - er from her

rouse Mem - non's moth - er from her Ti - thon's bed, a - rouse her

Ti - thon's bed, a - rouse her

rouse Mem - non's moth - er,

dolce. *ri - tar - dan - do.*

SOLO VOICES.

Andante.

p

Ti - thon's bed, that she thy ca - reer with ro - ses spread. Phœ-bus, a -

from her bed,

from her bed,

rise! . . . Phœbus, a - rise, a - rise! And paint the sa - ble sky with az - ure,

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CHORUS.

mf urgingly.

Paint the sa - ble sky with az - ure, paint the sa - ble sky with

very sweetly.

az - ure, white, and . . red! The night - in - gales thy com - ing each-where

sing, the

The night - in - gales thy

sing, make an e - ter - nal spring, The night - in - gales thy com - ing each-where

night - in-gales thy com - ing each - where sing, make an e - ter - nal spring, the

com - ing each - where sing, make an e -

sing, make an e - ter - nal spring, give light to this dark world which

night - in-gales thy com - ing sing,

ter - nal spring,

Pause long.

li - eth dead, which li - eth dead; And

which li - eth dead;

agitated.

f And

spread forth thy golden hair in lar - ger locks, And spread thy gold-en hair, and

And spread forth thy gold - en hair, and

p *mf* *f*

And spread forth thy gold - en hair, and spread thy

spread forth thy gold - en hair in

spread thy hair in lar - ger locks than thou wast

spread forth thy gold - en hair in

hair in

A little faster than at first.

p

wont be - fore. Phœ - bus, a - rise! . . . Phœ-bus, a - rise, a - rise! And

p

cres.

paint the sa - ble sky with az - ure, Paint the sa - ble sky with az - ure,

cres.

Paint the sa - ble sky with

Andante.

SOLO VOICES.

f

white, and red, with az - ure, white, . . and red. . . Phœ-bus, a -

f

az - ure, white, and

Very broad.

CHORUS.

ff

rise! Phœ - bus, a - rise! Phœ - bus, a - rise! . .

Phœ - bus, a - rise! Phœ - bus, a - rise!

THE ROBBERS.

Joanna Baillie. *Horatio Parker.*

Allegro con spirito.

The *chough and crow to roost are gone, The

The chough and crow to roost are gone, The

The hushed wind wails with fee - ble moan, Like

owl sits in the tree, The hushed wind wails, ... Like

owl sits in the tree, The hushed wind wails, Like

in - fant char - i - ty. The wild fire dan - ces on the

in - fant char - i - ty. The wild fire dan - ces on the

* Pronounced Chuff.

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fen, The red star sheds its ray; Up - rouse ye then, my

fen, The red star sheds its ray; Up - rouse ye then, my

f *pf* *pf* *f*

mer - ry mer - ry men, It is, it is our op'n - ing day, It is our op'n - ing

mer - ry mer - ry men, It is, it is our op'n - ing day, It is our op'n - ing

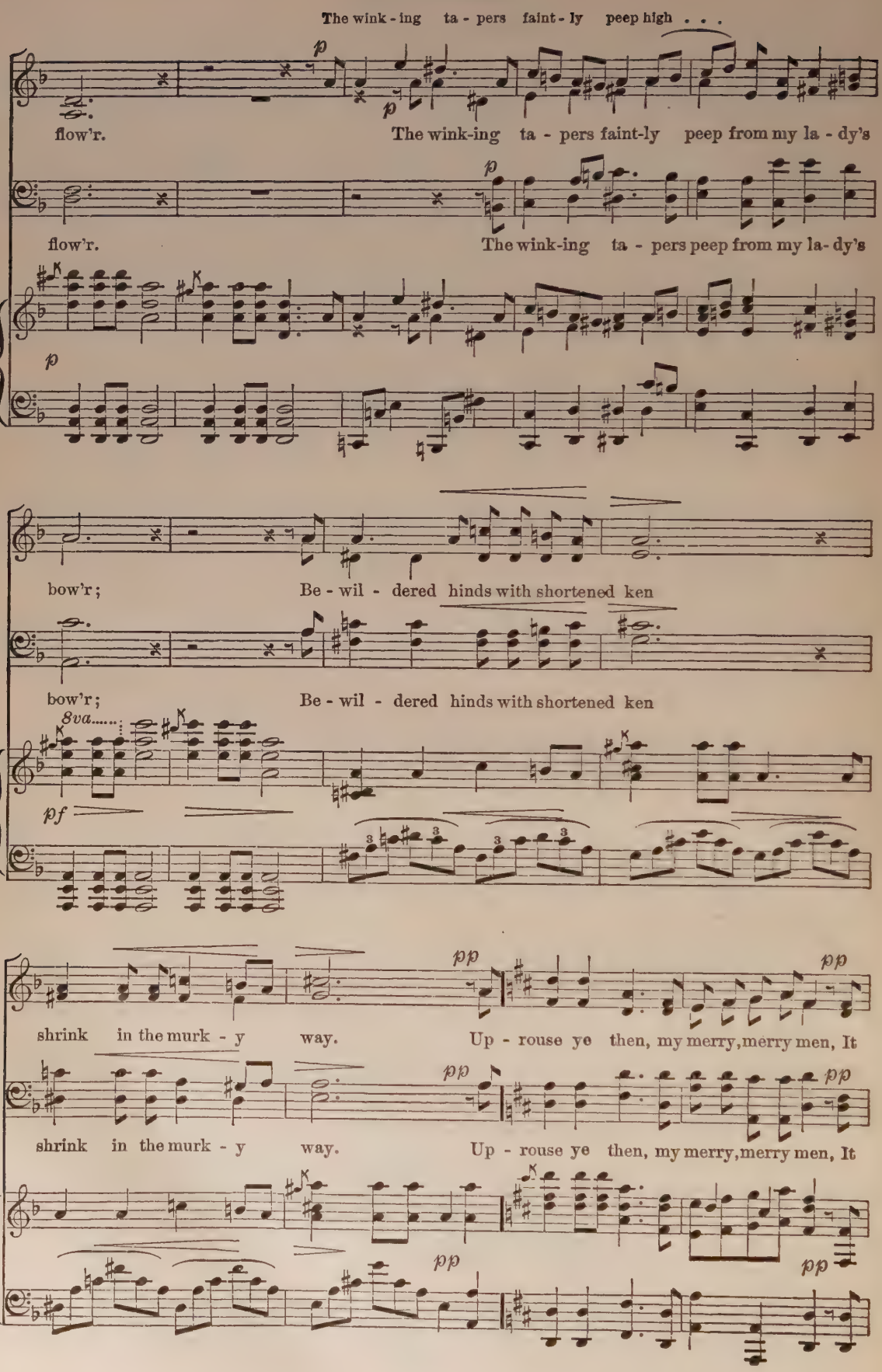
p

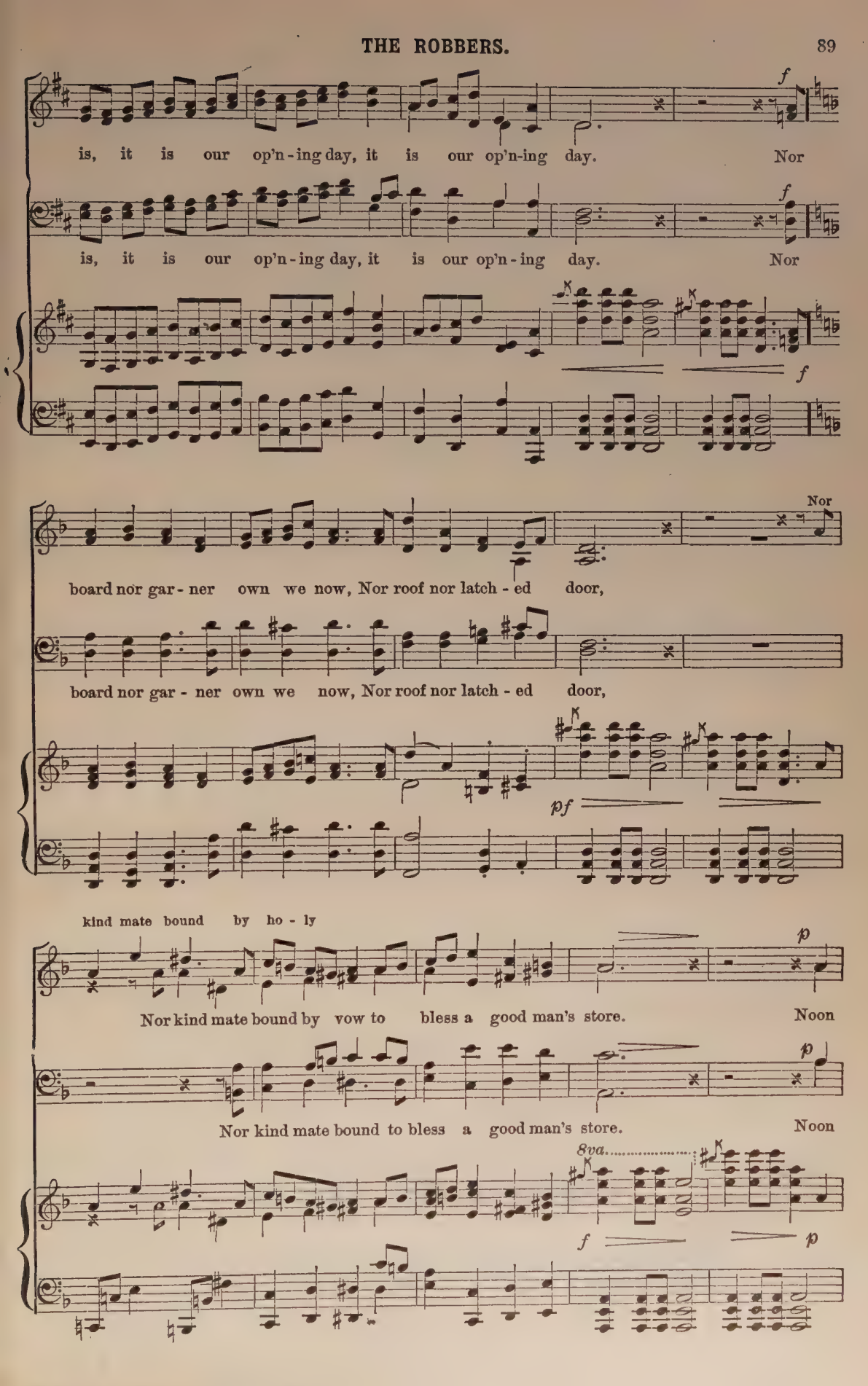
day. Both child and nurse are fast a - sleep, And closed is ev - 'ry

p

day. Both child and nurse are fast a - sleep, And closed is ev - 'ry

f *p*


The wink - ing ta - pers faint - ly peep high . . .
p
flow'r. The wink-ing ta - pers faint-ly peep from my la - dy's
flow'r. The wink-ing ta - pers peep from my la- dy's
p
bow'r; Be - wil - dered hinds with shortened ken
bow'r; Be - wil - dered hinds with shortened ken
8va.....
pf
pp
shrink in the murk - y way. Up - rouse ye then, my merry, merry men, It
shrink in the murk - y way. Up - rouse ye then, my merry, merry men, It
pp


is, it is our op'n-ing day, it is our op'n-ing day. Nor
is, it is our op'n-ing day, it is our op'n-ing day. Nor
Nor
board nor gar-ner own we now, Nor roof nor latch-ed door,
board nor gar-ner own we now, Nor roof nor latch-ed door,
kind mate bound by ho-ly
Nor kind mate bound by vow to bless a good man's store. Noon
Nor kind mate bound to bless a good man's store. Noon
8va.

lulls us in a gloom - y den, And night is grown our

lulls us in a gloom - y den, And night is grown our

ff

day; Up - - rouse ye then, my mer - ry, mer - ry men, It

ff

day; Up - - rouse ye then, my mer - ry, mer - ry men, It

8va.

ff

is, it is our op'n-ing day, . . it is our op'n - ing day! . . . .

is, it is our op'n-ing day, . . it is our op'n - ing day! . . . .

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Thomas Moore. *Old Irish.*

1. There is not in this wide world a
2. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how

mf *p*

1. There is not in this wide . . . . . world a
2. Sweet vale of A - vo - - - - - - - ca! how

mf *p*

val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose bos - om the
calm could I rest In thy bos - om of shade with the

cres.

bright wa - ters meet. Oh, the last rays of feel - ing and
friends I love best; Where the storms which we feel in this

cres.

f

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my
cold world would cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, are min - gled in

f

dim. *dim.* *p* heart, . . .

heart; Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Shall
peace; And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, are min - gled in peace, Are

dim. *dim.* *p*

pp *rall.*

fade from my heart, shall fade from my heart, shall fade from my heart. .
min - gled in peace, are min - gled in peace, are min - gled in peace. .

pp *rall.*

SONG OF THE GHOST DANCE.

Arapaho Indian Melody,
harmonized by Arthur Farwell.

Frederick Manley.

♩ = 66. *Solemnly.*

1. Wa-kon - da, Hear us, Hear us, Wa-kon - da, O be -
2. Wa-kon - da, Hear us, Hear us, Wa-kon - da, O be -

1. Wa-kon - da, Hear us, Hear us, Wa-kon - da, O be
2. Wa-kon - da, Hear us, Hear us, Wa-kon - da, O be -

mf

hold us, As the em - bers dy - ing, O Wa - kon - da,
hold us, Bea - ver, bird, and bear, O Wa - kon - da,

hold us, As the em - bers dy - ing, O Wa - kon - da,
hold us, Bea - ver, bird, and bear, O Wa - kon - da,

p

As the pale mists fly - ing, O Wa - kon - da,
Have their nest and lair, . . O Wa - kon - da,

p

As the pale mists fly - ing, O Wa - kon - da,
Have their nest and lair, . . O Wa - kon - da,

p

più p

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Wood and prai - rie fade be - fore us, . Hills and streams our fa - thers
Home and rest, but where is ours? . . . We that thro' the va - cant

Wood and prai - rie fade be - fore us, . Hills and streams our fa - thers
Home and rest, but where is ours? . . . We that thro' the va - cant

With feeling.

mf

mp

gave us, . . Home and friends of home, and thy chil - dren roam,
hours . . . . Wan - der, wan - der sad, chil - dren of de - spair,

mp

gave us, . . Home and friends of home, and thy chil - dren roam,
hours . . . . Wan - der, wan - der sad, chil - dren of de - spair,

mp

Like the wea - ry winds home - less cry - ing.
Wan - der, wan - der sad, home - less ev - 'ry - where.

Like the wea - ry winds home - less cry - - ing.
Wan - der, wan - der sad, home - less ev - 'ry - where.

p

p

TRUE FREEDOM.

James Russell Lowell. *Margaret Ruthven Lang, Op. 38.*

With spirit; not too fast.

f

1. Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa-thers
2. Is true free-dom but to break Fet-ters for our

f

1. Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa-thers
2. Is true free-dom but to break Fet-ters for our

f

Ped.

mf

brave and free, If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru-ly free and brave?
own dear sake, And, with leath-ern hearts, for-get . . That we owe man-kind a debt?

mf

brave and free, If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru-ly free and brave?
own dear sake, And, with leath-ern hearts, for-get That we owe man-kind a debt?

mf *mf*

Ped.

mf

If ye do not feel the chain, When it works an-oth-er's pain,
No! true free-dom is to share All the chains our brothers wear,

mf

If ye do not feel the chain, When it works an-oth-er's pain,
No! true free-dom is to share All the chains our brothers wear,

mf

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f *rit.*

Are ye not base slaves in - deed, Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?
And, with heart and hand, to be Earn - est to make oth - ers free!

f *rit.*

Are ye not base slaves in - deed, . . Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?
And, with heart and hand, to be . . Earn - est to make oth - ers free!

f *rit.* *Ped.* ✱

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Reginald Heber. (NICŒA.) ***John B. Dykes.***

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty!
mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

BUILD THEE MORE STATELY MANSIONS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.
From "The Chambered Nautilus."

Arthur Farwell.

Andante.

p *mf*

Build thee more state - ly man-sions, O my soul, As the swift sea-sons

p *mf*

Build thee more state - ly man-sions, O my soul, As the swift sea-sons

piu animato.

p *mf*

f *a tempo.* *p*

roll! As the swift sea - sons roll! Build thee more state - ly man-sions, O my

f *a tempo.* *p*

roll! As the swift sea - sons roll! Build thee more state - ly man - sions,

f *p a tempo.*

sf

soul, more state - ly man - sions, O my soul, Leave thy low vaulted past!

sf

soul, more state - ly man - sions, O my soul, Leave thy low vaulted past!

sf

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piu p *rit.* *molto rit.* *p* Let each new

Leave thy low vault-ed past! thy low vault-ed past! . .

piu p *rit.* *molto rit.* *p*

Leave thy low vault-ed past! thy low vault-ed past! . .

Moderato.

piu p *rit.* *p* *molto rit.*

tem - ple no - - - - - - - bler than the last, . .

Let each new tem - ple no - - - bler than the

Let each new tem - ple no - - - - - - -

Let each new

cres. *mf* Let each new

last, each tem - ple no - bler than the last, . .

- - bler than the last, than the last, ... Let each new

cres. *mf*

tem - ple no - bler than the last, . . . the last,

cres. *mf* *mp*

tem - - - ple

each new tem - ple no - bler than the last, ... Shut thee from

mf *cres.*

tem - - ple

no - bler than the last, ... Shut thee from

mf *cres.*

ff *ff* *p*

heav - en with a dome more vast, with a dome more vast, Till

ff

heav - en with a dome more vast, with a dome more vast, Till

ff *ff* *p*

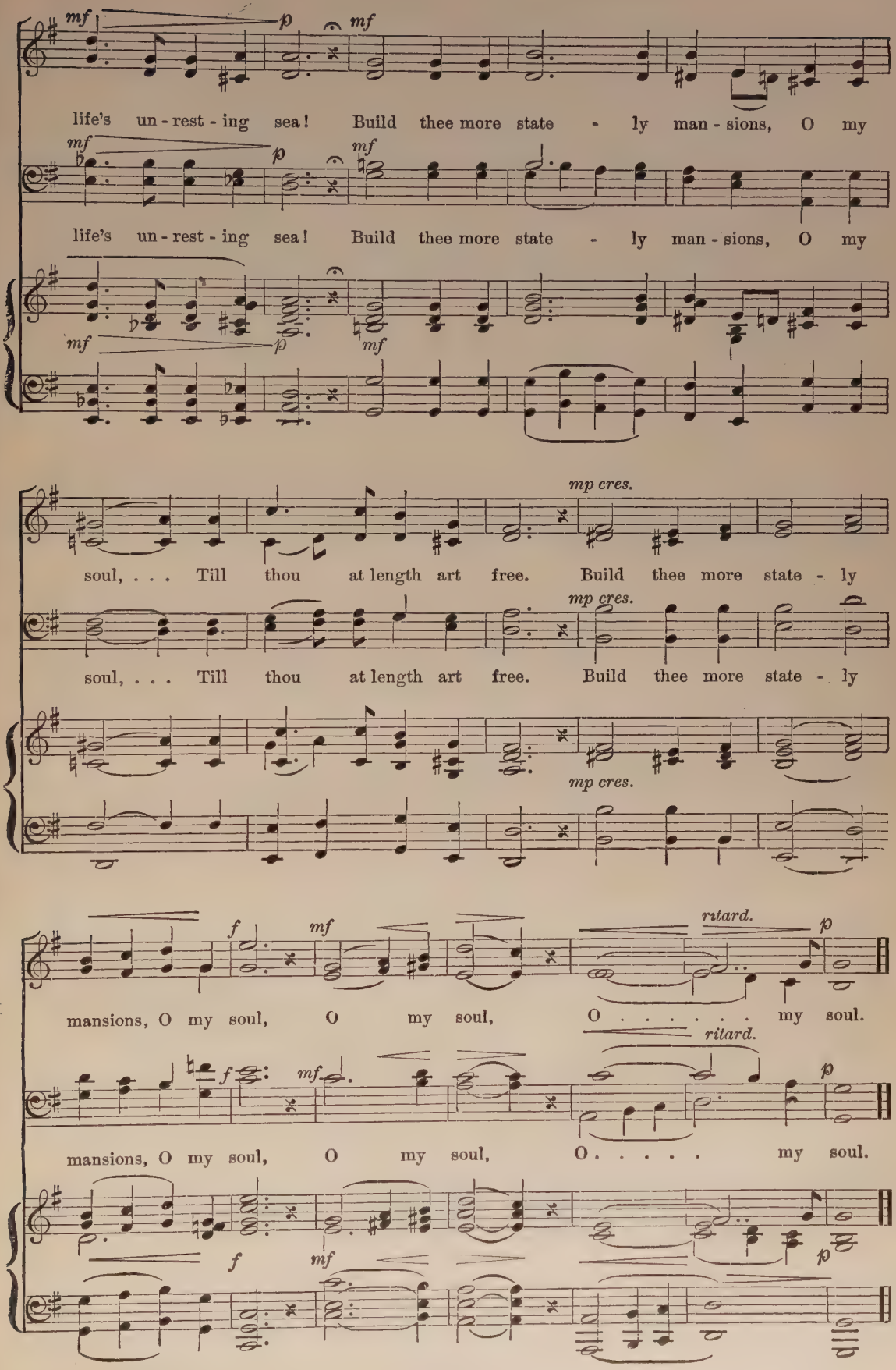
p *mf*

thou at length art free, art free, Leav - ing thine out - grown shell by

p *mf*

thou at length art free, art free, Leav - ing thine out - grown shell by

p *mf*


mf
p
mf
life's un - rest - ing sea! Build thee more state - ly man - sions, O my
life's un - rest - ing sea! Build thee more state - ly man - sions, O my
mp cres.
soul, . . . Till thou at length art free. Build thee more state - ly
soul, . . . Till thou at length art free. Build thee more state - ly
f
mf
ritard.
p
mansions, O my soul, O my soul, O . . . . . my soul.
mansions, O my soul, O my soul, O . . . . . my soul.

LIKE AS A FATHER.

(CANON.)

Cherubini.

1st Voice.

Like as a fa - ther pi - tieth his chil - dren,

So the Lord hath mer - cy, So the Lord hath mer - cy, So the Lord hath

mer - cy on them that fear, on them that fear Him. Like as a

2d Voice.

Like as a fa - ther

fa - ther pi - ti- eth, pi - tieth His chil - dren, The Lord hath

pi - tieth His chil - dren, So the Lord hath mer - cy, So the Lord hath

mer - cy, The Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear Him.

mer - cy, So the Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear, on them that

8va.

Like as a fa - ther pi - tieth his chil - dren,

fear Him. Like as a fa - ther pi - ti - eth, pi - tieth his

3D VOICE.

Like as a fa - ther pi - tieth his chil - dren, So the Lord hath

So the Lord hath mer - cy, The Lord hath mer - cy on them . . .

chil - dren, The Lord hath mer - cy, The Lord hath mer - cy on

mer - cy, So the Lord hath mer - cy, So the Lord hath mer - cy on

. . . . that fear Him; Like as a fa - ther pi - tieth his

them that fear Him; Like as a fa - ther pi - tieth his

them that fear, on them that fear Him; Like as a fa - ther

8va.

chil - dren, So the Lord hath mer - cy, So the Lord hath mer - cy,

chil - dren, So the Lord hath mer - cy, The Lord hath

pi - ti - eth, The Lord hath mer - cy, The Lord hath mer - cy,

8va.

So the Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear, on them that fear . . Him;

mer - cy on them . . . . . that fear Him; Like as a

The Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear Him; Like as a

8va.

Like as a fa - ther pi - ti - eth, pi - tieth His chil - dren,

fa - ther pi - tieth his chil - dren, So the Lord hath mer - cy,

fa - ther pi - tieth his chil - dren, So the Lord hath

The Lord hath mer - cy, The Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear Him.

So the Lord hath mer - cy, So the Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear Him.

mer - cy, The Lord hath mer - cy on them . . . . that fear Him.

VENETIAN BOATMEN'S SONG.

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Andante Larghetto.

PIANO.

p

dolce

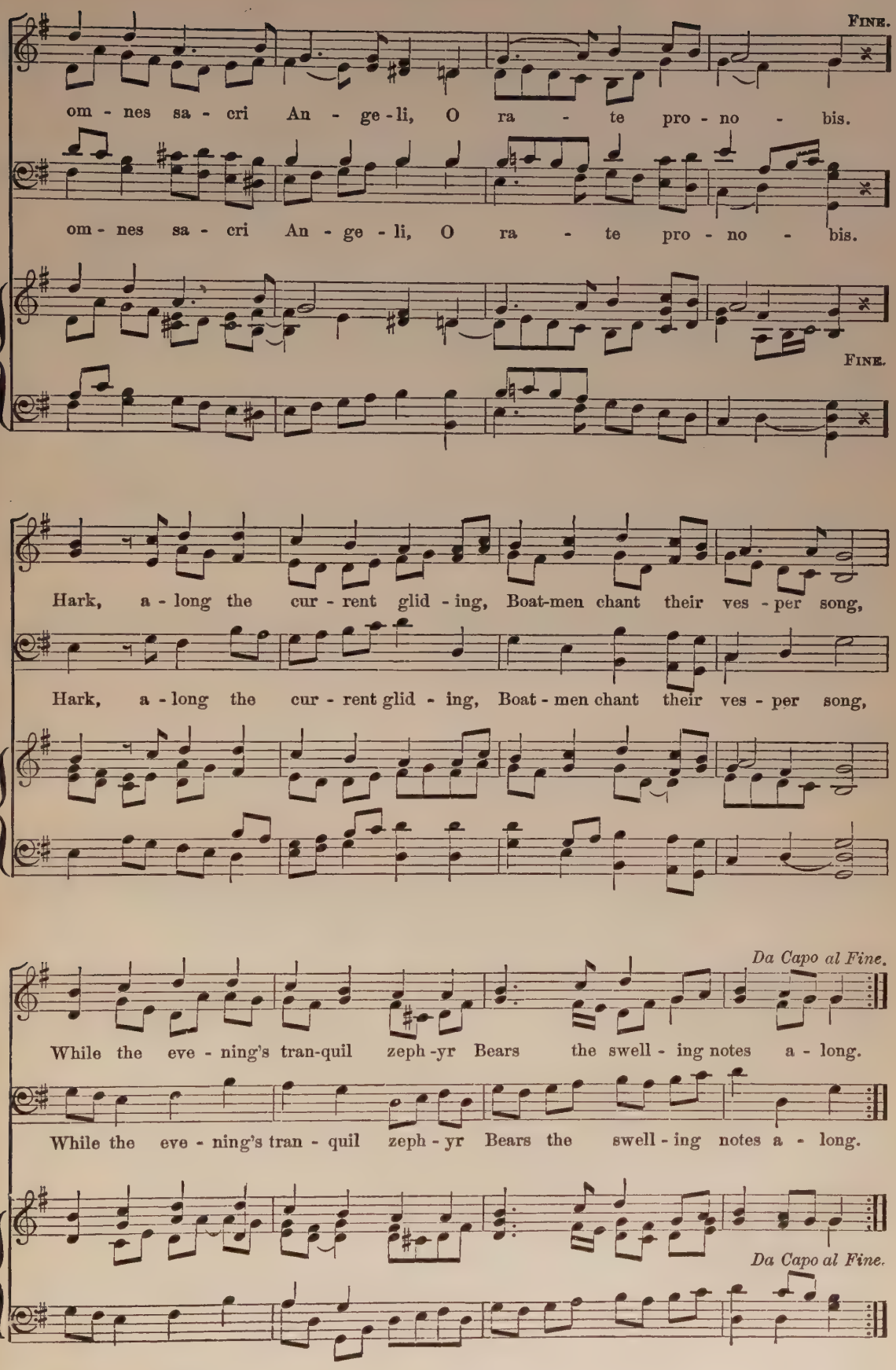
Now the sil - ver moon a - ris - ing, Flings a - round her light se - rene,

While up - on her tran - quil bo - som Sleeps in si - lence O - cean's queen.

dolce.

O sa - cra pi - a Vir - gi - ne, O - ra - te pro - no - bis, O

O sa - cra pi - a Vir - gi - ne, O - ra - te pro - no - bis, O


Fine.
om - nes sa - cri An - ge - li, O ra - te pro - no - bis.
om - nes sa - cri An - ge - li, O ra - te pro - no - bis.
Fine.
Hark, a - long the cur - rent glid - ing, Boat-men chant their ves - per song,
Hark, a - long the cur - rent glid - ing, Boat - men chant their ves - per song,
Da Capo al Fine.
While the eve - ning's tran-quil zeph -yr Bears the swell - ing notes a - long.
While the eve - ning's tran - quil zeph - yr Bears the swell - ing notes a - long.
Da Capo al Fine.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Wm. Shakespeare. *G. A. Macfarren.*

1. You spot - ted snakes . . . with dou - ble tongue, . . Thorn - y
2. Weav - ing spi - - - - ders, come not here, . . . Hence, you

Allegretto. *p*

1. You spot - ted snakes . . . with dou - ble tongue,
2. Weav - ing spi - - ders, come not here,

hedge-hogs, be not seen; . . . Newts and blind worms, do no wrong; Come not
long-legg'd spin - ners, hence; . . Bee - tles black; ap - proach not near; Worm nor

cres. *f* *p*

Thorn-y hedge-hogs, be not seen; Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence; Bee- tles black, ap - proach not near; . .

cres. *f*

near
snail

p *mf* *mf*

Come not near our fai - ry queen! Phi - lo - mel, Phi -
Worm nor snail do no of - fence. Phi - lo - mel, Phi -

p *pp*

Phi - lo - mel,

mf

- lo- mel, Phi - lo - mel, Phi - lo- mel, Phi - lo - mel, with mel - o - dy, Sing in our sweet

pp Phi - lo - mel, Sing, . .

mf

Phi - lo-mel, Phi - lo- mel, Phi - lo- mel, with mel - o - dy, Sing in our sweet

p Nev - er

lul - la - by, Sing lul - la, lul - la, Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by.

lul - - la - by.

harm, nor spell, . . nor charm, ... Come our love - - ly

cres.

Nev - er harm, nor spell, nor charm, . . . Come our

cres.

la - - - - - - - - dy nigh;

f *p*

love - ly la - - dy nigh; So, good - night,

f *p* So, good - night, ...

So, good - night, so, good - -

mf *p* *p*

so, good - night, . . . good - night, good - night, with

night, good - night, *mf* *p*

night, so, good - night,

p

lul - la - by; lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

lul - la - by, ... lul - la - by, ...

p *p*

lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la, lul - la,

sf *pp*

lul - - - - - - - - la - by. . . . . .

sf *pp* Lul - la - by.

lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by. . . . . .

LOVE SONG.

Ben Jonson. *Frank G. Cauffman.*

Andante sostenuto.

p

Have you seen . . but a bright li - ly grow, Be -

p

Have you seen but a bright li - ly grow, Be -

p

Have you seen . . but a bright li - ly grow, Be -

p

fore rude hands have touched it? Have you

fore rude hands have touched it? Have you

fore rude hands have touched . . it? Have you

marked but the fall of the snow, Be - fore the soil hath

marked but the fall of the snow, Be - fore the soil hath

marked but the fall of the snow, Be - fore . . the soil hath

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smutched it? Have . . you felt the wool of

smutched it? Have you felt . . the wool of

smutched it? Have . . you felt . the wool . . of

rall. *pp*

bea - ver, or swan's . . down . . . ev - - er,

rall. *pp*

bea - ver, or swan's down ev - - er,

rall. *pp*

bea - ver, or swan's . . down . . . ev - - er,

rall. *pp*

a tempo. *p*

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the bri - ar, Or . . the

a tempo. *p*

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the bri - ar, Or the

a tempo. *p*

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the bri - ar, Or . . the

a tempo. *p*

rall. *p*

nard, the nard in the fire, . . . Or have tast - ed the

rall. *p*

nard, the nard in the fire, . . . Or have tast - ed the

rall. *p*

nard, the nard in the fire, . . . Or have tast - ed the

rall.

p

bag of the bee? O so white, so white, O so

bag of the bee? O so white, O so soft, so

bag of the bee? O so white, O so

f *p rall.*

soft, O so sweet, so sweet is she. . . . . .

f *p rall.*

soft, O so sweet, so sweet is she. . . . . .

f *p rall.*

soft, O so sweet, so sweet, so sweet is she. . . . . .

f *p* *rall.*

MEMORIAL HYMN.

David Swing. *Thos. Allen.*

Adagio. ♩ = 56.

mf *cres.*

1. Now all ye flow'rs, make room, Hith - er we come in gloom, To make a

mf *cres.*

mf

might - y tomb, Sigh - ing and weep - ing. Grand was the life he led,

mf

Grand was the life he led,

cres. *f* *rit.* *p*

Wise was each word he said, But with the no - ble dead We leave him sleep-ing.

cres. *f* *rit.* *p*

pp

2. Soft may his bo - dy rest, As on his moth-er's breast, Whose love stands all con-fess'd

pp

mp

'Mid blind - ing tears. . . But may his soul so white

mp

But may his soul so white

mf *cres.* *f* *cres.* *ff*

Rise in tri - um-phant flight, And in God's realm of light Spend end-less years.

mf *cres.* *f* *cres.* *ff*

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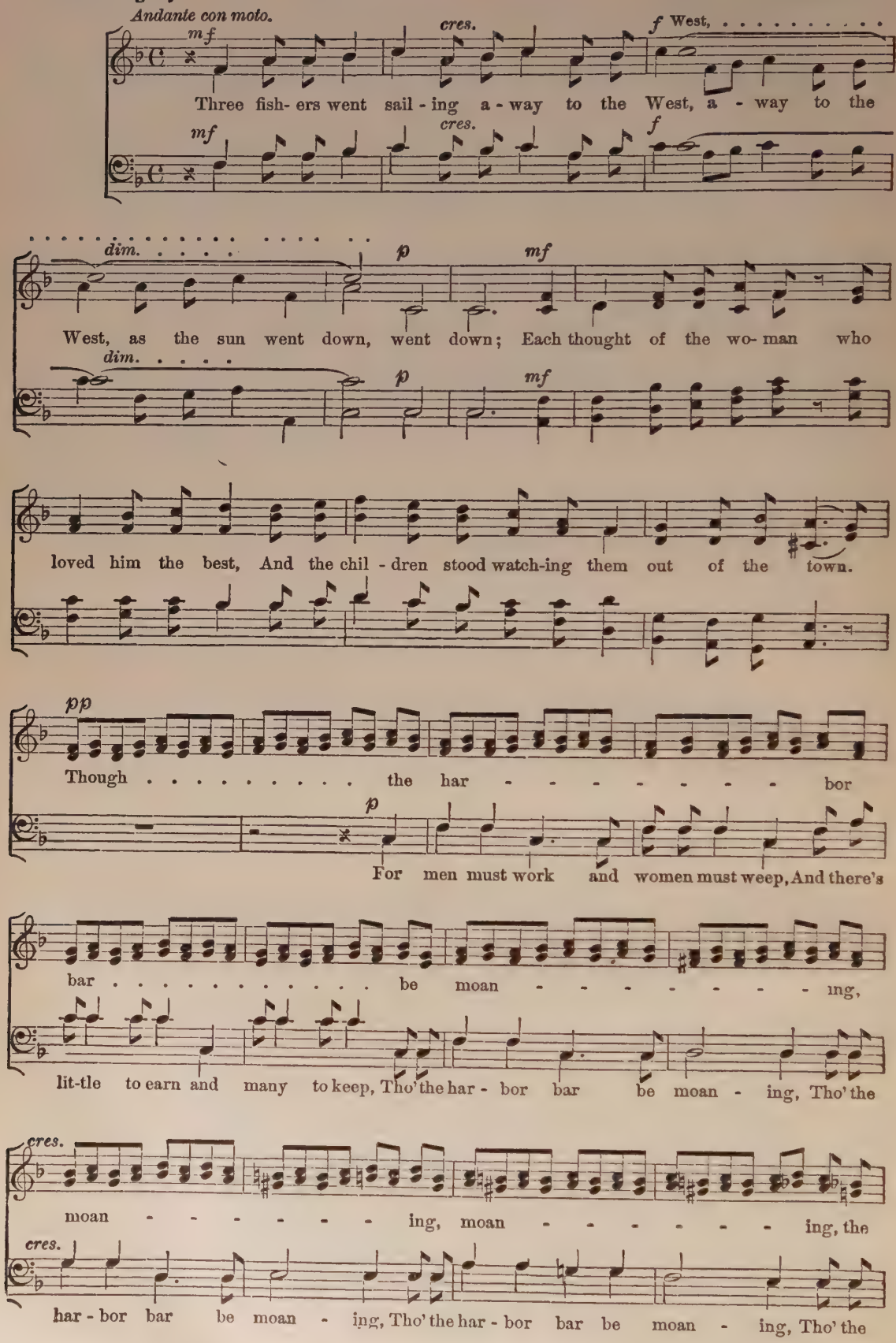
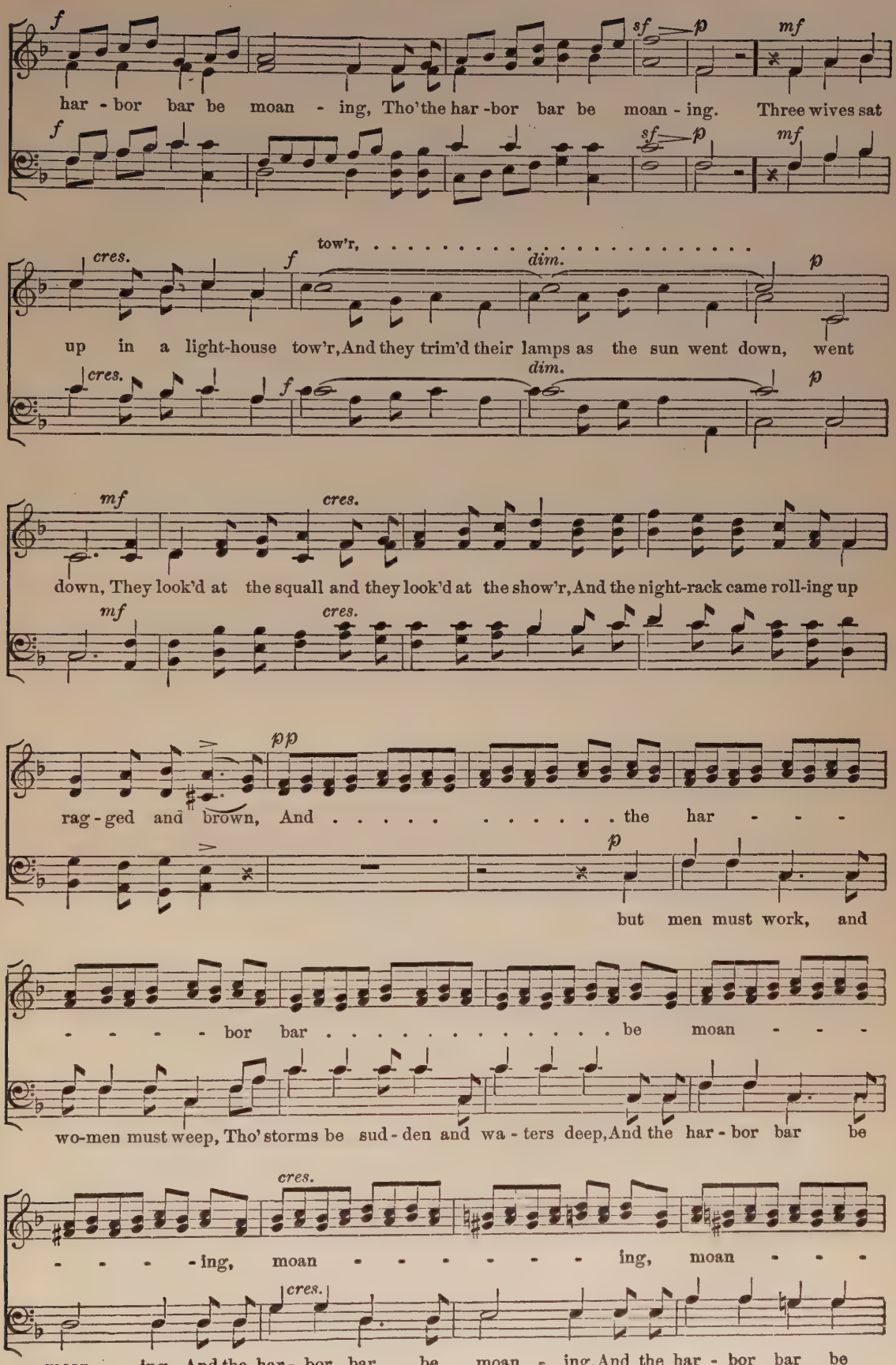
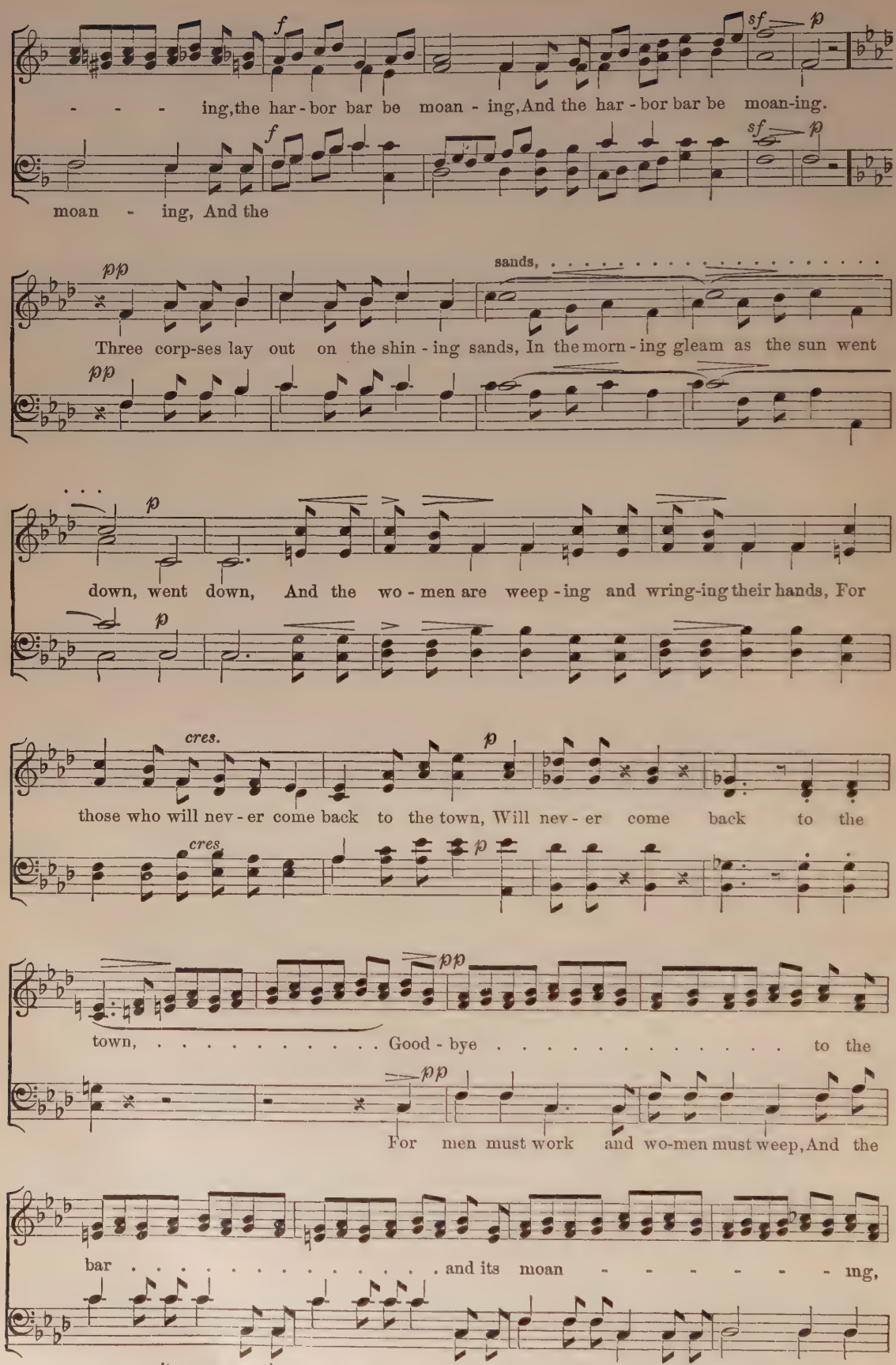
THE THREE FISHERS.

Chas. Kingsley. *Sir Geo. A. Macfarren.*




f
sf
p
mf
har - bor bar be moan - ing, Tho' the har - bor bar be moan - ing. Three wives sat
cres.
f
tow'r,
dim.
p
up in a light-house tow'r, And they trim'd their lamps as the sun went down, went
cres.
f
dim.
p
mf
cres.
down, They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll-ing up
mf
cres.
pp
rag - ged and brown, And . . . . . the har - - -
p
but men must work, and
- - - - bor bar . . . . . be moan - - -
wo-men must weep, Tho' storms be sud - den and wa - ters deep, And the har - bor bar be
cres.
- - - - ing, moan - - - - - - ing, moan - - -
cres.
moan - ing, And the har - bor bar be moan - ing, And the har - bor bar be


f
sf
p
- - - ing, the har - bor bar be moan - ing, And the har - bor bar be moan-ing.
moan - ing, And the
pp
sands,
Three corp-ses lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam as the sun went
down, went down, And the wo - men are weep - ing and wring-ing their hands, For
cres.
those who will nev - er come back to the town, Will nev - er come back to the
town, ... Good - bye . . . . . to the
For men must work and wo-men must weep, And the
bar . . . . . and its moan - - - - - - ing,
soon - er its o - ver the soon - er to sleep, And goodbye to the bar and its moan - ing, Good -

cres.

moan - - - - - - ing, moan - - - - - ing, Good-

cres.

bye to the bar and its moan - ing, Good - bye to the bar and its moan - ing, Good -

f *p* *cres.*

bye to the bar and its moan - ing, Good-bye, . . goodbye, . . good -

f *p* *cres.*

Good-bye, good-bye,

and its moan - - ing,

f *pp*

bye, good-bye, Good-bye to the bar and its moan - - - ing, Good - bye.

and its moan - - ing,

f *pp*

CAROL OF THE BIRDS.

Bas Quercy.

Moderato.

1. Whence comes this rush of wings a - far? Fol - low-ing straight the No - el star?
2. "Tell us, ye birds, why come ye here, In - to this sta - ble poor and drear?"
3. An - gels, and shepherds, birds of the sky, Come where the Son of God doth lie;

Birds from the woods in won-d'rous flight, Beth - le - hem seek this ho - ly night.
"Hast - 'ning we seek the new - born King, And all our sweet - est mu - sic bring."
Christ on the earth with man doth dwell, Join in the shout, No - el, No - el.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

William Cullen Bryant. *Margaret Ruthven Lang.*

Gracefully. *Not too fast.*

mp

1. Thou blos - som bright with
wait - est late and

mp

1. Thou blos - som bright with
wait - est late and

mp

Ped.

mf

au - tumn dew, And col - ored with the heav'n's own hue, Thou ope - nest when the
com'st a - lone, When woods are bare and birds are flown, And frosts and short - 'ning

mf

au - tumn dew, And col - ored with the heav'n's own hue, Thou ope - nest when the
com'st a - lone, When woods are bare and birds are flown, And frosts and short - 'ning

mf

qui - et light Suc - ceeds the keen and frost - y night. 2. Thou
days por - tend The a - ged year is near his end. 4. Then

qui - et light Suc - ceeds the keen and frost - y night. 2. Thou
days por - tend The a - ged year is near his end. 4. Then

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cres - - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - - - *do.*

com - est not when vio - lets lean O'er wan - d'ring brooks and
doth thy sweet and qui - et eye Look through its frin - ges

cres - - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - - - *do.*

com - est not when vio - lets lean O'er wan - d'ring brooks and
doth thy sweet and qui - et eye Look through its frin - ges

cres.

ritard. *a tempo.*

springs un - seen, Or col - um - bines in pur - ple dressed, Nod
to . . the sky Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall A

ritard. *a tempo.*

springs un - seen, Or col - um - bines in pur - ple dressed, Nod
to . . the sky, Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall A

a tempo.

rit.

1

o'er the groundbird's hid - den nest. . 3. Thou
flow'r from its ce - ru lian wall. .

o'er the groundbird's hid - den nest. . 3. Thou
flow'r from its ce - ru - lian wall. .

1

mp

Ped. *

Slowly. ♩= ♩.

mp *cres.*

3. I would that thus, when I shall see . . . . The

mp *cres.*

3. I would that thus, when I shall see . . . . The

Slowly. ♩= ♩.

mp cres.

mf

hour of death draw near to me, Hope blos - som - ing . . with - in my

mf

hour of death draw near to me, Hope blos - som - ing . . with - in my

mf

f

heart, May look to heav'n as I de - part. . . . . .

f

heart, May look to heav'n as I de - part. . . . . .

M.G.

f

Ped. ✱

LONGING.

J. R. Lowell. *Rossetter G. Cole.*

mp *Brightly.*

Of all the myr - iad moods of mind That thro' the soul come throng - ing, Which one was e'er so dear, so kind, So beau - ti - ful as Long-ing? The thing we long for, that we are For one tran - scen - dent mo - ment; Be - fore the Pres - ent, poor and bare, Can make it's sneer - ing comment. 2. Still thro' our pal - try stir and strife Glows down our wished I - de - al; And Long-ing moulds in clay what Life Carves in the mar - ble Re - al; To let the new life in, we know, De - sire must ope the por - tal; Per - haps the long - ing to be so, Helps make the soul im - mor - tal.

mp *dim.* *mp* *dim.* *mp* *dim.* *dim.*

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STANZAS FROM THE NATIVITY.

John Milton. *David Stanley Smith.*

In dignified march time.

1. This is the month, and this the hap - py morn, Where-
2. See how from far up -on the east - ern road, The

1. This is the month, and this the hap - py morn, Where-
2. See how from far up -on the east - ern road, The

in the Son of Heav'n's e - ter - nal King, Of wed - ded maid and
star - led wiz -ards haste with o - dors sweet; Oh! run, pre - vent them

Of wed-ded maid
Oh! run, pre - vent

in the Son of Heav'n's e - ter - nal King, Of wed - ded maid and
star - led wiz -ards haste with o - dors sweet; Oh! run, pre - vent them

vir - gin moth-er born, Our great re - demp-tion from a - bove . . did bring; . . . For
with thy hum -ble ode, And lay it low - ly at His bless - ed feet; . . . Have

vir - gin moth-er born, Our great re - demp-tion from a - bove . . did bring; . . For
with thy hum -ble ode, And lay it low - ly at His bless - ed feet; . . . Have

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so the ho - ly sa - ges once did sing, That He our dead - ly
thou the hon - or first thy Lord to greet, And join thy voice un -

so the ho - ly sa - ges once did sing, That He our dead - ly
thou the hon - or first thy Lord to greet, And join thy voice un -

for - feit should re - lease, And with His Fa - ther work us a per - pet - u - al
to the an - gel choir, From out His se - cret al - tar touched with hal - lowed

for - feit should re - lease, And with His Fa - ther work us a per - pet - u - al
to the an - gel choir, From out His se - cret al - tar touched with hal - lowed

fff

peace, And with His Fa - ther work us a per - pet - u - al peace.
fire, From out His se - cret al - tar touched with hal - lowed fire.

fff

peace, And with His Fa - ther work us a per - pet - u - al peace.
fire, From out His se - cret al - tar touched with hal - lowed fire.

fff

WHILE YOU SLEEP.

W. K. Clifford. *Henry K. Hadley.*

Very soft and slow.

1. The flow'rs for sleep are sigh - ing, The bird is in its nest; The day - light is all hid - den With sun - shine in the west. And hark! the crick - et sing - ing His love - song to the skies, Where
2. They wish you all sweet slum - ber, They wish you all good - night; They'll tell the sun to rouse . . you When once a - gain 'tis light. And while you sleep, the ro - ses May think your cheeks so fair, That

p

cres.

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all . . . . . the stars are wait - ing To see you close your eyes.
in . . . . . the ear - ly morn - ing, You'll find them rest - ing there.

all the stars are wait - ing, wait - ing To see you close your eyes.
in the ear - ly morn - ing, morn - ing, You'll find them rest - ing there.

all . . . . . the stars are wait - ing To see you close your eyes.
in . . . . . the ear - ly morn - ing, You'll find them rest - ing there.

ST. GREGORY.

Richard Baxter. *Joseph Barnby.*

1. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand Or
2. Ye bless - ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly race And
3. Ye saints, who toil be - low, A - dore your heav'n - ly King, And
4. My soul, bear thou thy part; Tri - umph in God a - bove, And

thro' the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com - mand! As - sist our
now, from sin re - leas'd, Be - hold the Sav - iour's face! God's prais - es
on - ward as ye go Some joy - ful an - them sing: Take what He
with a well - tuned heart Sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy

song, For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.
sound, As in His light, With sweet de - light, Ye do a - bound.
gives; And praise Him still, Thro' good and ill, Who ev - er lives!
days Till life shall end, What - e'er He send, Be fill'd with praise! A - MEN.

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UNCROWNED KINGS.

Frederick Manley. *Harvey Worthington Loomis.*

Tempo di Marcia. *energico.*

1. Hur-

mp *f* *sfz* *Ped.*

mp

rah for i - vied tow ers Re - nowned in song and
rah for home - steads cheer - ing The des - ert, hill, and

mp

mp *mp*

sto - ry! Hur - rah for old - world pow - ers, And
prai - rie! Hur - rah for war - riors clear - ing The

mf

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p *cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.*

knights and sa - ges hoar - y; But a loud - er cheer for the
for - ests wild and drear - y; And a long, long cheer for the

mp *p*

strong, plain men That have made our coun - try blest, The
he - roes all, Who would nei - ther work nor rest, Till

mf

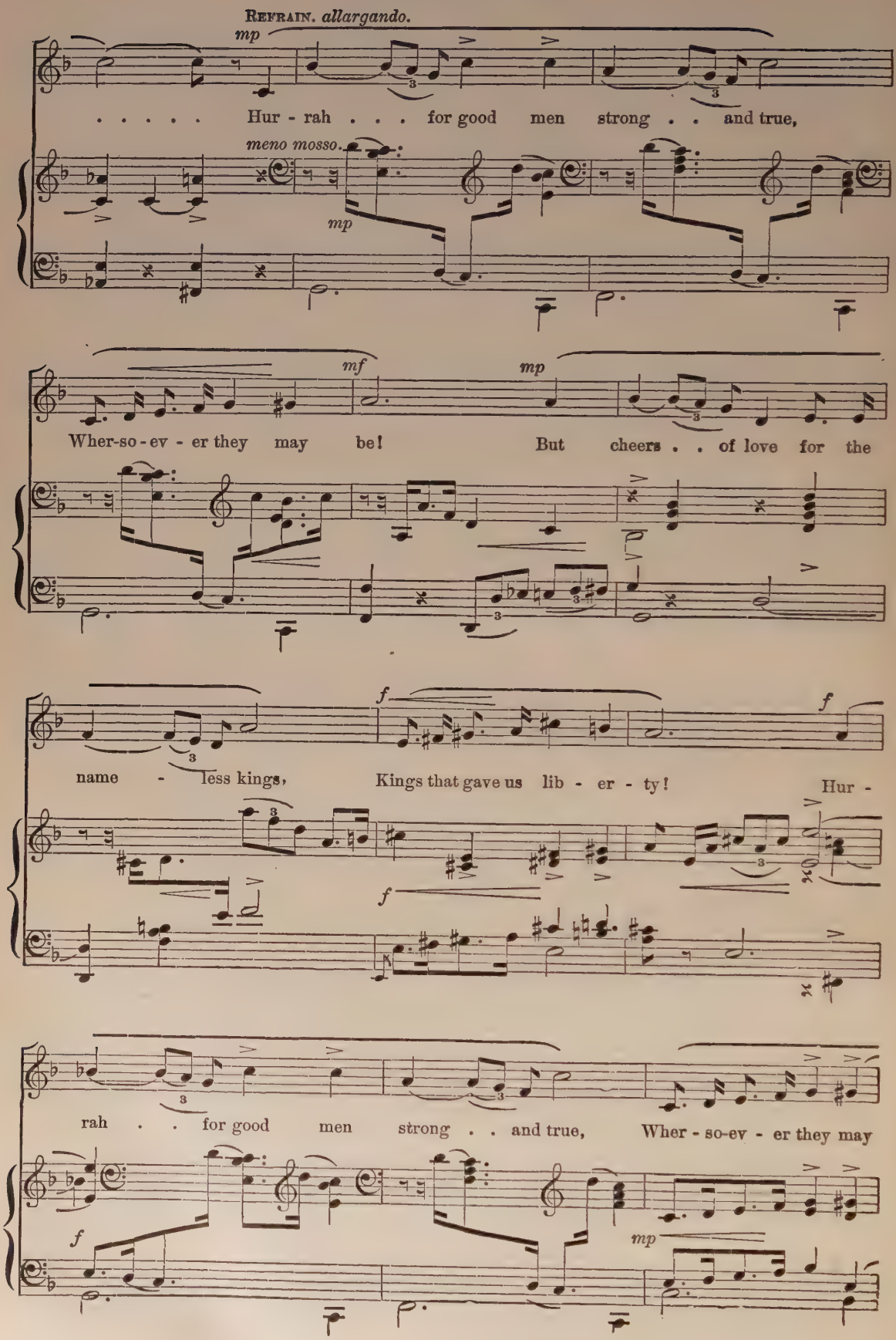
mf cres - - cen - - do.

un - crowned kings and he - roes Of our dear land in the
man was free as Heav - en's winds, In the dear land of the

mf *f*

f *ff*

West. . . . Hur-rah, hur - rah! . . . . . Hur-rah, hur - rah! . . . . . .


Refrain. allargando.
mp
. . . . . Hur - rah . . . for good men strong . . and true,
meno mosso.
mp
mf
mp
Wher-so-ev - er they may be! But cheers . . of love for the
f
f
name - less kings, Kings that gave us lib - er - ty! Hur -
f
rah . . for good men strong . . and true, Wher - so-ev - er they may
f
mp

be, But cheers . . . of love for name - less kings, The

mf *f*

kings that gave us lib - er - ty, ... Hur - rah, hur -

L.H. L.H. L.H. *ff* *sfz*

ff 1 rah! . . . . . 2. Hur -

1 *mf* *tempo primo.* *mp*

2 rah! *8va*

2 *ff Allegro.* *sempre.* *ff*

MASSA DEAR.

Frederick Manley. *Arthur Johnson.*

With pathos.

1. Mas - sa dear, mas - sa dear, O look down a - while,
2. There's no songs from the corn, And the nights are sad;

1. Mas sa dear, mas - sa dear, O look down a - while,
2. There's no songs from the corn, And the nights are sad;

With pathos.

p *adagio.*

Winds am still, heav'n am clear, You can hear dis chile. All the home folks is gone,
Ban - jo strings dumb and torn That were once so glad, When some old neighbor's tune,

Winds am still, heav'n am clear, You can hear dis chile. All the home folks is gone,
Ban - jo strings dumb and torn That were once so glad, When some old neighbor's tune

And I'm lone - some here; Work is o - ver and done,
On the winds was borne; And the clear, shin - ing moon

And I'm lone - some here; Work is o - ver and done,
On the winds was borne; And the clear, shin - ing moon

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Take me, mas - sa dear, Take me home, for the light Went a - way with you;
Made the night the dawn, Take me home, joy and light Went a - way with you;

Take me, mas - sa dear, Take me home, for the light Went a - way with you;
Made the night the dawn, Take me home, joy and light Went a - way with you;

f *p* *pp molto ritard.*

Call me home from the night, As you used to do, As you used to do.

pp molto ritard.

Call me home from the night, As you used to do, As you used to do.

f *p* *pp molto ritard.*

DAWN.

J. Barnby.

f *cres.*

1. This is the day of light, When first the sil - v'ry dawn, A -
2. This is the day of peace, When o'er our cru - el foes, The
3. This is the day of grace, When, with His church to dwell, His
4. This is the day of love, When one in heart and mind The

f *cres.*

ff

wak - 'ning, pure and bright, O'er-spread Cre - a - tion's morn.
Lord our right - eous - ness From death tri - umph - ant rose.
con - stant rest - ing place, The dove - like Spir - it fell.
church on earth, a - bove Their sweet com - mun - ion find. A - MEN.

ff

KIMI-GA-YO.

(REIGN OF MY SOVEREIGN.)

Japanese National Anthem.
Harmonized by N. Clifford Page.

Maestoso.

1. May our Em - peror's reign en - dure
2. Just as leaves by Au - tumn sown

Stand in - creas - ing - ly se - cure, . True and fast
Red and fair to earth are blown, . Just as these

shall it last Till a mil - lion years have passed,
nev - er cease Year by year to shed their Peace,

Thus shall he prais - ed be to E - ter - ni - ty.
Thus shall he reign to see E - ter - ni - ty.

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SONG OF APRIL.

Frederick Manley. *J. Remington Fairlamb.*

Allegretto.

mf

crescendo.

1. A-pril's just a lit-tle child Ver-y bad-ly spoiled: Near-ly ev-'ry day she cries
2. May-be, tho', that A-pril cries Just for hap-pi-ness; For a lit-tle girl whose eyes

mf *crescendo.*

Till her pret-ty gowns are soiled; . . And tho' na-ture some-times dries
Find each day a bran new dress, . . Green and blue as sun-ny skies,

cres. *f*

All her tears of pearl-y rain, Coax-ing her to laugh and smile, A-pril's sun-ny
Trimm'd with vi-o-let and white, Fig-ured with young ap-ple buds And the flow'rs of

cres. *f*

ritard.

just a-while, Then the tears come to her eyes And she cries and cries a-gain.
wak-ing woods, Must be ta-ken by sur-prise, And just weep from pure de-light.

colla voce.

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DAY IS DYING.

F. E. Weatherly. *J. L. Roeckel.*

Andantino.

pp *rall. lunga.*

p *Dreamily.*

Day is dy - ing, cool sweet winds O - ver lake and woods are borne. Eve in sil-v'ry

Day is dy - ing, cool sweet winds O - ver lake and woods are borne. Eve in sil-v'ry

fet - ters binds Earth with din and la - bor worn!

fet - ters binds Earth with din and la - bor worn!

Molto moderato.

p

p *Lightly.*

La - dy, close each wea - ried eye, Soothed by this our lul - la - by; Lul - la - by from

La - dy, close each wea - ried eye, Soothed by this our lul - la - by; Lul - la - by from

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maid - ens fond, Slum - ber, La - dy Ro - sa-monde, Slum - ber, La - dy Ro - sa-monde,

maid - ens fond, Slum - ber, La - dy Ro - sa-monde, Slum - ber, La - dy Ro - sa-monde,

pp

dim. *Tempo primo.*

Slumber, Lady Ro - sa - monde.

dim. *Tempo primo.*

Slumber, Lady Ro - sa - monde.

Tempo primo.

dim. *lunga.*

Andantino.

p

Slum-ber thou, a rose a - tween sil - ver li - lies stain - less snow, Ver - y rose and

p

Slum-ber thou, a rose a - tween sil - ver li - lies stain - less snow, Ver - y rose and

p

Molto moderato.

ver - y queen Of each sub - ject rose be - low!

ver - y queen Of each sub - ject rose be - low!

p *p*

p

Hark! late shepherd-pipings soft, Sweet-en yon fair blossom'd croft, Whisp'ring with thy maidens fond,

p

Hark! late shepherd-pipings soft, Sweet-en yon fair blossom'd croft, Whisp'ring with thy maidens fond,

p

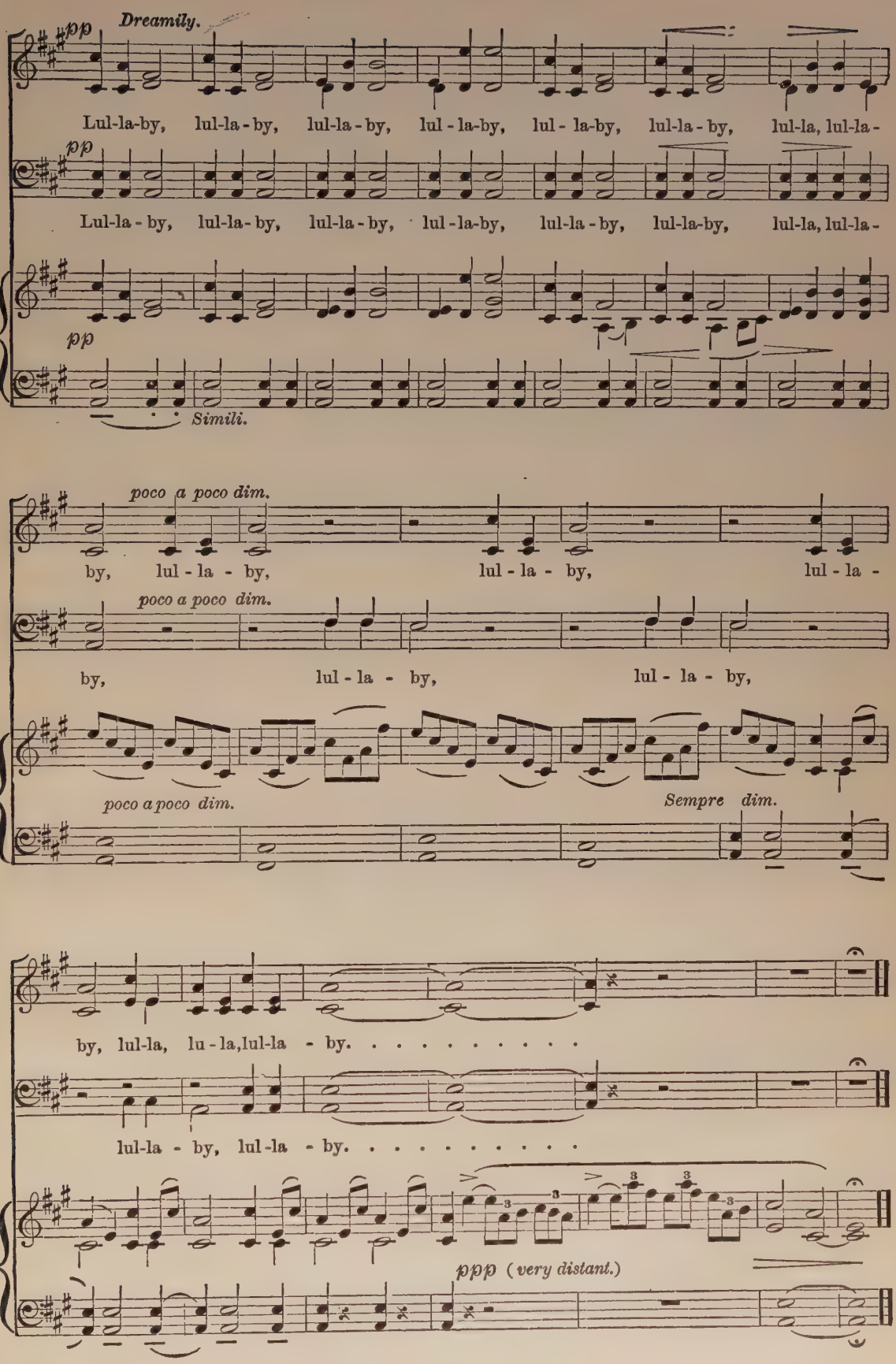
cres. *dim.* *Andante.*

Slum-ber, La - dy Ro - sa-monde, Slum - ber, La - dy Ro - sa - monde.

cres. *dim.* *p*

Slum-ber, La - dy Ro - sa-monde, Slum-ber, La - dy Ro - sa - monde.

cres. *p*


pp
Dreamily.
Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la, lul-la-
pp
Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la, lul-la-
pp
Simili.
poco a poco dim.
by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-
poco a poco dim.
by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by,
poco a poco dim.
Sempre dim.
by, lul-la, lu-la, lul-la-by. . . . . .
lul-la-by, lul-la-by. . . . . .
ppp (very distant.)

MATONA, LOVELY MAIDEN.

(MADRIGAL.)

Allegro. ♩ = 136. *Orlando Lassus (1520-1594).*

f *p*

Ma - to - na, love - ly maid - en, O lis - ten to the song, Ma - to - na,

f *p*

p

love - ly maid - en, O lis - ten to the song I sing beneath thy win - dow

p

cres. *f* *pp*

While night clouds roll a - long. Dong, dong, dong, der - ry, der - ry, dong, dong, dong, dong,

cres. *f* *pp*

dong, dong,

ppp *f 2d time p*

dong, dong, dong, dong, der - ry, der - ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong. The words of choic - est

ppp

dong, dong, dong.

mf

tis - sue, To shoot, to shoot love's aim be - long. Then from your window is - sue,

mf

To shoot, to shoot love's aim be - long.

cres. *pp*

dong,

Or else you do me wrong. Dong, dong, dong, der - ry, der - ry, dong, dong, dong,

cres. *pp*

dong, dong,

ppp dong, *f 2d time p.*

dong, dong, dong, dong, der - ry, der - ry, dong, dong, dong, dong. You'll say, if once you

ppp dong, dong,

f They

catch them, And note their fine ding - dong, Pe - trar - cha could not match them, They . .

f

are *pp* dong,

. . are so sweet and strong. Dong, dong, dong, der - ry, der - ry dong, dong, dong,

pp

are dong, dong,

ppp dong, *f 2d time p.*

dong, dong, dong, dong, der - ry, der - ry, dong, dong, dong, dong. But if you think the meas -

ppp dong, dong,

Should to *mf* *f* *f* I'll choose

ure Should to all scorn be - long, A more com-ply-ing meas - ure I'll choose, I'll

mf *f* I'll choose,

I'll choose *pp* dong,

choose from out the throng, Dong, dong, dong, der - ry, der - ry, dong, dong, dong,

pp

I'll choose dong, dong,

ppp dong, *rall.*

dong, dong, dong, dong, der-ry, der-ry, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

ppp *rall.*

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

John Boyle O'Reilly. *Bruno Oscar Klein.*

Andantino expressivo, ma semplice.

mp

There is one bright star in heav - en, Ev - er shin - ing in my night; God to me one . . guide has giv - en, Like the sail - or's bea - con light, Set on ev - 'ry shoal and dan - ger, Send - ing out its warn - ing ray, its warn - ing ray To the home - bound, wea - ry stran - ger, Look - ing for the land - lock'd

God to

mf

Send - ing out

f

Send - - - - ing, send - ing out

Send - ing out its warn - ing ray,

rall.

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mf Un poco piu animato.

I have turn'd me to that

bay. In my farth - est, wild - est wand - 'rings I have turn'd me to that

mf

love, As a

rall. *p piu lento.*

love, As a div - er 'neath the wa - - ter Turns to

As a div - er 'neath the

rall. *p*

'neath

Tempo 1mo. *pp*

watch the light . . a - bove. There is one bright star in

Turns to watch the light a - bove.

p *pp* *Tempo 1mo.*

God to

heav - en, Ev - er shin - ing in my night, God to

God to

p *molto rit.*

me one guide has giv - en, Like the sail - or's bea - con light.

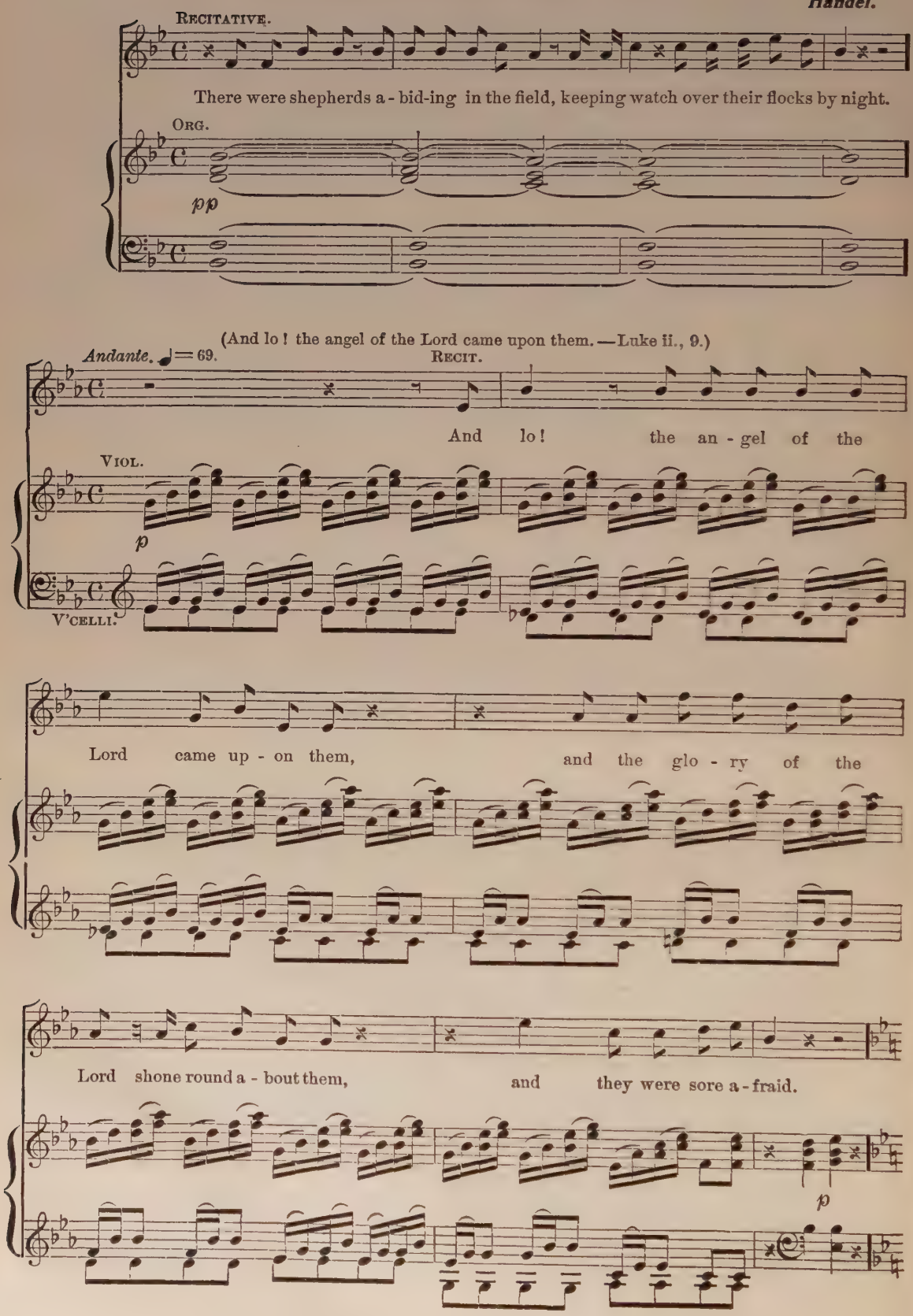
p *molto rit.*

MESSIAH.

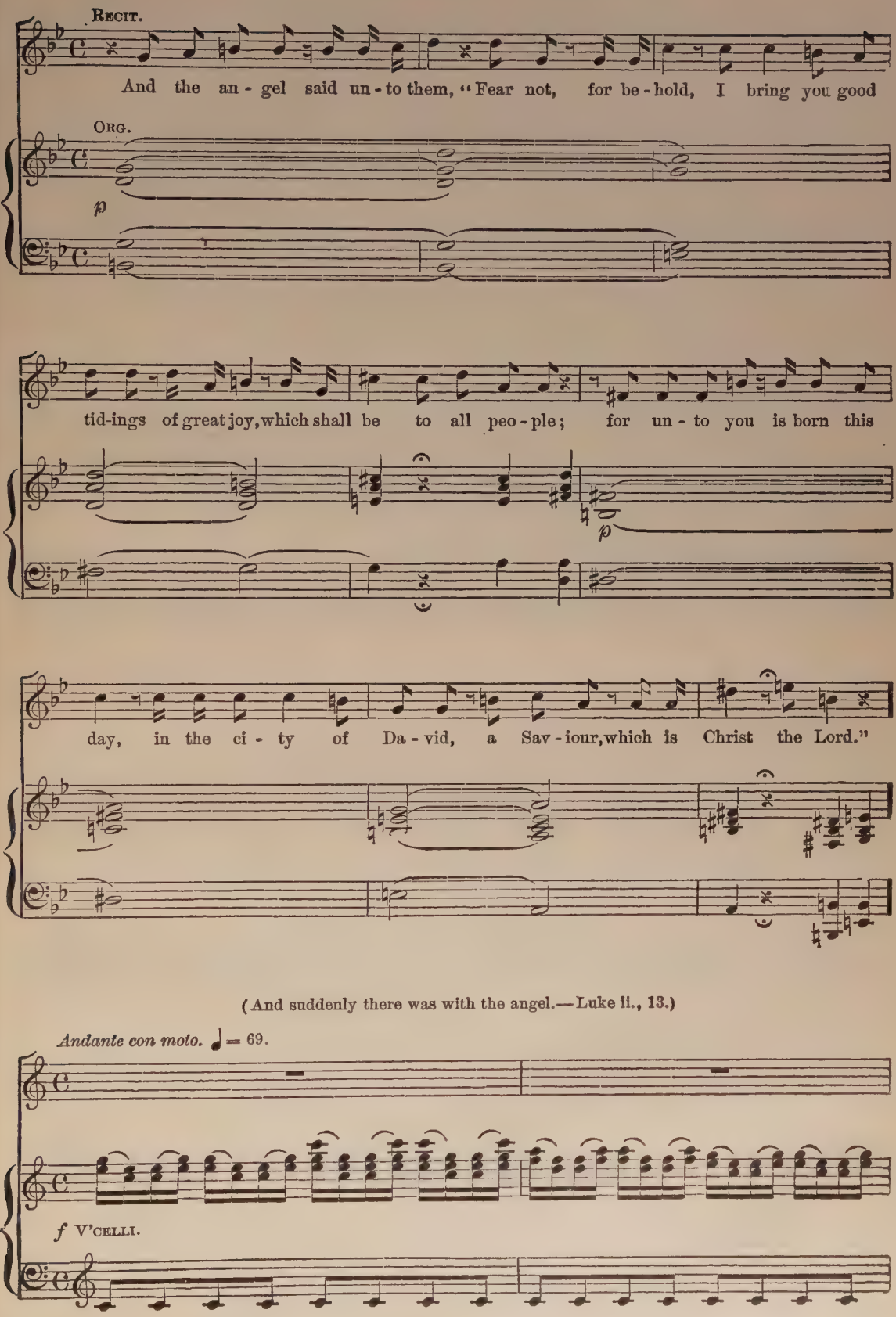
(SELECTION.)

(There were shepherds abiding in the field. — Luke ii., 8.)

Handel.



(And the angel said unto them.—Luke ii., 10. 11.)



(And suddenly there was with the angel.—Luke ii., 13.)

And sud - den-ly there was with the an-gel a mul - ti-tude

dim. *p*

of the heavenly host, prais-ing God, and say - ing,

CHORUS. *Allegro.* ♩= 84. (Glory to God.— Luke ii., 14.)

f

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - - - - -

f

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - - - - -

f

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - - - - -

Allegro. ♩= 84.

VIOL.

f

CELLI.

est,

est,

f

est, and peace on earth,

f

and peace on earth,

p Fl. & Ob.

f

Viol.

Ped. *p*

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,

f

Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

f

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, and peace on

f

and peace on

TROMBE.

Ped.

f

good - will to - wards

f

earth, good - will . . to - wards men,

f

earth, good-will to - wards men,

FL. & OB.

VIOL. *p*

f

f

f

good-will to - wards men, to-wards men, good - will

f

men, to-wards men, good - will to - wards men, to - wards

f

to - wards men, good - will to - wards

good - will . . to - wards men,

f

f

. . to - wards men, . . . to - wards men.

men, good - will . . . to - wards men.

men, good - will to - wards men.

good - - - will . . . to - wards men.

Glo-ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - - est,

Glo-ry to God Glo - ry to God in the high - - est,

Glo-ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - - est,

Glo-ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - - est,

f

p

and peace on earth,

p *f*

and peace on earth, good-will to - wards

p *f*

and peace on earth, good - will

p

and peace on earth,

Fl. & Ob. *p*

p Viol. *f*

Ped.

f

good-will, good-will, good-will, good-will to - wards

men, to - - wards men, good-will, good-will, good-will, good -

. . . to - wards men, to-wards men, good-will, good-will, good-will, good -

f

good-will, good-will, good-will, good - will . .

f *f* *f* *f*

men, ... good-will . . to - - wards men.

will to-wards men, good - will . . . to - - wards men.

will to-wards men, ... good - will to - - wards men.

. . . to - wards men, . . . good - will to - - wards men.

Viol. Ob.

mf

Celli. Fag:

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

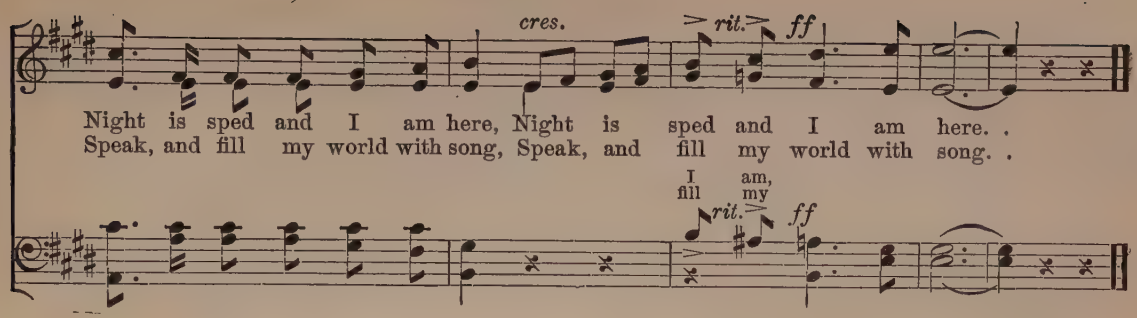
MORNING SONG.

Clifton Bingham. *J. Barnby.*

p *Andante grazioso.*

1. La - dy mine, thy case - ment o - pen, Day is wak - ing, night is sped; Sun - lit is thy dew - y gar - den, Lifts the rose her drow - sy head. Hark, hark, the lark in cloud - land soar - - ing, Hark, the lark in cloud - - - - land soar - ing, Sings a Sings to dawn a car - ol clear; car - - - - ol clear; Sweet, a - wake, Night is sped and I am here! Sweet, a - wake, the world is wak - ing,
2. Ro - ses at thy lat - tice clus - ter Thou art fair - est rose of all; When thou com - est, it is morn - ing, When thou go - est, night doth fall. Sweet, sweet, look forth, the night is o - - ver, Sweet, look forth, the night . . . . . is o - ver, Love to Love and joy to day be - long; day . . . be - long, Smile, and bring Speak, and fill my world with song! Smile, and bring my heart its sun - shine,

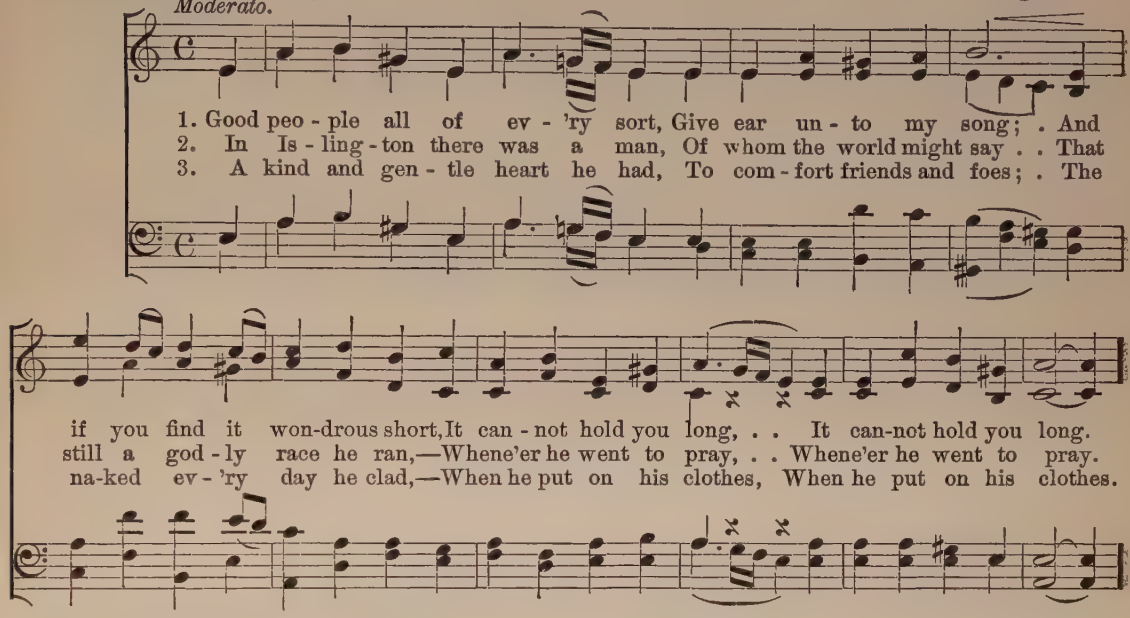
p *dolce.* *p* *p* soar - ing, o - ver, *mf* *cres.* *pp* *cres.* *pp* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *f*



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Oliver Goldsmith. ***English.***

Moderato.

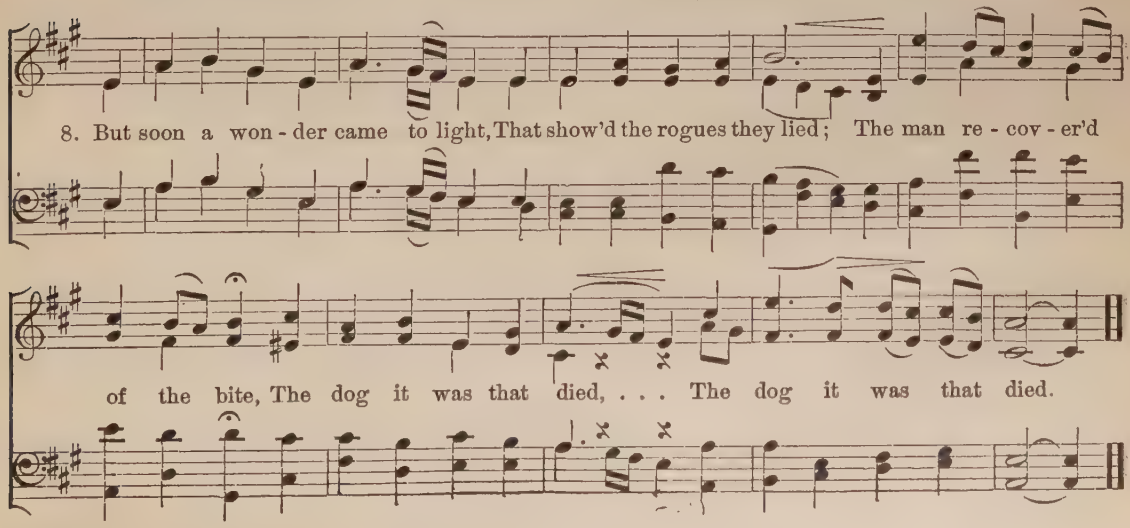


4 And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

5 This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

6 Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost its wits,
To bite so good a man.

7 The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.



THE BUSY LARK.

Geoffry Chaucer,
From "The Canterbury Tales."

G. W. Chadwick.

Gaily, rather fast.

The bu - sy lark, mes-sen - ger of day, Sa - lu - teth

The bu - sy lark, mes-sen - ger of day, . . Sa - lu - teth

in her song the mor-row gray; . . And fire - y Phoe - bus ris - eth up so

in her song the mor-row gray; . . And fire - y Phoe - bus ris - eth up so

bright, That all the ori - ent laugheth at the sight, And with his

bright, . . . That all the ori - ent laugheth at the sight,

stream - es* dry - eth in the greaves, . . the sil - ver drop - es* honying† on the leaves.

And dry - eth in the greaves, . . the sil - ver drop - es* honying† on the leaves.

* Pronounced as two syllables: stream'-es; drop'-es. † Old English form of *hanging*.

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FORLORN.

Franz.

1. My moth - er minds me not, And nae love have I got, Aye wherefore
2. Yes - treen was vil - lage fair, What for should I be there, My heart is

1. My moth - er minds me not, And nae love have I got, Aye wherefore
2. Yes - treen was vil - lage fair, What for should I be there, My heart is

die I not, What do I here? 3. Let the three ros - es fade, Which on the
sick and sair, I dance nae mair!

die I not, What do I here? 3. Let the three ros - es fade, Which on the
sick and sair, I dance nae mair!

Ped. * *Ped.* *

tomb - stone blow. Ken ye what maid was she Who lies be - low?

tomb - stone blow. Ken ye what maid was she Who lies be - low?

RUSSIAN LULLABY.

Russian. Arr.

Moderato.

p

1. Sleep, ah, sleep, my dar-ling ba-by, Su, Su, lul-la-by; . . . .

p

2. O-ver fields and stones is rush-ing Wild the storm at night; . . .
3. All too soon wilt thou be learn-ing Of a war-rior's life; . . .

p

See the moon is watch-ing o'er thee, Peace-ful-ly on high. . . .

While the foe-man fierce is near-ing, With his weap-ons bright. . . .
With the spear and pranc-ing war-horse Mov-ing on to strife; . . .

mf

Thou shalt hear a won-drous sto-ry, Close each watch-ful eye; . . .

mf

Ah! thy fa-ther, fall'n in bat-tle, Now is gone for aye; . . .
Sad-dle, bri-dle, all, my ba-by, Shalt have by and bye; . . .

mf

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f *dim. e rall.* *pp tempo.*

And a song, as well, I'll sing thee, Su, Su, lul - la - by. . .

f *dim. e rall.* *pp tempo.*

Sleep, ah sleep, my dar - ling ba - by, Su, Su, lul - la - by. . .
Now, my dar - ling, thou must slum - ber, Su, Su, lul - la - by. . .

f *dim. e rall.* *pp tempo.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

p

ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

(EVENTIDE.)

Henry F. Lyte. ***William H. Monk.***

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
4. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where,
gloom, and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morn - ing breaks! and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad-ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

John Keats,
From "Endymion."

N. Clifford Page.

Broadly without dragging.

♩ = 80. M. M.

f *cres.* *ff* *poco* *dim.* *Ped.*

mf *f*

A thing of beau - ty is a joy for -

mf *f*

A thing of beau - ty is a joy for -

mf *f*

p *f*

ev - er; Its love - li - ness in - creas - es, it will nev - er Pass in - to

p *f*

ev - er; Its love - li - ness in - creas - es, it will nev - - er

p *f*

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p *f* *p* *mf*

noth - ing-ness, it will nev - er Pass in - to noth - ing-ness, but still will

p *f* *p*

Pass in - to noth-ing - ness, in - to noth - ing-ness, but still will keep A

ossia (it will nev - er pass)

p *f* *p* *mf*

p *poco rit. mf* *p*

keep A bow - er qui - et for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and

p *poco rit. mf*

bow - - er qui - et for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and

p *poco rit. mf* *p*

rit. *pp* *a tempo. mf*

health and qui - et breath - ing. Full of sweet dreams and

rit. *pp* *a tempo. mf*

health and qui - et breath - ing. Full of sweet dreams and

rit. *pp* *a tempo. mf*

pp mf pp

qui - et breath - ing Full of sweet dreams and qui - et

pp mf pp

qui - et breath - ing Full of sweet dreams and qui - et

pp mf pp

f ff

breath - ing. A thing of beau - ty is a joy for -

f ff

breath - ing. A thing of beau - ty is a joy for -

mf cres. f cres. ff poco.

Ped.

p

ev - er; . . . . . .

ev - er;

dim. mf

mf *p*

A thing of beau - ty is a joy for - ev - er; Its love - li - ness in -

p

A thing of beau - ty is a joy for - ev - er; Its love - li - ness in -

mf *f* *p*

f *p* *f*

creas - es, it will nev - er Pass in - to noth - ing - ness, it will nev - er Pass in - to

f *p* *f*

creas - es, it will nev - - er Pass . . . in - to noth - ing - ness, in - to

f *p* *f*

p *mf*

noth - ing - ness, But still . . . will keep A bow - er qui - et for us, Bu

p *mf*

noth - ing - ness, But still will keep . . A bow - er qui - et for us, But

mf *p*

R.H. L.H.

f *dim.* *mf* *f*

still will keep A bow - er qui - et for us, . and a

f *dim.* *mf* *f*

still will keep . . . A bow - er qui - et for us, . and a

f *dim.* *mf* *f*

Tranquillo. *mf* *Vigoroso.* *f*

sleep . . . Full of sweet . . dreams,

marcato.

sleep Full of sweet dreams, a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and

Tranquillo. *mf* *Vigoroso.* *f*

marcato.

sleep Full of sweet . . . dreams, and health, and

Tranquillo. *Vigoroso.*

f *marcato.* *f*

ff *poco calmato.* *p* *pp* *smorzando.* *pp* *ppp*

health and qui - et breath - ing, and qui - et, qui - et breath - ing. .

ff *poco calmato.* *p* *pp* *smorzando.* *pp* *ppp*

health and qui - et breath - ing, and qui - et, qui - et breath - ing. .

ff *poco calmato.* *p* *pp* *smorzando.* *pp* *ppp*

TO NIGHT.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. *David Stanley Smith.*

Moderately fast.

mf *f* *mf*

1. Swiftly walk o - ver the west - ern wave, Spir - it of Night! Out of the mist -y

mf *f* *mf*

f

east - ern cave Where all the long and lone day-light Thou wov - est dreams of

f

mf *poco rit.* *mf a tempo.* *ff*

joy and fear Which make thee ter - ri - ble and dear, Swift be thy flight! Swift be thy flight!

mf *poco rit.* *mf a tempo.* *ff*

mf *f* *mf*

2. Wrap thy form in a man - tle gray, Star in - wrought; Blind with thy hair the light of day,

mf *f* *mf*

f

Kiss her un - til she be wea - ried out, Then wan - der o'er cit - y and sea and land,

f

p *poco rit.* *a tempo.* *crescendo.* *ff*

Touch-ing all with thine o - pi-ate wand—Come, long - sought! Come, long - sought!

p *poco rit.* *a tempo.* *crescendo.* *ff*

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THE LAMB.

William Blake. *G. W. Chadwick.*

Andantino.

SOPRANO.

pp

1. Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made . . thee?
2. Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell . . thee;

ALTO.

pp

1. Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made . . thee?
2. Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell . . thee;

pp

p

Gave thee life and bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead;
He is call - ed by thy name, For He calls Him - self a Lamb;

p

Gave thee life and bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead;
He is call - ed by thy name, For He calls Him - self a Lamb;

p

f *p*

Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light, Soft - est cloth - ing wool - ly bright;
He is meek and He is mild, He be - came a lit - tle child.

f *p*

Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light, Soft - est cloth - ing wool - ly bright;
He is meek and He is mild, He be - came a lit - tle child.

f

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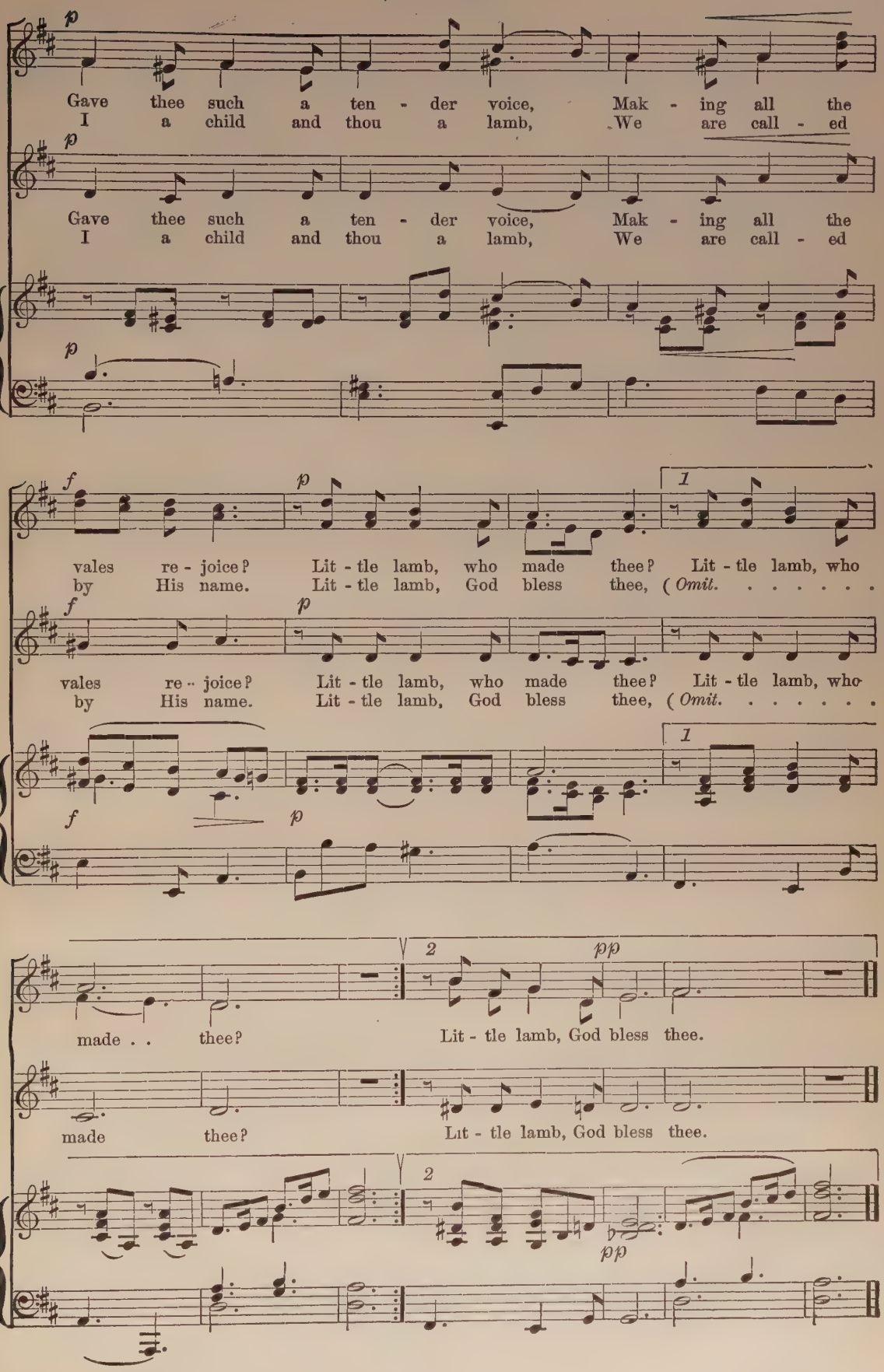
p
Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the
I a child and thou a lamb, We are call - ed
p
Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the
I a child and thou a lamb, We are call - ed
p
f
p
1
vales re - joice? Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Lit - tle lamb, who
by His name. Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee, (Omit. . . . . .
f
p
vales re - joice? Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Lit - tle lamb, who
by His name. Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee, (Omit. . . . . .
1
f
p
2
pp
made . . thee? Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee.
made thee? Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee.
2
pp

THE LAKE.

Franz Abt, Arr.

MALE VOICES IN UNISON, OR SOLO.

1. Slow - ly o'er the dark, dark wa - ters, Si - lent - ly my old boat glides; . . . . .
2. Night de-scends up - on the moun - tains, Storm - winds mut - ter fear - ful - ly; . . . . .
3. Now tho' dark - ness palls the wa - ters, Tho' a - round me storm - waves roll, ...

♩. = 48.

p

mf *p* *mf* *p* *dim.*

Whil'st the pur - ple shades of eve - ning Veil the snow - clad moun - tain sides. . . . . Yon - der, gleam - ing thro' the twi - light,
Clouds are sweep - ing, black-ness swal - lows All the cheer - ful things that be. . . . . Lost up - on the waves I wan - der,
Faith a - wak - ens light and com - fort, Songs a - rise with - in my soul; . . . . . And my heart sings with that cho - rus

mf *p* *mf* *p* *dim.*

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Looms the lone - ly chap - el spire; . . . . . Now the ves - per
And I pray to heav'n for light; . . . . . O'er the wa - ters
Prais - es to the Lord of all, ... Who is swift to

f *sf* *p*

f *mf*

bell is chim - ing, And I hear the chil - dren's choir.
chil - dren's voi - ces An - swer thro' the deeps of night.
show His mer - cy, When His lov - ing chil - dren call.

sf *p*

SOP. I & II. CHORUS. *pp*

Shad - - ows fall, the

ALTO. *pp*

Shad - - ows fall, the

calando. pp a tempo.

mf

But

night is o'er us, But Thy mer - - cy,

mf

night is o'er us, But . . Thy mer - - cy,

SOLO.

Shad - ows fall, the night . . is

mf *p*

Fa - - ther dear, ...

Fa - - ther dear, ... *p* shines, Thy

o'er us, *p* Fa - - - ther dear, Thy

pp *poco a poco.*

mf

shines, . . Thy light . . is o'er us,

light, . . Thy light is o'er us,

light, Thy light is o'er us.

cres.

sf

mf

In . . Thy love . . we will not fear.

mf

In . . Thy love . . we will not fear.

Lord of

mf

cres.

Lord . . . . . .

Lord . . of all, who reign-est in Thy might,

Lord . . of all, who reign-est in Thy might,

all, ... who reign-est in Thy might,

f *p*

p *rall.* *pp* *dim.*

O'er the vast of dark - est night. .

p *rall.* *pp* *dim.*

O'er the vast of dark - est night. .

p *rall.* *pp* *dim.*

O'er the vast of dark - est night. .

p *rall.* *pp* *dim.*

TRUST.

Isaiah xxvi, 3; Psalm cxxxix, 2.

C. L. Williams.

Largo. ♩ = 66.

pp

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stay'd on Thee; Thou wilt

pp

cres. . . . *dim.*

keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stay'd on Thee, whose mind is stay'd on

cres. . . . *dim.*

pp

Thee. The dark - ness is no dark- ness with Thee, but the night is as

pp

cres. *f*

clear as the day: The dark-ness and light to Thee are both a - like, God is

cres. *f*

ff *mf animato.*

light, and in Him is no dark - ness at all; O let my soul live, . .

ff *mf animato.*

cres. *f* *rit.* *ff*

and it shall praise Thee, let my soul live, and it shall praise Thee, let my soul live, and

cres. *f* *rit.* *ff*

pp *rall.*

it shall praise Thee. Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose mind is stay'd on Thee.

pp *rall.*

THE SANDS OF DEE.

Charles Kingsley.

Sir Geo. Macfarren.
(Arranged.)

mf Andante con moto.

"O Ma - ry, go and call the cat - tle home; And call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands of Dee. O Ma - ry, Ma - ry, go go . . . . and call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands of Dee." The west - ern wind was wild and dank with foam, And all a - lone went she. The west-ern tide crept up a - long the sand, And o'er and o'er the sand, And round and round the sand, As far . . as eye could see; The roll-ing mist came down and hid the As far as eye The roll - ing mist

pp *p* *mf* *f* *cres.*

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pp *p*

land, And nev - er home came she. Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating

pp *p*

A tress A drown - A

hair, A tress . . of gold - en hair, A drown - ed maid-en's hair, A - bove . .

A tress A drown - A

bove

. . the nets on sea, Was nev - er sal - mon yet that shone so fair A -

bove

mf

mong the stake on Dee." They rowed her in a-cross the

mf

They rowed her in a-cross the roll-ing foam, ...

cres. *ff* *pp*

roll - ing foam, The cru - el crawling foam, The cru - el hun - gry foam, To her grave be - side the

ff *pp*

mf

call . . . .

sea. . . But still the boat-men hear her call the cat - tle home, And call the

sea. But still . . .

rall.

call . . . . . .

. . . cat - tle home, And call the cat - tle home, A - cross the sands of Dee.

rall.

THE HEAVENS RESOUND.

Andrea Hofer. *Arranged from Beethoven.*

SOPRANO.

1. The heav'ns re-sound with His prais - es e - ter - nal, In
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a - tion; In

ALTO.

1. The heav'ns re-sound with His prais - es e - ter - nal, In
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a - tion; In

TENOR.

1. The heav'ns re-sound with His prais - es e - ter - nal, In
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a - tion; In

BASS.

1. The heav'ns re-sound with His prais - es e - ter - nal, In
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a - tion; In

might and glo - ry they com - bine To tell His name thro' earth and the
His right hand He holds them all; His chil - dren, we, in love and de -

might and glo - ry they com - bine To tell His name thro' earth and the
His right hand He holds them all; His chil - dren, we, in love and de -

might and glo - ry they com - bine To tell His name thro' earth and the
His right hand He holds them all; His chil - dren, we, in love and de -

might and glo - ry they com - bine To tell His name thro' earth and the
His right hand He holds them all; His chil - dren, we, in love and de -

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o - ceans That man may hear the word di - vine. He holds the
vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall. O Fa - ther,

o - ceans That man may hear the word di - vine. He holds the
vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall. O Fa - ther,

o - ceans That man may hear the word di - vine. He holds the
vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall. O Fa - ther,

o - ceans That man may hear the word di - vine. He holds the
vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall. O Fa - ther,

f *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *pp*

cres.

suns in the blue vault-ed heav - ens, He plants His foot up - on the
hear! we Thy sons bring our bless-ings, Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we

cres.

suns in the blue vault-ed heav - ens, He plants His foot up - on the
hear! we Thy sons bring our bless-ings, Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we

cres.

suns in the blue vault-ed heav - ens, He plants His foot up - on the
hear! we Thy sons bring our bless-ings, Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we

cres.

suns in the blue vault-ed heav - ens, He plants His foot up - on the
hear! we Thy sons bring our bless-ings, Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we

cres.

f

world; The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The u - ni -
raise; The heav'ns re-sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a -

f

world; The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The u - ni -
raise; The heav'ns re-sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a -

f

world; The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The u - ni -
raise; The heav'ns re-sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a -

f

world; The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The u - ni -
raise; The heav'ns re-sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a -

pp *cres.* *f* *sf* *p* *f*

ff *ff*

verse His hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd, un - furl'd.
dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! His praise!

ff *ff*

verse His hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd, un - furl'd.
dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! His praise!

ff *ff*

verse His hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd, un - furl'd.
dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! His praise!

ff *ff*

verse His hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd, un - furl'd.
dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! His praise!

sf *sf* *f* *sf* *sf* *sf* *ff*

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Stephen C. Foster. *Stephen C. Foster.*

1. Way down up - on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young,
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
When will I see de bees a humming, All 'round de comb?

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush-es, No mat - ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tumming Down in my good old home?

f CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam;

rit.

Oh! dar - kies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

rit.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Frederick Manley. *W. W. Gilchrist.*

Whippoor-

1. The ves-per sparrow now has sung His farewell to the
2. A vagabond that shuns the way His woodland breth'ren
3. The children tuck'd in bed can hear The plaintive trem-u -

1. The ves-per sparrow now has sung His farewell to the
2. A vagabond that shuns the way His woodland breth'ren
3. The children tuck'd in bed can hear The plaintive trem-u -

will, whip-poor, whip - poor-will,

day, The whisp'ring breeze of night has swung The birds to sleep on bough and
keep, Who trusts to chance from day to day, Who holds the rights of bird - ies
lo, And Bil - ly thinks he says, "O dear," Be - cause in day-light he must

day, The whisp'ring breeze of night has swung The birds to sleep on bough and
keep, Who trusts to chance from day to day, Who holds the rights of bird - ies
lo, And Bil - ly thinks he says, "O dear," Be - cause in day-light he must

Whip-poor - will, Whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor - will,

spray; . . But from the val - ley and the
cheap; . . The nests he steals when-e'er he
go . . . To sleep while oth - ers play and

spray; . . But from the val - ley and the
cheap; . . The nests he steals when-e'er he
go . . . To sleep while oth - ers play and

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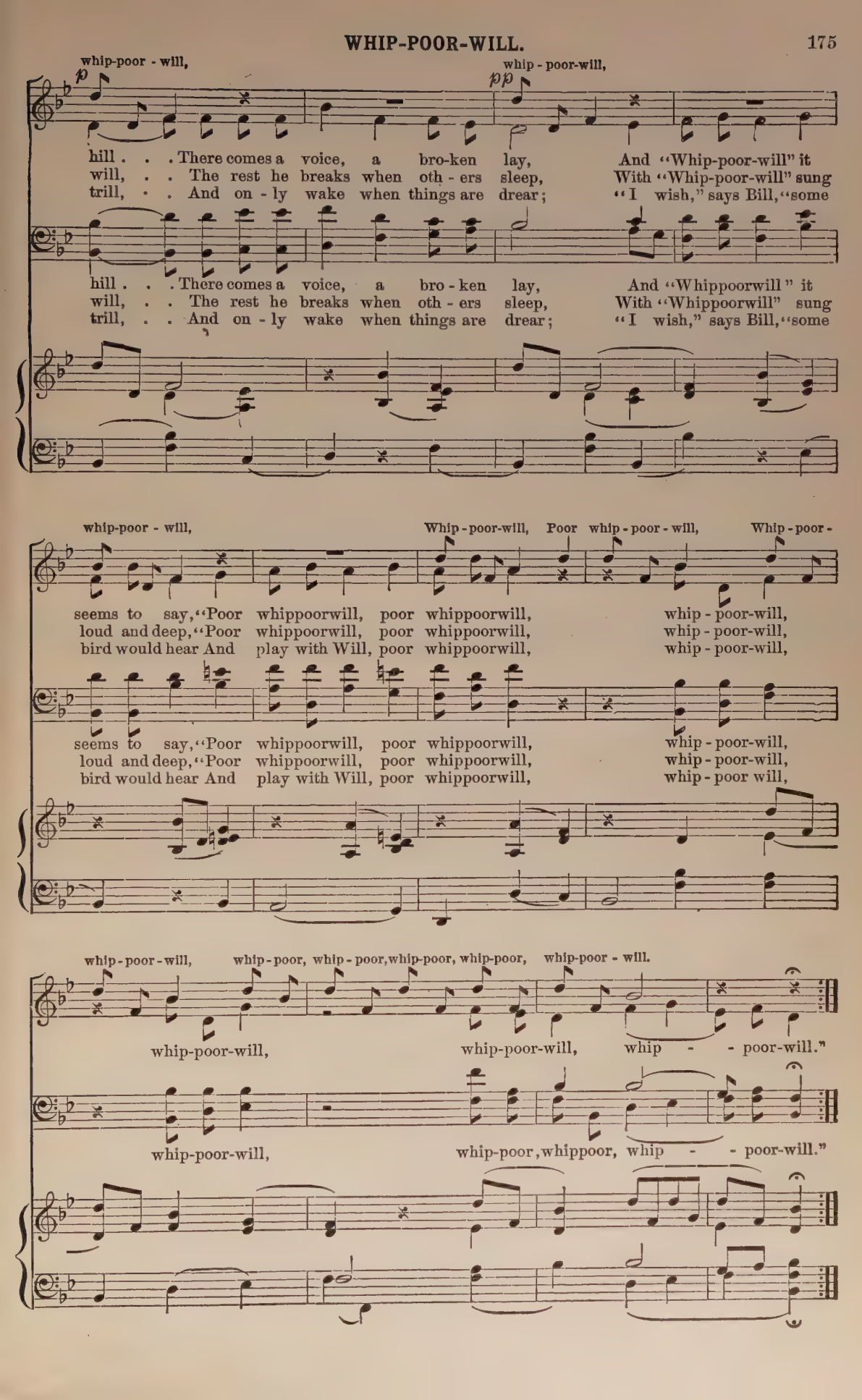

whip-poor - will,
whip - poor-will,
hill . . . There comes a voice, a bro-ken lay, And "Whip-poor-will" it
will, . . The rest he breaks when oth - ers sleep, With "Whip-poor-will" sung
trill, . . And on - ly wake when things are drear; "I wish," says Bill, "some
hill . . . There comes a voice, a bro - ken lay, And "Whippoorwill" it
will, . . The rest he breaks when oth - ers sleep, With "Whippoorwill" sung
trill, . . And on - ly wake when things are drear; "I wish," says Bill, "some
whip-poor - will,
Whip - poor-will, Poor whip - poor - will, Whip - poor -
seems to say, "Poor whippoorwill, poor whippoorwill, whip - poor-will,
loud and deep, "Poor whippoorwill, poor whippoorwill, whip - poor-will,
bird would hear And play with Will, poor whippoorwill, whip - poor-will,
seems to say, "Poor whippoorwill, poor whippoorwill, whip - poor-will,
loud and deep, "Poor whippoorwill, poor whippoorwill, whip - poor-will,
bird would hear And play with Will, poor whippoorwill, whip - poor will,
whip - poor - will,
whip - poor, whip - poor, whip-poor, whip-poor, whip-poor - will.
whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip - - poor-will."
whip-poor-will, whip-poor, whippoor, whip - - poor-will."

IN NATIVE WORTH.

Haydn.

Andante

In na - tive worth and hon - our clad, With beau - ty, cour - age,

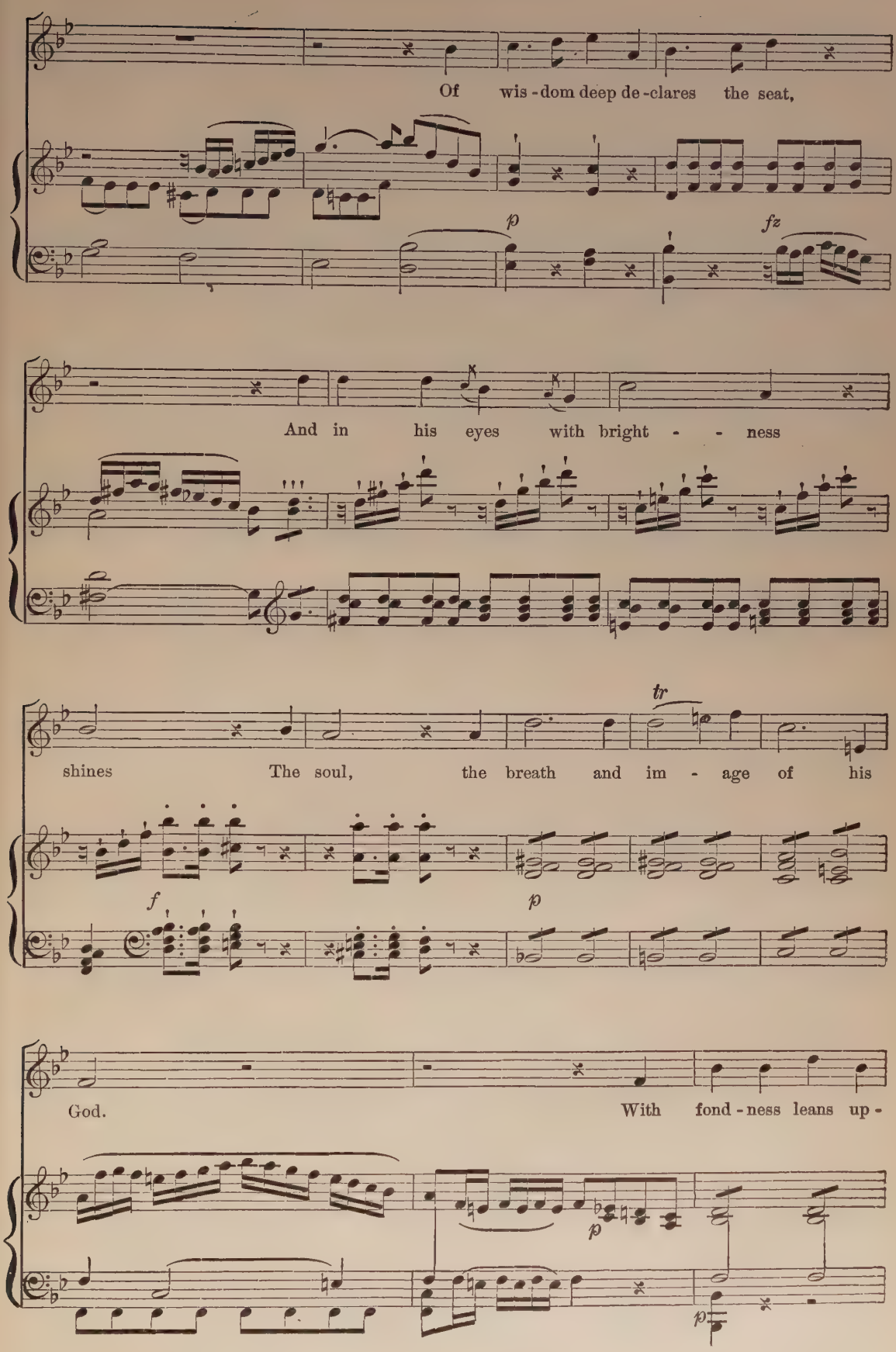
strength, a-dorned, To Heav'n se - rene and tall He stands a

man, the Lord and king of na - ture all.

cres. *f* *p* *f*

The large and arch - ed brow sub-lime,

p *f*


Of wis-dom deep de-clares the seat,
p
fz
And in his eyes with bright - - ness
tr
shines The soul, the breath and im - age of his
f
p
God. With fond-ness leans up-
p
p

on his breast the part - ner for him form'd, A wo - man grace-ful,

ten - der, fair, A wo - man grace - ful, ten - der, fair;

pp

Her soft - ly smil - ing vir - gin looks, Of

flow - 'ry spring . . . the mir - ror, Re - flect - ing

her love, love . . . . and

pride, and joy. joy. re -

flect - ing love, her love, ...

. . . . . pride, and joy. . . . . .

rit. *tempo.*

fz

TO AMERICA.

Frederick Manley. *Henry Waller.*

1. Our souls are thine, dear Fa - ther-land, Our lives we ded - i - cate to
Thee our eyes with bless - ing shine; Our pur - est pray'rs are all for

thee; Be - neath thy stars thy chil - dren stand In north - ern field and
thee; Re - pub - lic might - y, free - dom's shrine, Our fa - ther's lives were

o - rient land, En - fold - ed in thy lib - er - ty, In lib - er - ty! In
whol - ly thine, And we will give our lives for thee, O dear - est Fa - ther -

lib - er - ty! And each is em - per'r of the hours, And bring - eth from them
land, for thee. And for thy love - a - wak - ened light Where - with thou'st lead us

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1

tares or flow'rs, As he shall rule his des - ti - ny. 2. For

1

2

from the night To the ra - di - ance of Lib - er - ty. . . .

2

ALLELUIA.

Henry Alford, D.D.

J. Barnby.
Founded on an ancient melody.

f

1. Let us all in con - cert sing Al - le - lu - ia; Let the people
2. Sound, ye glittering stars of light, Al - le - lu - ia; Clouds in course, and
3. Flood and billow, snow and shower, Al - le - lu - ia; Skies that glow, and

f

ff

echo - ing ring, Praising the E - ter - nal King, Al - le - lu - ia.
birds in flight, Thunders deep, and light-nings bright, Al - le - lu - ia.
storms that lower, Frost and sunbeam, tree and flower, Al - le - lu - ia.

4 Cry, thou ocean, | jubilant, Alleluia;
Every isle and | continent,
Echo onward | resonant, Alleluia.

5 Let the sons of | men upraise, Alleluia;
Joining with ex- | ultant lays,
In the great Cre- | ator's praise, Alleluia.

LOVE VIRTUE.

John Milton. *H. A. Clarke.*

ALTO. *f*

Love vir - tue, love vir - tue, She a - lone is free, she a-lone is

SOPRANO *f*

Love vir - tue, love vir - tue, She a - lone is free,

BASS. *f*

Love vir - tue, love vir - tue, She a - lone is free, she a-lone is

free, she a - lone is free, she a - lone is free. She can teach you

She a - lone is free, she a - lone is free. She can teach you

free, she a - lone is free, she a - lone is free. She can teach you, can

how to climb, She can teach you how to climb, . . to climb, . .

how to climb, . . to climb, . . to climb, She can teach you

teach you how to climb, She can teach you how to climb, can teach you

. . to climb high - er than the spher - y chime, high - er than the spher - y chime,

how to climb high - er than the spher - y chime, high - er than the spher - y chime,

how to climb high - er than the spher - y chime, high - er than the spher - y chime,

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or if vir - tue fee - ble were, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her, or if vir - tue

or if vir - tue fee - ble were, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her, or if vir - tue

or if vir - tue

fee - ble were, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.

fee - ble were, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.

fee - ble were, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her, Heav'n it - self would stoop to her.

f

Love vir - tue, love vir - tue, She a-lone is free, she a-lone is free, she can teach you

f

Love vir - tue, love vir - tue, She a-lone is free, she a-lone is free, she can teach you

f

Love vir - tue, love vir - tue, She a-lone is free, she a-lone is free, she can teach you

how to climb high - er than the spher - y chime, high - er than the spher - y chime.

how to climb high - er than the spher - y chime, high - er than the spher - y chime.

how to climb high - er than the spher - y chime, high - er than the spher - y chime.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Thomas Moore. *Maurice Arnold.*

A la Barcarolle.

SOPRANO. ALTO.

1. Faint - ly as tolls the eve - ning chime . . Our
2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? . . There

TENOR. BASS.

1. Faint - - ly as tolls the chime, Our
2. Why should we our sail un - furl? There is

Moderato.

voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time; . . Soon as the
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; . . But when the

voi - ces and our oars keep time; Soon . . . .
not a breath the wave to curl; But when the

cres.

woods on shore look dim, . . . We'll sing at St.
wind blows off the shore, . . . Oh, sweet - ly we'll

as the woods look dim, We'll sing our
wind blows off the shore, Oh, we'll - rest

cres.

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mf

Ann's our part - ing hymn. . Row, broth-ers, row, . . the
rest our wea - ry oar. . . Blow, breez - es, blow, . . the

mf

part - - - - ing hymn. . 1, 2. Row, . . broth - ers,
our wea - ry oar. . .

mf

streams run fast, . . The rap - ids are near and the day - light's

row, . . row, . . row, . . row, the day - light's

1 2 *rall.* . . . *pp*

past. past, the day - light's past. . . . . .
day - - - - - light's past. . . .

rall. *pp*

past. past, the day - light's past. . .

1 2 *rall.* *pp*

EASTER SONG.

Frederick Manley. *Clayton Johns.*

Moderato con moto.

1. Who comes a - long the up - land ways With buds a - bout her brow? Who
2. Whose gen - tle voice and sun - ny looks A - wake the gil - ly flow'rs? Who

1. Who comes a - long the up - land ways With buds a - bout her brow? Who
2. Whose gen - tle voice and sun - ny looks A - wake the gil - ly flow'rs? Who

cha - ses Frost with sun - ny gaze, And sweeps the wood - lands clear of snow, And
whis-pers mes - sa - ges to brooks For li - lies in their val - ley bow'rs, And

cha - ses Frost with sun - ny gaze, And sweeps the wood - lands clear of snow, And
whis-pers mes - sa - ges to brooks For li - lies in their val - ley bow'rs, And

clears the green for chil - dren's plays? Fair Eas - ter, Fair Eas - ter. Who
vi - o - lets in mos - sy nooks? Sweet Eas - ter, Sweet Eas - ter. Whose

clears the green for chil - dren's plays? Fair Eas - ter, Fair Eas - ter. Who
vi - o - lets in mos - sy nooks? Sweet Eas - ter, Sweet Eas - ter. Whose

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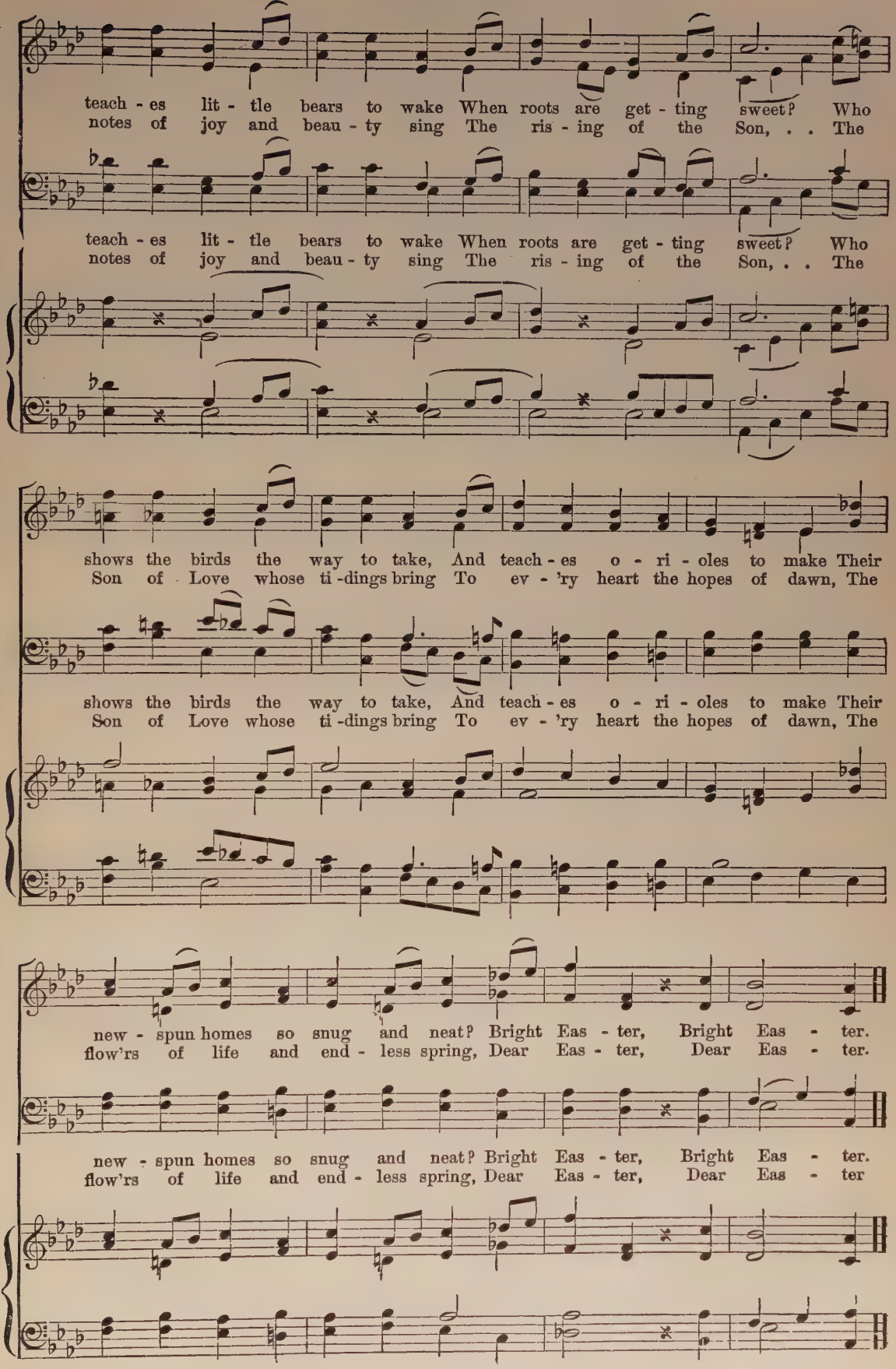

teach - es lit - tle bears to wake When roots are get - ting sweet? Who
notes of joy and beau - ty sing The ris - ing of the Son, . . The
teach - es lit - tle bears to wake When roots are get - ting sweet? Who
notes of joy and beau - ty sing The ris - ing of the Son, . . The
shows the birds the way to take, And teach - es o - ri - oles to make Their
Son of Love whose ti -dings bring To ev - 'ry heart the hopes of dawn, The
shows the birds the way to take, And teach - es o - ri - oles to make Their
Son of Love whose ti -dings bring To ev - 'ry heart the hopes of dawn, The
new - spun homes so snug and neat? Bright Eas - ter, Bright Eas - ter.
flow'rs of life and end - less spring, Dear Eas - ter, Dear Eas - ter.
new - spun homes so snug and neat? Bright Eas - ter, Bright Eas - ter.
flow'rs of life and end - less spring, Dear Eas - ter, Dear Eas - ter

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Robert Burns. *Mendelssohn*

Andante.

SOPRANO.

1. O, wert thou in the cauld blast On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My
2. Or were I in the wild-est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The

ALTO.

1. O, wert thou in the cauld blast On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My
2. Or were I in the wild-est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The

Andante.

p

plai - die to the an - gry airt . . . I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee;
des - ert were a par - a - dise, . . If thou wert there, If thou wert there;

p

plai - die to the an - gry airt . . . I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee;
des - ert were a par - a - dise, . . If thou wert there, If thou wert there;

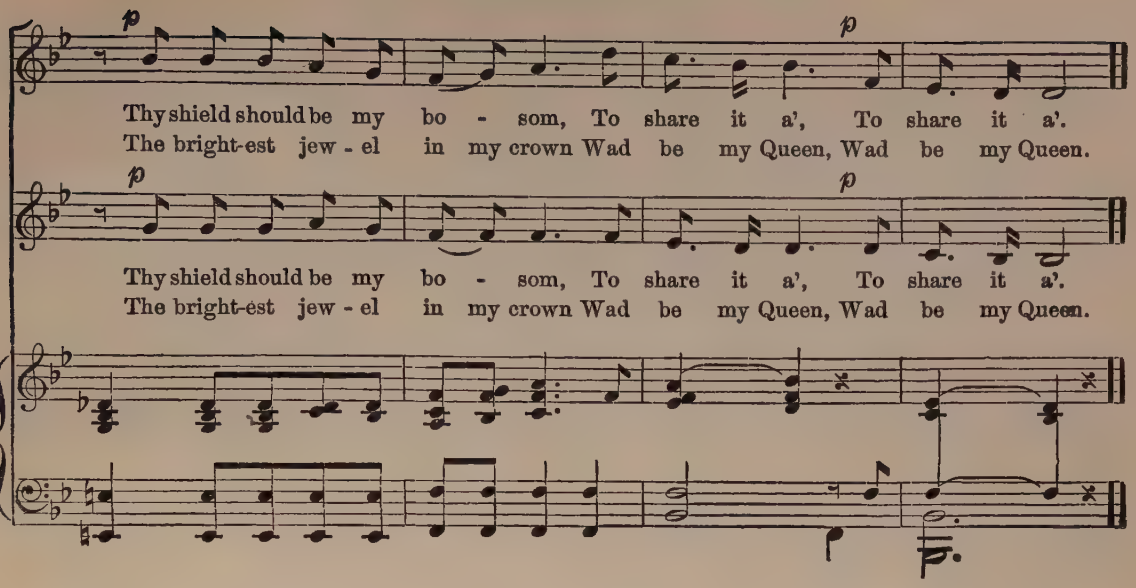
p

sf

Or did mis - for-tune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,

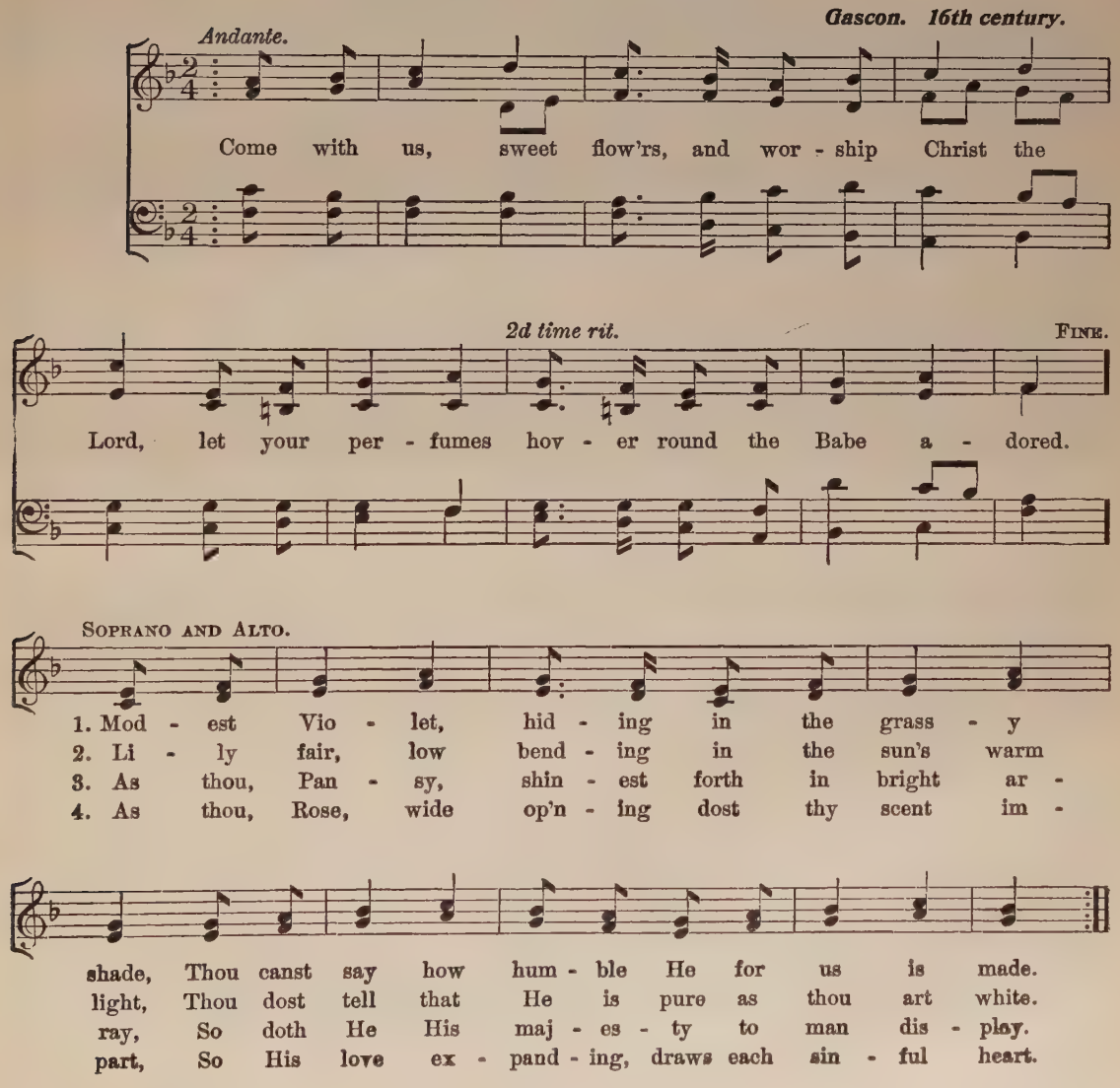
sf

Or did mis - for-tune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,



CAROL OF THE FLOWERS.

Gascon. 16th century.



THE RECESSIONAL.

Rudyard Kipling. (Original Key, E♭.) *Henry Holden Huss.*

Allegro risoluto solenne.

ff *pp* *trem.* *p*

cres. . . . . . *ff ritard.*

f *ritard.* *a tempo.*

Lord of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle - line,

f *a tempo.*

Lord of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle - line,

f *ritard.* *a tempo.*

p

Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine.

Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine.

p

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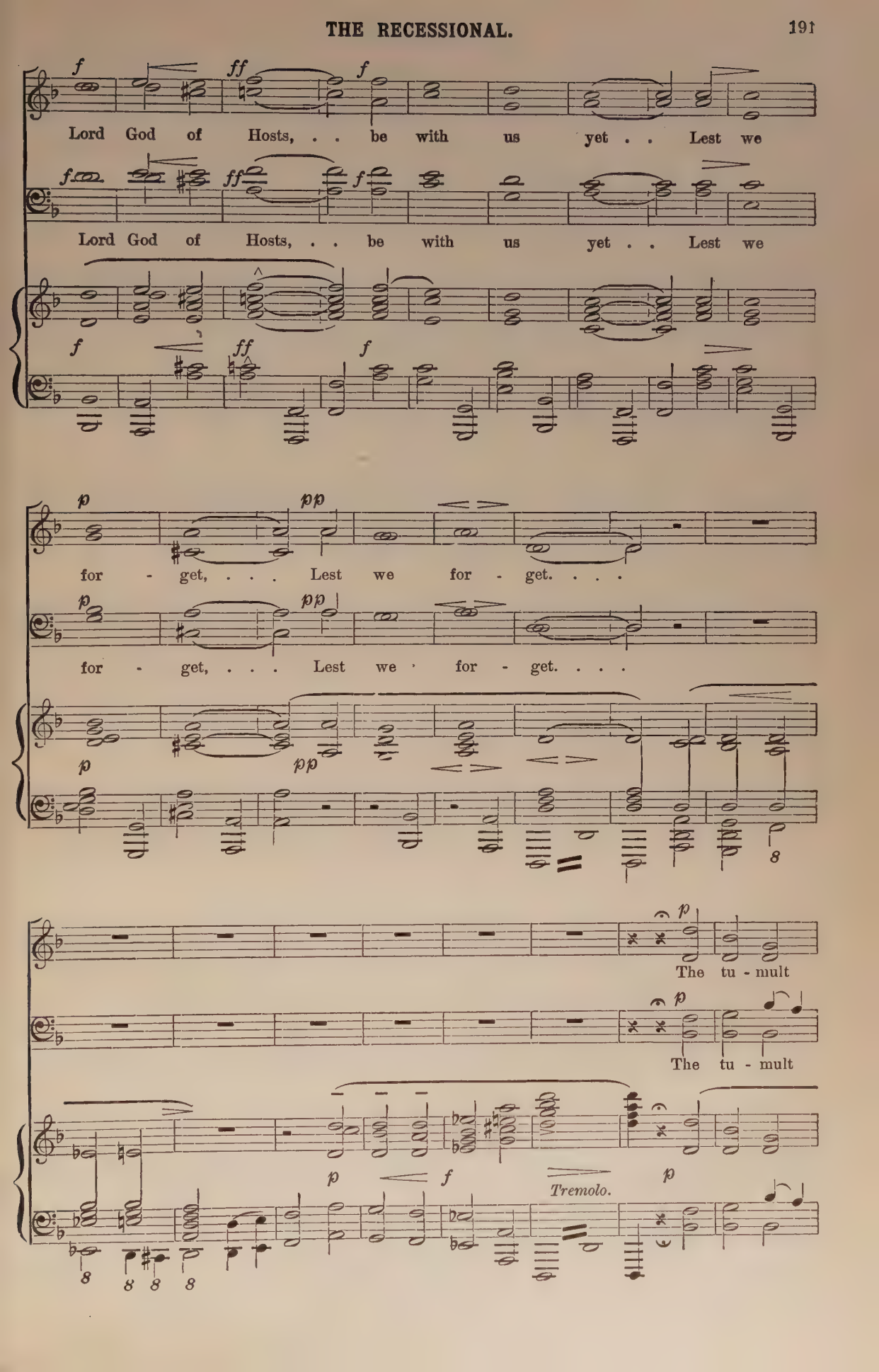

Lord God of Hosts, . . be with us yet . . Lest we
Lord God of Hosts, . . be with us yet . . Lest we
for - get, . . . Lest we for - get. . . .
for - get, . . . Lest we for - get. . . .
The tu - mult
The tu - mult
Tremolo.

Un poco meno mosso.

mf *p* *pp*

and the shout - ing dies, The cap - tains and the kings de - part; Still stands Thine

mf *p* *pp*

mf *p* *pp*

p

an - cient sac - ri - fice, An hum - ble and a con - trite heart. Lord

p

p

pp

God of Hosts, . . be with us yet, . . . Lest we

pp

pp

pp

for - get, . . . Lest we for - get. . . .

for - get, . . . Lest we for - get. . . .

pp

pp

p

Far called, our

p

Far called, our

p

pp *ppp*

na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head - land sinks the fire; Lo,

pp *ppp*

na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head - land sinks the fire; Lo,

pp *ppp*

pp *ppp*

all our pomp of yes - ter - day is one with Ni - ne-vah and Tyre!

all our pomp of yes - ter - day is one with Ni - ne-vah and Tyre!

pp *pp* *pp*

Judge of the Na - tions, Spare us yet, . Lest we

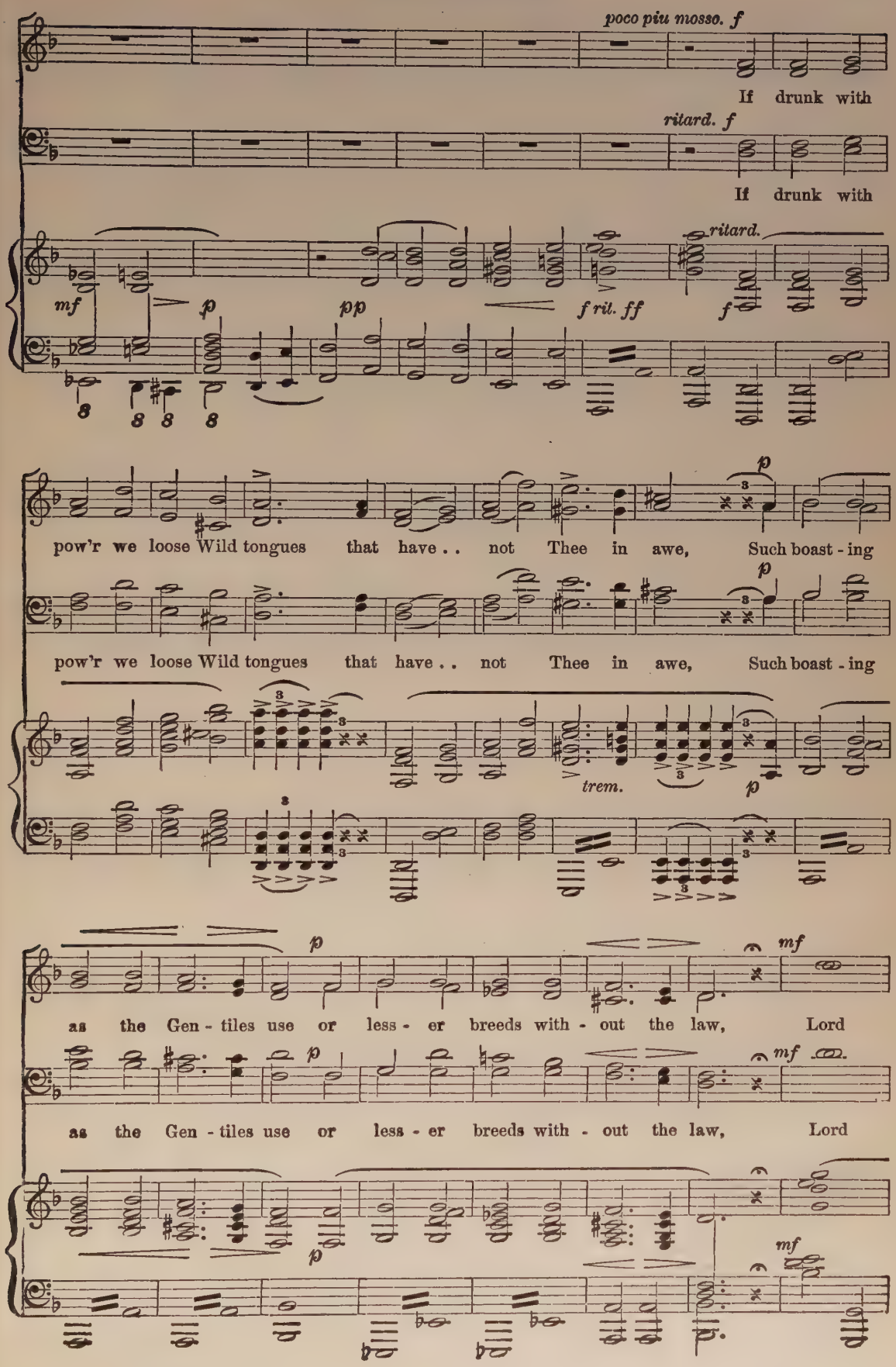
pp *pp* *pp*

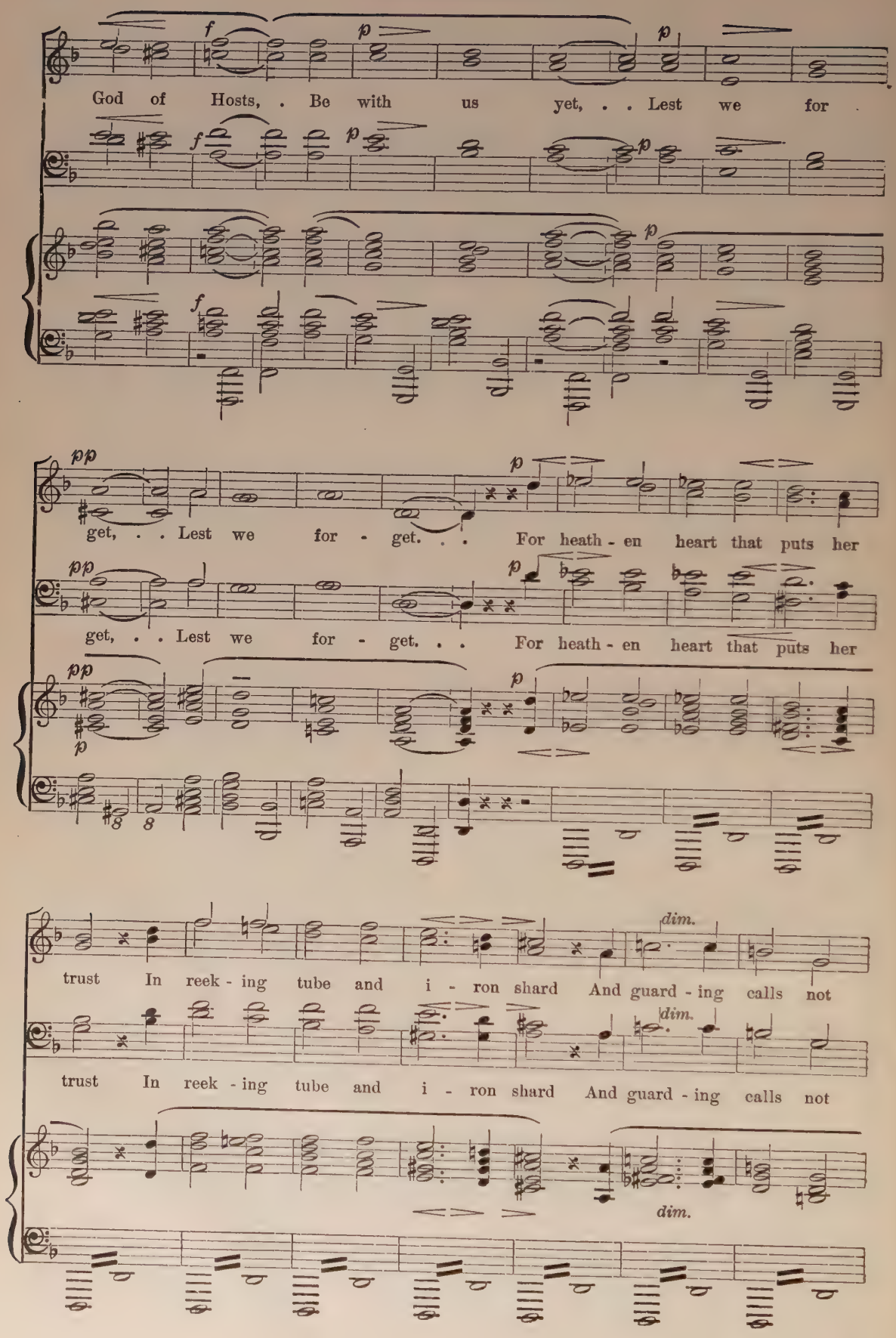
Judge of the Na - tions, Spare us yet, . . Lest we

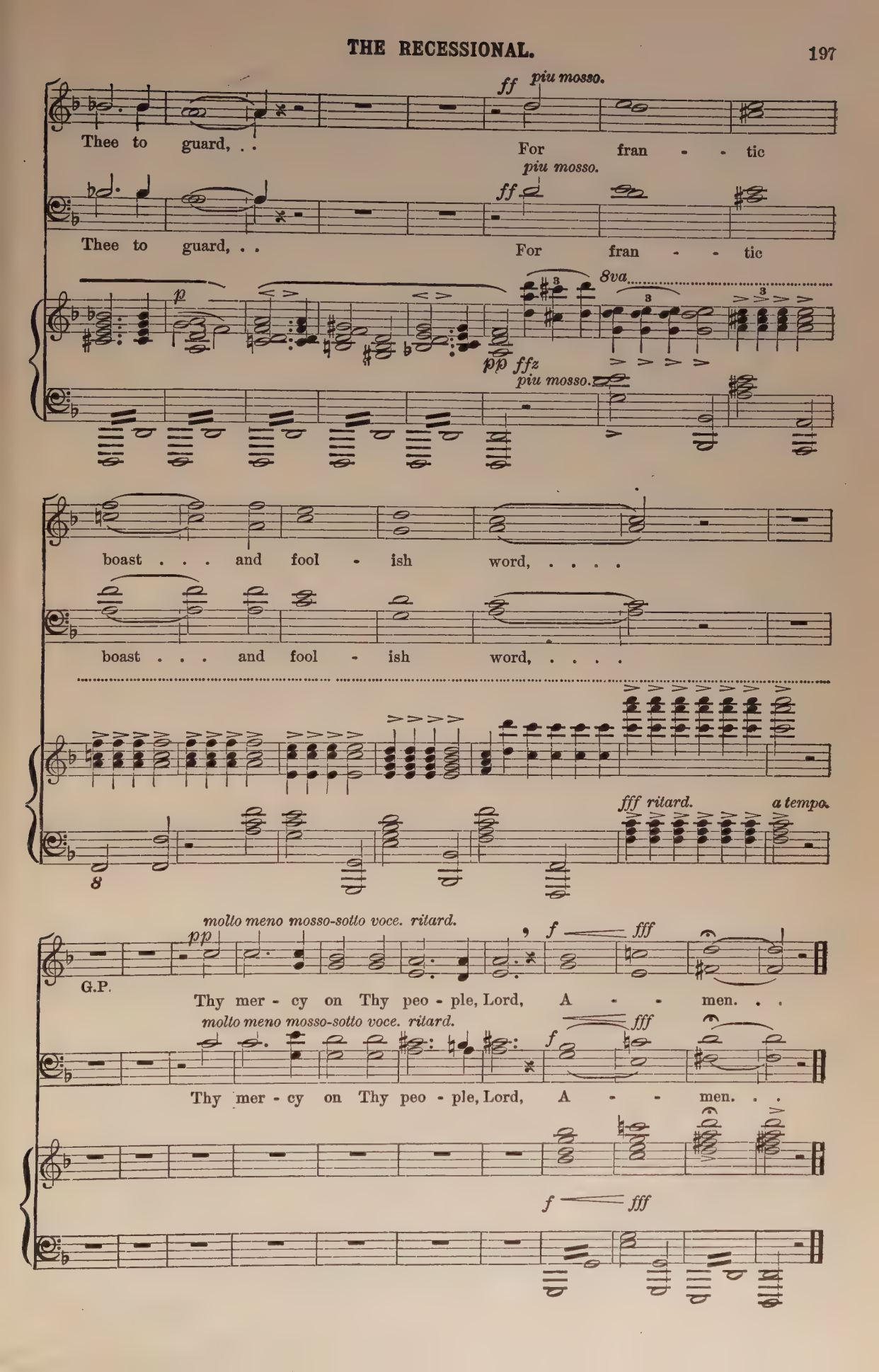
pp

for - get, . . . Lest we for - get. . .

for - get, . . Lest we for - get.


poco piu mosso. f
If drunk with
ritard. f
If drunk with
ritard.
mf
p
pp
f rit. ff
f
pow'r we loose Wild tongues that have . . not Thee in awe, Such boast - ing
pow'r we loose Wild tongues that have . . not Thee in awe, Such boast - ing
trem.
p
as the Gen - tiles use or less - er breeds with - out the law, Lord
as the Gen - tiles use or less - er breeds with - out the law, Lord
mf


God of Hosts, . Be with us yet, . . Lest we for
get, . . Lest we for - get. . . For heath - en heart that puts her
get, . . Lest we for - get. . . For heath - en heart that puts her
trust In reek - ing tube and i - ron shard And guard - ing calls not
trust In reek - ing tube and i - ron shard And guard - ing calls not
dim.


ff piu mosso.
Thee to guard, . . For fran - - tic
piu mosso.
ff
Thee to guard, . . For fran - - tic
p
8va
pp ffz
piu mosso.
boast . . . and fool - ish word, ...
boast . . . and fool - ish word, ...
fff ritard.
a tempo.
molto meno mosso-sotto voce. ritard.
pp
f fff
G.P.
Thy mer - cy on Thy peo - ple, Lord, A - - men. . .
molto meno mosso-sotto voce. ritard.
f fff
Thy mer - cy on Thy peo - ple, Lord, A - - men. . .
f fff

BRIEN THE BRAVE.

With spirit. ♩ = 84 — *Old Irish Air.*

f

1. Re - mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the
2. Mo - no - nia, when na - ture em - bel - lished the tint Of thy

f

1. Re - mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the
2. Mo - no - nia, when na - ture em - bel - lish'd the tint Of thy

Tenuto, il canto ben marcato.

mf

days of the he - ro are o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and
fields and thy mountains so fair, Did she e'er in - tend that a

days of the he - ro are o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and
fields and thy mountains so fair, Did she e'er in - tend that a

sf

cold in his grave, He re - turns to Kin - ko - ra no
ty - rant should print The . . foot - step of sla - ver - y

cold in his grave, He re - turns to Kin - ko - ra no
ty - rant should print The . . foot - step of sla - ver - y

mf

more! That star of the field, that so oft - en has pour'd It's
there? No! Free-dom, whose smile we shall nev - er re - sign, Go,

mf

more! That star of the field, that so oft - en has pour'd It's
there? No! Free - dom, whose smile we shall nev - er re - sign, Go,

sf *mf*

beam on the bat - tle, is set; But e - nough of its glo - ry re -
tell our in - va - ders, the Danes, That 'tis sweet - er to bleed for an

beam on the bat - tle, is set; But e - nough of its glo - ry re -
tell our in - va - ders, the Danes, That 'tis sweet-er to bleed for an

f

f

mains on each sword, To light us to vic - to - ry yet!
age at the shrine, Than sleep but a mo - ment in chains!

f

mains on each sword, To light us to vic - to - ry yet!
age at the shrine, Than sleep but a mo - ment in chains!

f

sf

YOUNG THOUGHTS HAVE MUSIC.

Fitz-Greene Halleck. *E. R. Kroeger.*

Andante con moto. *p*

Young thoughts have mu - sic in them, Love and

p

Young thoughts have mu - sic in them, Love and

Andante con moto.

p

f

hap - pi - ness their theme; . . And mu - sic wan - ders in the wind That

f

hap - pi - ness their theme; . . And mu - sic wan - ders in the wind That

f

f

p

lulls a morn - ing dream. And there are an - gel voi - ces heard In

lulls a morn - ing dream.

p

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mf

child - hood's frol - ic hours, . . When life is but an

mf

When life is but an

mf

A - pril day of frol - ic and of flow'rs, . . When life is but an

A - pril day of frol - ic and of flow'rs, . . When life is but an

A - pril day of frol - ic and of flow'rs. . . . . .

A - pril day of frol - ic and of flow'rs. . . . . .

ril. e dim.

DULCE DOMUM.

John Reading.

Andante maestoso.

mf *f* *rit.*

mf *cres.*

1. Let our voi - ces, dear - est . com - rades, Thrill with joy like woods of
2. As the mod - est dews of . sum - mer Hold the light of heav - en's
3. Lo! the joy - ful hour ad - van - ces, Hap - py sea - son of de -
4. Now the swal - low seeks her dwell-ing, And no lon - ger cares to

mf *cres.*

1. Let our voi - ces, dear - est . com - rades, Thrill with joy like woods of
2. As the mod - est dews of . sum - mer Hold the light of heav - en's
3. Lo! the joy - ful hour ad - van - ces, Hap - py sea - son of de -
4. Now the swal - low seeks her dwell-ing, And no lon - ger cares to

cres.

mf *f*

spring; For the no - blest theme and dear - est Is the
dome, Glimp - ses of the spir - it's dwell - ing Shines for
light; Fes - tal songs and fes - tal dan - ces All our
roam; The ex - am - ple thus im - pell - ing, Let us

mf *f*

spring; For the no - blest theme and dear - est Is the
dome, Glimp - ses of the spir - it's dwell - ing Shines for
light; Fes - tal songs and fes - tal dan - ces All our
roam; The ex - am - ple thus im - pell - ing, Let us

mf *f*

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f CHORUS.

praise of home we sing. Home, dear home, where joys a - wait us, Home, where
us on earth in home.
te - dious hours re - quite.
seek the joys of home.

f

praise of home we sing. Home, dear home, where joys a - wait us, Home, where
us on earth in home.
te - dious hours re - quite.
seek the joys of home.

f

eyes with pure love shine; Home, where hearts un - chang - ing greet us, Home, the

eyes with pure love shine; Home, where hearts un - chang - ing greet us, Home, the

ev-er dear - est shrine.

ev-er dear - est shrine.

mf *f*

DOLPHIN LULLABY.

Frederick Manley. *W. W. Gilchrist.*

1. O'er the white foam of the wild sing - ing sea,
2. White sails that fade in the gold of the west
3. Nurse - ling of o - cean, the deep is thy bed;

1. O'er the white foam of the wild sing - ing sea, . . .
2. White sails that fade in the gold of the west . .
3. Nurse - ling of o - cean, the deep is thy bed; . . .

All the long day thou hast played mer - ri - ly; Now the light
Home - ward are bear - ing the sai - lors to rest; And the wild
Soft are the wa - ters that pil - low thy head; Sweet is the

All the long day thou hast played mer - ri - ly; . . . Now the light
Home - ward are bear - ing the sai - lors to rest; . . And the wild
Soft are the wa - ters that pil - low thy head; . . Sweet is the

fades, and the arms of the deep Wait, ba - by dol - phin, to
gull flash - es o - ver the foam To the wee birds that a -
voice of the wind on the sea, Soothe thee, my babe, to the

fades, and the arms of the deep . . Wait, ba - by dol - phin, to
gull flash - es o - ver the foam . To the wee birds that a -
voice of the wind on the sea, . . Soothe thee, my babe, to the

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rock thee to sleep, ... to
wait her at home, ... a -
waves' lul - la - by, ... the

rock thee to sleep, . to rock thee to sleep, to
wait her at home, . a - wait her at home, a -
waves' lul - la - by, . the waves' lul - la - by, the

1, 2

rock thee to sleep. . . . . .
wait her at home. . . . . .
waves' lul - la - (*Omit.* . . . . .)

rock . . . . thee to sleep. . . . . .
wait . . . . her at home. . . . . .
waves' . . . . lul - la - (*Omit.* . . . . .)

1, 2

3

by. . . . . .

by. . . . . .

3

dim.

THE INDIAN MAID.

Newton Crosland. *J. L. Hatton.*

f *Andante con moto.* *p*

A dusk - y maid with Eb - on hair Sits by the Gan - ges Riv - er; With

f *p*

hope and fear her fond heart beats, Her part - ed lips they quiv - er. A

f *f*

fi - ner light is in her eye, Than that whose fit - ful shin - ing Now

dim. *ff* *dim.* *ff*

thrills her soul with sud - den joy, Now sets it to re - pin - ing.

p *p*

And as the riv - er flows a - long, She sings, she soft - ly

p *p*

And as the

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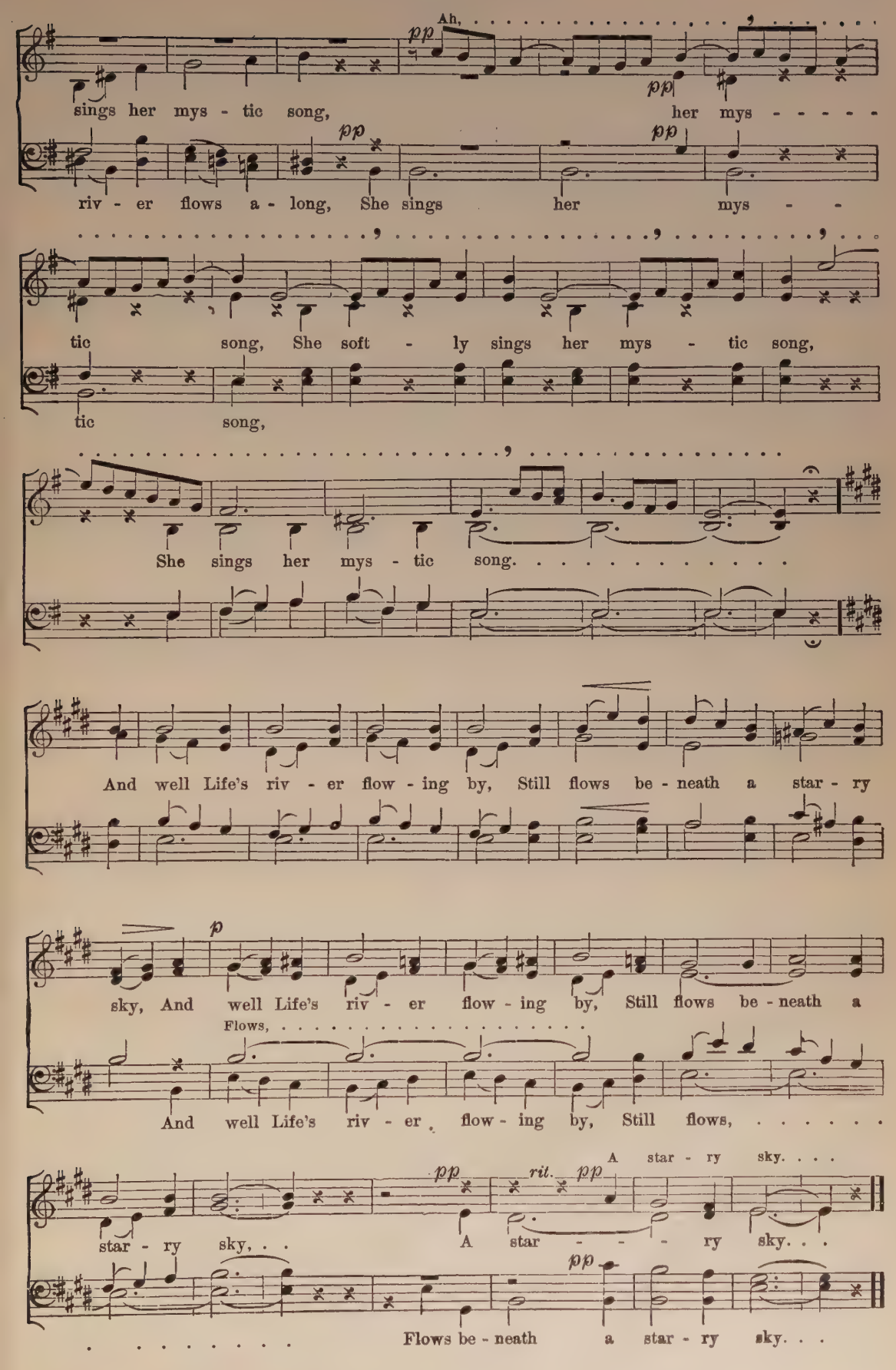
Ah,
pp
sings her mys - tic song, her mys - - - - -
riv - er flows a - long, She sings her mys - -
tic song, She soft - ly sings her mys - tic song,
tic song,
She sings her mys - tic song.
And well Life's riv - er flow - ing by, Still flows be - neath a star - ry
sky, And well Life's riv - er flow - ing by, Still flows be - neath a
p
Flows,
And well Life's riv - er flow - ing by, Still flows,
A star - ry sky.
rit.
star - ry sky, A star - - - ry sky.
Flows be - neath a star - ry sky.

PASTORAL.

French.

Andante pastorale. *pp* *cres.*

Peep - ing from his cur - tain'd pa - vil - ion; Pre - pared his dai - ly course to

pp *cres.*

Ra - di - ant with pur - ple and ver - mil - ion,

p *cres.*

run, . . Lo! in glo - ry comes, in glo - ry comes the roy - al

p *cres.*

Lo! in glo - ry comes the roy - al sun! The roy - al sun! . . . .

mf

sun! . . Comes . . the sun! The shepherd o'er the dew - y

mf *cres.*

. . . . . The shep-herd o'er the landscape glanc - ing

land - scape glanc - ing Be-holds the ro - sy morn ad - vanc - ing:

p

"Feed, O my sheep, in peace to - day, Nor from your ver - dant pas - tures

p

Feed, O sheep, to - day, Nor pas tures

pp

stray, No storm or tem - pest now is near, The sun is bright, the skies are clear.

pp

stray, No tem - pest near, And bright the skies and clear.

f *f*

The mountain in the light is glow - ing, And the for - est is deck'd in green; In

f *f*

mel - o - dy the brook is flow - ing, Not a cloud ob - scures the scene; But

mf

O, to see the gold - en fleec-es A - bove all else my joy in - creas - es! To

mf

dim.

hear the sheep-bells' tink-ling sound Fills the heart with a joy pro - found. Ah! . . . .

dim.

p *poco a poco dim.*

Feed, O my sheep, in peace to - day, Nor from your ver - dant pas - tures

p *poco a poco dim.*

Feed, O sheep, to - day, Nor pas - tures

dim.

stray; No storm or tem - pest now is near The sun is bright, the skies are clear.

dim.

stray; No tem - pest near, And bright the skies and clear.

WE TWO TOGETHER.

Walt Whitman. *W. W. Gilchrist.*

Allegro. Con abandano.

f

Shine! shine! shine! . . . . Pour down your

f

Shine! shine! shine! . . . . Pour down your

f

warmth, great sun! . . . . . Shine! shine!

warmth, great sun! . . . . . Shine! shine!

p

shine! . . . . While we bask, ... while we bask, ...

shine! . . . . While we bask, . . . while we bask . .

p

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We . . . . two to - geth - er, . . We two to -

We two to - geth - er, . . We two to -

Ped.

geth - er. . . Winds blow south, or

geth - er. . . Winds blow

winds blow north, . . Day come white, or night come black, . .

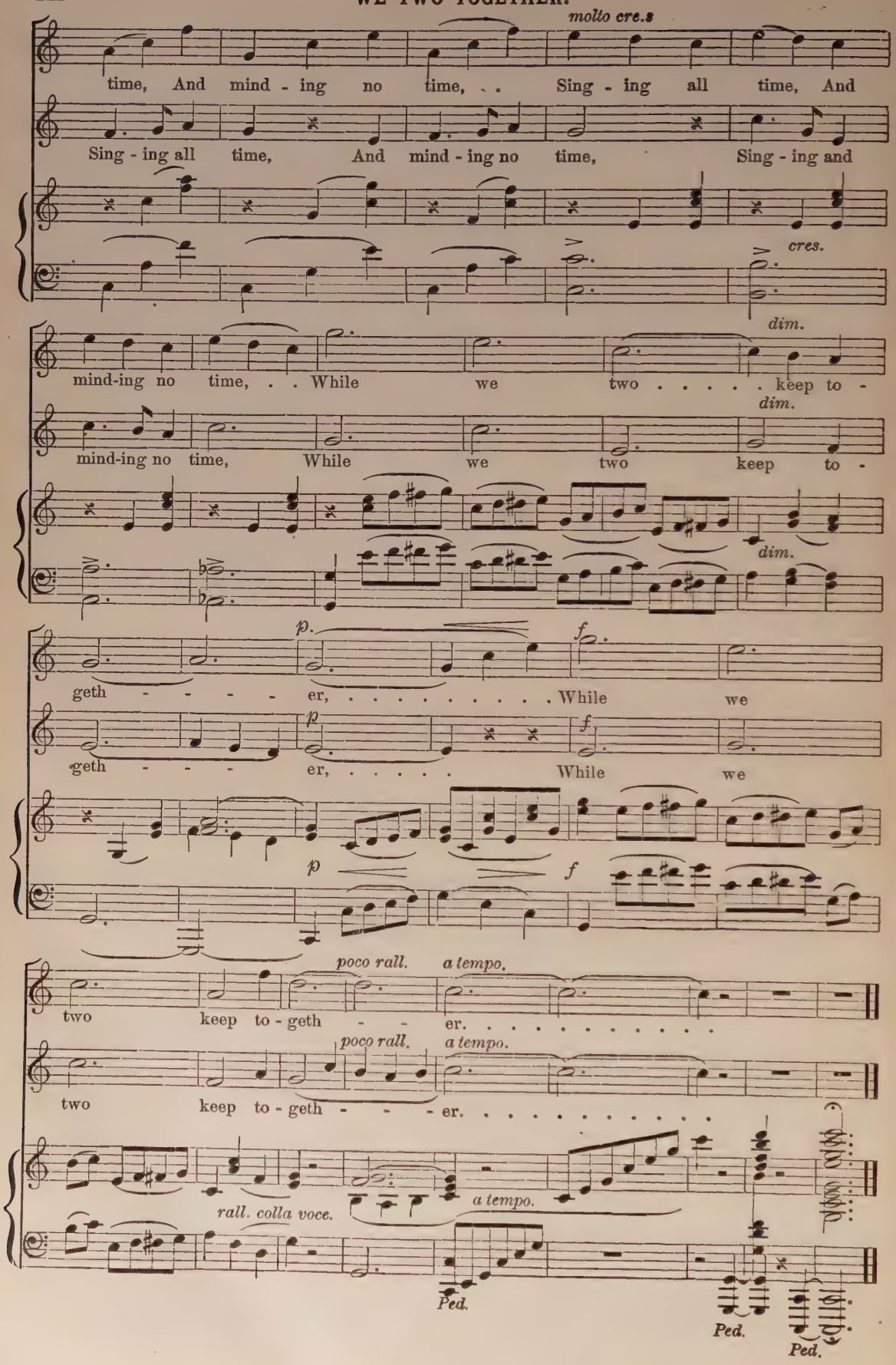
south, winds blow north, Day come white, or night come

Home or riv - ers and mountains from home, . . Sing - ing all

black, Home or riv - ers and mountains from home,

grazioso.

grazioso.


molto cres.
time, And mind - ing no time, . . Sing - ing all time, And
Sing - ing all time, And mind - ing no time, Sing - ing and
cres.
dim.
mind-ing no time, . . While we two . . . . . keep to -
dim.
mind-ing no time, While we two keep to -
dim.
p.
f
geth - - - - er, ... While we
p
f
geth - - - er, ... While we
p
f
poco rall.
a tempo.
two keep to - geth - - er. . . . . .
poco rall.
a tempo.
two keep to - geth - - - er. . . . . .
rall. colla voce.
a tempo.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Wm. Shakespeare. **Arthur Whiting.**

With energy.

f

Blow,

f

Blow,

With energy.

f *sf* *f*

blow, . . thou win - ter wind, Thou art not so un - kind as man's in -

blow, . . thou win - ter wind, Thou art not so un - kind as man's in -

sf *sf*

mf

grat - i - tude; Thy tooth is not so keen, . . . Be -

mf *mf*

grat - i - tude; Thy tooth is not so

Legato.

mf

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crescendo.

cause thou art not seen, ... Al - though thy

crescendo.

keen, ... Be - cause thou art not seen, Al - though thy

crescendo.

ff

breath be rude. Blow,

ff

breath be rude. Blow,

ff

dim.

f

blow, ... thou win - ter wind, Thou art not so un - kind, As

dim.

f

blow, ... thou win - ter wind, Thou art not so un - kind, As

sf *sf* *f*

man's in - grat - i - tude; Thou art not so un - kind As

man's in - grat - i - tude; Thou art not so un - kind As

rall. . . . . .

man's . . . in - grat - i - tude.

rall. . . . .

man's . . . in - grat - i - tude.

rall.

sf

sf

f

Freeze, freeze, . . thou bit - ter sky, . . . Thou dost not bite so

f

Freeze, freeze, . . thou bit - ter sky, . . Thou dost not bite so

sf *sf*

mf

nigh, As ben - e - fits for - got; Thou, thou the wa - ters

mf

nigh, As ben - e - fits for - got; Thou,

cres.

warp, ... Thy sting is not so sharp . . . As

thou the wa - ters warp, ... Thy sting is not so

cres.

friend re - mem - - bered not.

sharp As friend re - mem - bered not.

ff

Freeze, freeze, ... thou win - ter

ff

Freeze, freeze, ... thou win - ter

ff *sf* *sf*

f

sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh . As ben - e - fits . for - got; Thy

f

sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh . As ben - e - fits . for - got; Thy

rall. . . . . .

sting is not so sharp As friend . . re - mem - bered not.

rall.

sting is not so sharp As friend . . re - mem - bered not.

rall. . . . .

THE PIPER.

William Blake,
From "Songs of Innocence."

W. W. Gilchrist.

1. Pip - ing down the val - leys wild, Pip - ing songs of pleas - ant glee, . . On a cloud I saw a child, And he laugh - ing said to me: "Pipe a song a - bout a lamb!" So I piped with mer-ry cheer.
2. "Pip - er, sit thee down and write In a book that all may read." . So he van - ished from my sight; And I plucked a hol - low reed, And I made a ru - ral pen, And I stained the wa-ter clear,

"Pip - er, pipe that song a - gain;" . . So I piped: he wept to hear,
And I wrote my hap - py songs . . . Ev - 'ry child may joy to hear,

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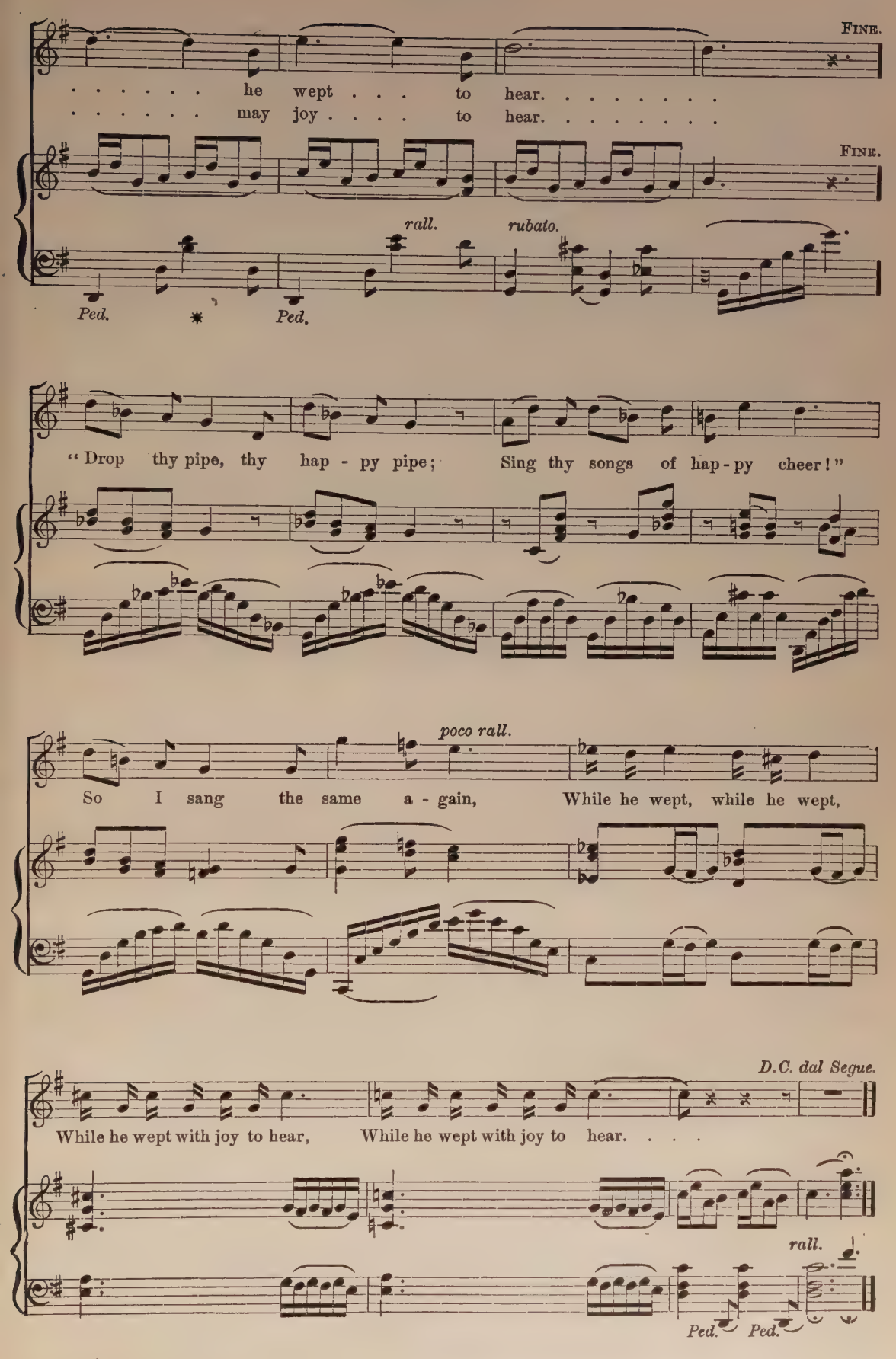
Fine.
. . . . . he wept . . . to hear. . . . . .
. . . . . may joy . . . . to hear. . . . . .
Fine.
rall.
rubato.
Ped.
Ped.
"Drop thy pipe, thy hap - py pipe; Sing thy songs of hap - py cheer!"
poco rall.
So I sang the same a - gain, While he wept, while he wept,
D.C. dal Segue.
While he wept with joy to hear, While he wept with joy to hear. . . .
rall.
Ped.
Ped.

ORPHEUS.

Words adapted by Frederick Manley. (SELECTION.) *Glück. Arr.*

♩ = 48. CHORUS OF MOURNERS.

p

Ah! in our still and mourn - ful mead-ow, Eu - ry - di - ce,

p

Ah! in our still and mourn - ful mead - ow, Eu - ry - di - ce,

p

How thy mourn-ers, all faithful

Let thy sha-dow all un - seen, contented hear How thy mourn - ers, all faith-ful

Let thy sha - dow all un - seen, contented hear How thy mourn - ers, all faith-ful

Sad are SOLO. *pp* CHORUS. Who in *f*

heart - ed, Sad are wail - ing one de - part - ed, Who in death yet more than life is

SOLO. *pp* CHORUS. *f*

heart - ed, Sad are wail - ing one de - part - ed, Who in death yet more than life is

pp *f*

NOTE.—According to the Grecian myth, Orpheus was presented by Apollo with a golden lyre, and so great was the fabled power of its harmony that it could stir insensate things to life. Euridyce, the wife of Orpheus, having died, he followed her to Hades and won permission from Pluto to take her back to earth. The story symbolizes the irresistable power of loveand faith, expressing themselves in harmony, to conquer all things and to triumph over death.

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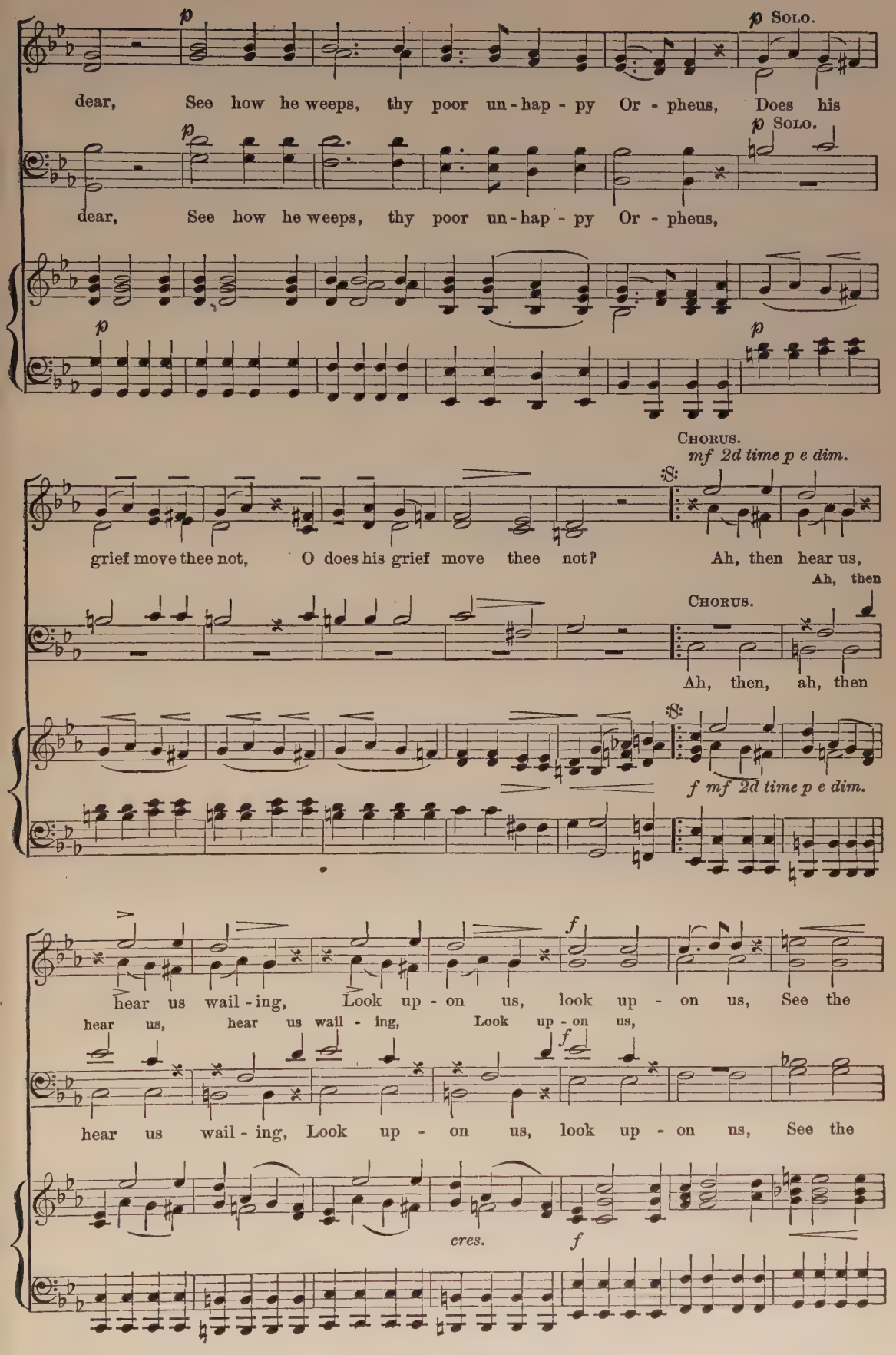

p
p Solo.
dear, See how he weeps, thy poor un-hap-py Or-pheus, Does his
p
p Solo.
dear, See how he weeps, thy poor un-hap-py Or-pheus,
p
p
Chorus.
mf 2d time p e dim.
grief move thee not, O does his grief move thee not? Ah, then hear us,
Ah, then
Chorus.
Ah, then, ah, then
f mf 2d time p e dim.
f
hear us wail-ing, Look up-on us, look up-on us, See the
hear us, hear us wail-ing, Look up-on us,
f
hear us wail-ing, Look up-on us, look up-on us, See the
cres.
f

dim. *pp* *cres.* *f* FINE

tears we are shed-ding for thee, We . . are shed - ding, are shed - ding for thee.

dim. *pp* *cres.* *f*

tears we are shed-ding for thee, We are shed - ding, are shed - ding for thee.

FINE.

dim. *pp* *cres.* *f*

ORPHEUS.

I pray you go! This spot is sa - cred to my

D.S.

grief, and here I would re - main . . a - lone with sor - row.

D.S.

CHORUS OF FURIES.

Who is the mor - tal one now draw - ing near to us, here a - mid

Who is the mor - tal one now draw - ing near to us, here a - mid

Un poco andante.

f *marcato.*

gloom - i - ness, bold to in - trude on these aw - ful a - bodes?

gloom - i - ness, bold to in - trude on these aw - ful a - bodes?

mf *cres.* *f*

Dead-ly af - fright and a - maze-ment take hold of him, While on his

mf *cres.* *f*

Dead-ly af - fright and a - maze-ment take hold of him, While on his

mf *cres.* *sf* *sf* *sf*

en - ter - ing, dread - ful and men - a - cing, Cer - be - rus waits!

en - ter-ing, dread - ful and men - a - cing Cer - be - rus waits!

sf *sf* *sf*

mf

Mor - tal, what seek - est thou, mor - tal, what seek - est thou? What?

mf

Mor - tal, what seek - est thou, mor - tal, what seek - est thou? What?

Animato.

f

Here is the dwell - ing of death's fear - ful ag - o - ny.

f

Here is the dwell - ing of death's fear - ful ag - o - ny,

Animato.

f

Yes, the sad pal - ace of death, dark and ter - ri - ble, here on - ly

Yes, the sad pal - ace of death, dark and ter - ri - ble, here on - ly

wail - ing is, here are but woes, ... but woes.

wail - ing is, here are but woes, ... but woes.

Moderato. ORPHEUS.

Ah! no tor - tures you can or -

Moderato.

p

dain . . me, E - qual the tor-ments, Al - read - y that

pain me, Al - read - y that pain me; No pangs of

fire or of wheel are half so dread as the woe . . I

feel, are half so dread as the woe I feel!

CHORUS.

pp Sotto voce, un poco lento.

What is this won - drous charm That fu - ry can dis - arm, Mak - ing the

pp

What is this won - drous charm That fu - ry can dis - arm, Mak - ing the

Sotto voce, un poco lento.

pp

Pow'rs of Harm Pause and a - while be still, As in a - larm?

Pow'rs of Harm Pause and a - while be still, As in a - larm?

What is this won - drous charm, Mak - ing the Pow'rs of Harm

What is this won - drous charm, Mak - ing the Pow'rs of Harm

Pause and a - while be still, Pause and a - while be still, As in a - larm?

Pause and a - while be still, Pause and a - while be still, As in a - larm?

ARIA. ORPHEUS.

Tho' the earth be bright with flow - ers, And the smiles of dew-pearled

meadows, Tho' glad-ness show'rs Thro' sun - lit hours, Life to me is dark with

f *f*

sor - rows For my love lies in death's shad-ows. Eu - ri

dy - ce! Eu - ri - dy - ce! Be - lov - ed, Here I seek thee,

Adagio.

I call . . . . . thee, Woods and hills have

waked to hear me; Sav - age things have joyed be - fore me; With a

Tempo 1.

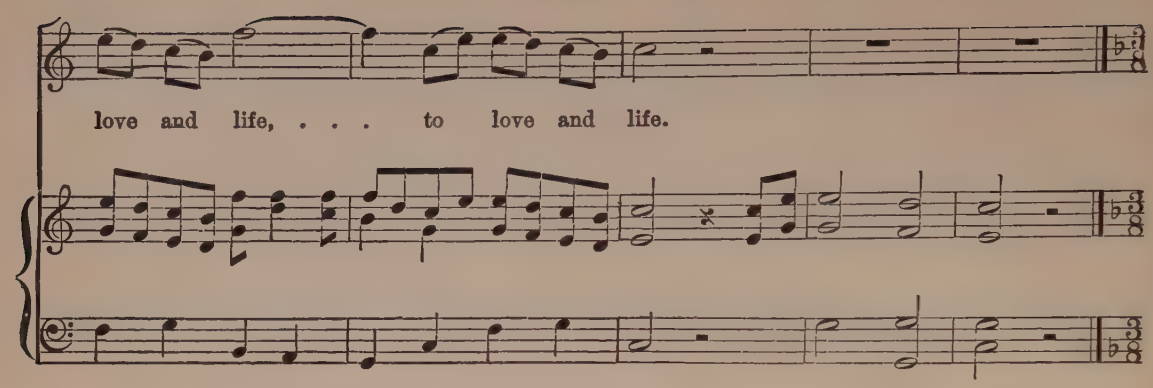
great-er pow'r I call thee, With my love, O Eu - ri - dy - ce, Eu - ri - dy - ce. O the

night of death is round me, And the deeps of hell en - gulf me; Rise to

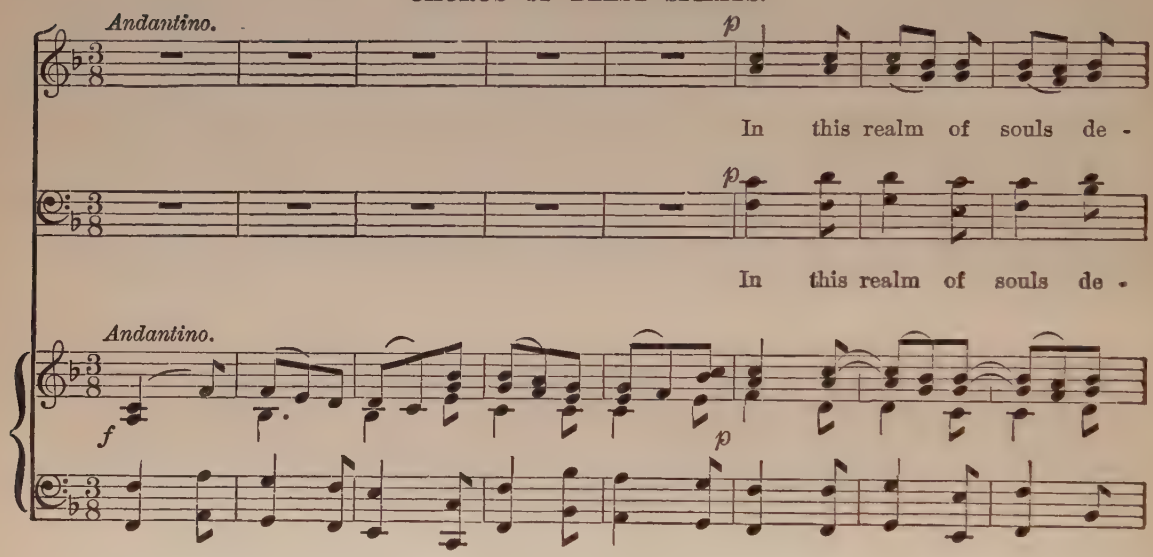
greet me, Love in - vokes thee! Come to me be - lov - ed wife; Rise to

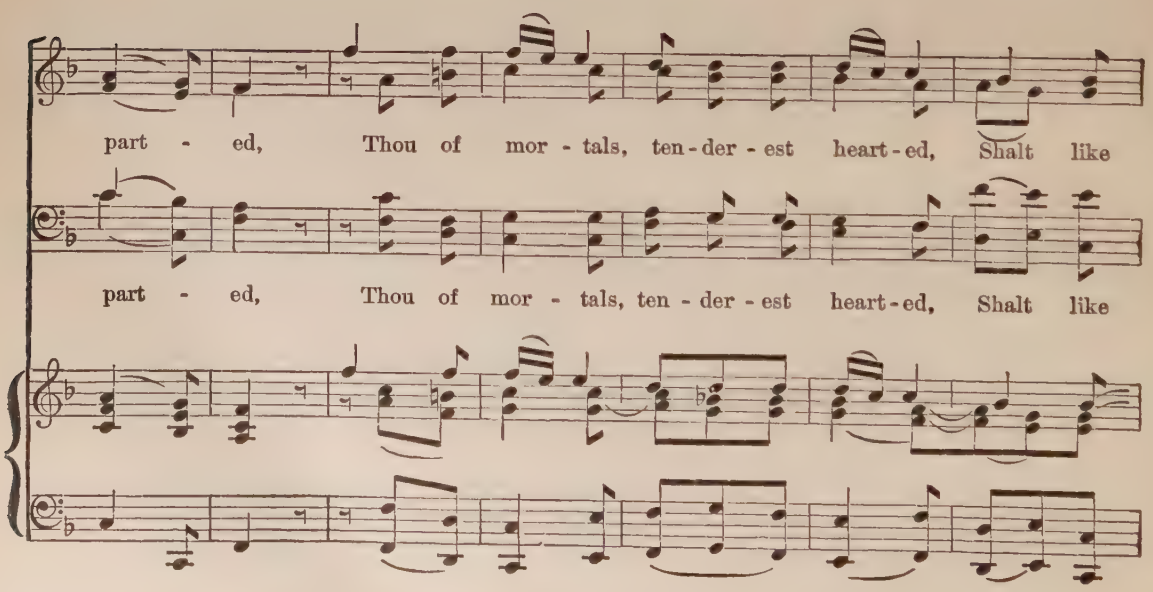
greet me, Love in - vokes thee! Rise from death to love and life, to

f



CHORUS OF BLEST SPIRITS.





mf

us, be tru - ly blest. For thy truth will

mf

us, be tru - ly blest. For thy truth will

f *mf*

Love re - ward thee, Eu - ry - di - ce is re - stor'd thee, All in heav'n-ly

Love re - ward thee, Eu - ry - di - ce is re - stor'd thee, All in heav'n-ly

p

gra - ces drest, Eu - ry - di - ce, Eu - ry - di - ce, Eu - ry -

p

gra - ces drest, Eu - ry - di - ce is re - stor'd thee, Eu - ry -

p

mf Eu -

di - ce, Eu - ry - di - ce, Eu - ry - di - ce is re -

mf

di - ce is re - stor'd thee, Eu - ry - di - ce is re -

mf

stor'd thee, All in heav'n - ly gra - ces

stor'd thee, All in heav'n - ly gra - ces

mf *p*

f

dress'd, All in heav'n - ly gra - ces dress'd.

f

dress'd, All in heav'n - ly gra - ces dress'd.

OH, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Robert Burns. *G. M. Garrett.*

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 96.

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in June; . . Oh, my luve's like the mel-o-die That's sweet-ly play'd in tune, . . That's sweet-ly played in tune, . . . that's played . . in tune.

p *cres* *f* *pp* 1

new-ly sprung in June;

p *cres.* *f* *pp*

2 *espress.*

As fair art thou, ... my bon-nie lass, ... So deep in luve am I, And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass,

pp *f* *pp* *pp* *f* *p*

OH, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

f

dry, And I will luve thee still, my dear, And I will luve thee,

cres. *f*

And I will luve thee, luve thee still, my dear, And I will

ff *rall.*

luve thee still, my dear, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

And I will luve thee still,

ff

luve thee still, my dear,

2. Till . . a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the

rocks . . . melt

p *cres.*

sun, . . . I will luve thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall

p *cres.*

wi' the sun,

f *p* life, . . . 1

run, . . While the sands, the sands o' life, . . o' life, o' life shall run.

f *p*

2 *espress.*

And fare thee well, ... my on - ly luve, ... *p*

pp *pp*

run. And fare thee well, my on - ly luve, And

pp *pp* *p*

fare thee well a - while, And I will come a - gain, my luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou-sand

mile, And I will come a - gain, my luve, And I will come, will

And I will come, will come a - gain my luve, And I will

come a - gain, my luve, my luve, Though 'twere ten thou - sand mile.

And I will come a - gain,

come a - gain, my luve,

SEE THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

(ROUND.)

Shield.

1 See the ro - sy morn ap - pear-ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn,

2 War-bling birds the day pro-claim-ing, Car - ol sweet the live - ly strain,

3 See con - tent the hum - ble glean - er Takes the scat - ter'd ears that fall,

Bees on banks of thyme dis - port - ing, Sip the sweet and hail the dawn. 2

They for-sake the leaf - y dwell-ings To se - cure the gold - en grain. 3

Na - ture all her chil - dren view - ing, Hum - bly boun - teous cares for all. 1

WHO IS SILVIA?

Wm. Shakespeare,
from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Fr. Schubert.
Adapted by Frederic Field Bullard.

In moderate time.

pp

p

1. Who is Sil - via? what is she, That
2. Is she kind as she is fair? For
3. Then to Sil - via let us sing, That

p

1. Who is Sil - via? what is she, That
2. Is she kind as she is fair? For
3. Then to Sil - via let us sing, That

p

all our swains com - mend her? Ho - ly,
beau - ty lives with kind - ness; Love doth
Sil - via is ex - cel - ling; She ex -

all our swains com - mend her? com - mend her? Ho - ly,
beau - ty lives with kind - ness, with kind - ness; Love doth
Sil - via is ex - cel - ling, ex - cel - ling; She ex -

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fair, and wise is she; The heav'n such grace did
to her eyes re - pair, To help him of his
cels each mor - - tal thing Up - on the dull earth

fair, and wise is she;
to her eyes re - pair,
cels each mor - - tal thing,

p

lend her, That she might ad -
blind - ness, And be-ing helped in -
dwell - ing; To her let us

p

did lend her, That she might ad -
his blind - ness, And be - ing helped in -
here dwell - ing; To her let us

pp

mir - ed be, That she might ad - mir - ed
hab - its there, And be - ing helped in hab - its
gar - lands bring, To her let us gar - lands

mir - - - - ed be,
hab - - - - its there,
gar - - - - lands bring,

mir - ed be, That she might ad - mir - ed
hab - its there, And be - ing helped in - hab - its
gar - lands bring, To her let us gar - lands

be.
there.
bring.

be.
there.
bring.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

John Henry Newman. *John B. Dykes.*

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a- mid th' en-circ - ling gloom, lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,

The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
I loved to choose and see my path: but now— lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till the night is gone; And, with the morn, those

do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, . Pride rul'd my will;— re-mem-ber not past years!
an-gel fa - ces smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while. A - MEN.

THE ENDLESS SONG.

Frederick Manley.

W. H. Neidlinger.

Joyously.

ff

Seems to me the whole world's sing-ing something joy - ful all the

Seems to me the whole world's joy - ful all the

cres. *rit.*

time; Mirth and gurg - ling laugh - ter ring - ing up and down, come flow'r or rime.

cres. *rit.*

time; Laugh - ter ring - ing up and down, come flow'r or rime.

mf *cres.* *rit.*

p *In time.*

Bees and birds on sum - mer leas, Wind and wood - land mel - o - dies, And

Bees on sum - mer leas, Wood - land mel - o - dies, And

In time.

p

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when the summer's gone, From the pines and hem-lock trees,

cres. *mf* *cres. rit.*

when summer's gone, From the hem - lock trees, Cho-rus-es of chicadees, Keep the music go - ing

From the pines and hemlock trees,

mf *cres. rit.*

when summer's gone, From the hem - lock trees, Cho-ruses of chickadees, Keep the music go - ing

cres. *mf* *cres. rit.*

In time. f

on; Faith - ful homefolk nev - er winging from the ev - ergreens they love, Thro' all

In time. f

on, Faith - ful homefolk sing - ing, sing - - ing,

In time.

Lis - ten, lis - ten,

accel.

sorts of wea-ther sing - ing, "Chica - dee, look up a - bove! Lis - -

sing - ing, sing - ing, "Chica - dee, look up a - bove! Lis - -

mf *accel.*

lit - tle one, to me. Face the sea-sons cheer - i - ly, For there's noth-ing ev - er wrong,

rit.

ten to me, Chic - - a dee, . . Noth - ing is

rit.

ten to me, Chic - - a dee, Noth - ing is

rit.

chick-y, if you'll

In time. *rit.*

wrong, on - ly see Like a lit - tle chic - a - dee, That the world's an end-less song;

rit.

wrong, on - ly see Like a lit - tle chic - a - dee, That the world's an end-less song;

In time. *rit.*

rit. cre. *ff*

Chick - y, if you'll on - ly see That the world's an end - less, end - less song."

rit. cres. *ff*

Chick - y, if you'll on - ly see That the world's an end - less, end - less song."

ff

BETTER MUSIC NE'ER WAS KNOWN.

Beaumont and Fletcher. *Nicholas Douty.*

Allegretto giocoso.

ALTO. *mf*

Bet - ter mu - sic ne'er was known Than a quire of hearts in one,

SOPRANO. *mf*

Bet - ter mu - sic ne'er was known Than a quire of hearts in one,

BASS. *mf*

Bet - ter mu - sic ne'er was known, Than a quire of hearts in one,

Let each oth - er that hath been trou - bled with the gall or spleen,

Let each oth - er that hath been trou - bled with the gall or spleen,

Let each oth - er that hath been trou-bled with the gall or spleen, Learn of

Learn of us, learn of us to keep his brow Smooth and plain, smooth and

Learn of us to keep his brow Smooth and

us, learn of us, learn of us to keep his brow Smooth and plain, smooth and plain, smooth and

plain as ours are now, as ours are now. Sing, tho' be-fore the hour of dy - ing, He shall

plain as ours are now, as ours are now. Sing, tho' be-fore the hour of dy - ing, He shall

f

plain as ours are now. Sing, ... He shall

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rit. *f a tempo.*

rise . . and then be cry - ing, He shall rise and then be cry - ing. Hey ho, . .

rit. *f a tempo.*

rise . . and then be cry - ing, He shall rise and then be cry - ing. Hey

rit. *f a tempo.*

rise . . and then be cry - ing, He . . shall rise and then be cry - ing.

. . . . . hey ho, ... hey ho, ... 'Tis

ho, . . . hey ho, ... hey ho, ... 'Tis naught but

Hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, 'Tis

naught but mirth, but mirth, 'tis naught but mirth that keeps the body from the earth, . . Hey ho, . .

mirth, ... 'tis naught but mirth that keeps the bo-dy from the earth, . . Hey

naught but mirth, but mirth that keeps the bo-dy from the earth, the earth,

. . . . . hey ho, ... hey ho, ... 'Tis

ho, ... hey ho, ... hey ho, ... 'Tis naught but

Hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, hey ho, 'Tis

cres - cen - do. *rit.* *molto.*

naught, 'tis naught but mirth, 'tis naught but mirth that keeps the bo - dy from the earth.

cres - cen - do. *rit.* *molto.*

mirth, ... 'tis naught but mirth that keeps the bo - dy from the earth.

cres - cen - do. *rit.* *molto.*

naught but mirth, but mirth, but mirth that keeps the bo-dy from the earth, the arth.

A LULLABY.

From "Patient Grisel."

Arthur Foote.

Gracefully, not too fast.

SOPRANO. *p*

Gold-en slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles a-wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret-ty

ALTO. *p*

Gold-en slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles a-wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret-ty

TENOR. *p*

Gold-en slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles a-wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret-ty

BASS. *p*

Gold-en slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles a-wake you when you rise; Sleep, pret-ty

p

accel. *p tempo.* *pp* *espress.* *pp tempo.*

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la, lul-la-by:—Rock them, rock them,

accel. *p tempo.* *pp* *espress.* *pp tempo.*

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la, lul-la-by:—Rock them, rock them,

accel. *p tempo.* *pp* *espress.* *pp tempo.*

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la-by:—Rock them, rock them,

accel. *p tempo.* *pp* *espress.* *pp tempo.*

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by:— Rock them, rock them,

accel. *tempo.* *pp* *tempo.*

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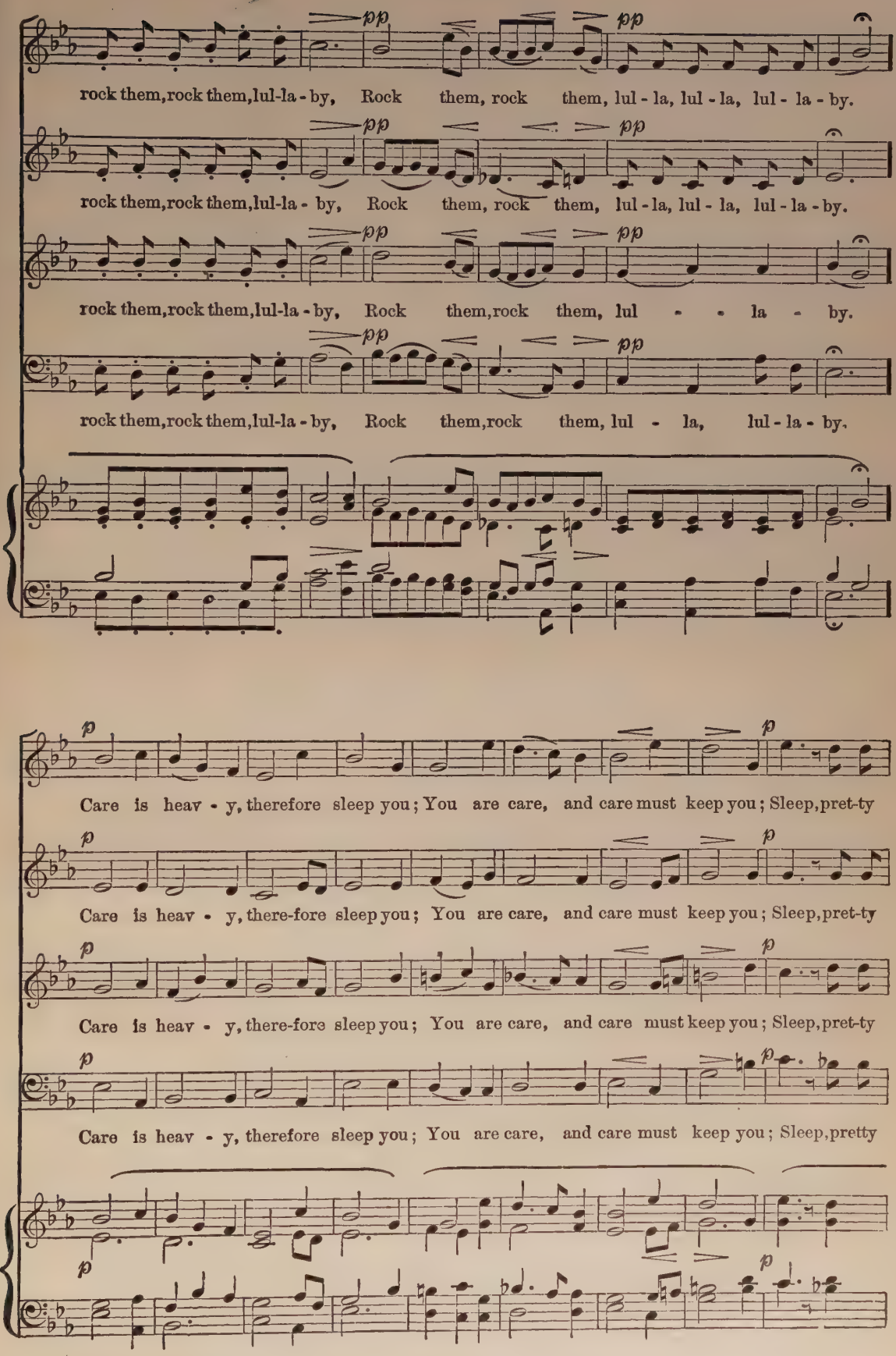
pp
rock them, rock them, lul-la-by, Rock them, rock them, lul-la, lul-la, lul-la-by.
rock them, rock them, lul-la-by, Rock them, rock them, lul-la, lul-la, lul-la-by.
rock them, rock them, lul-la-by, Rock them, rock them, lul - - la - by.
rock them, rock them, lul-la-by, Rock them, rock them, lul - la, lul-la-by.
p
Care is heav-y, therefore sleep you; You are care, and care must keep you; Sleep, pret-ty
Care is heav-y, there-fore sleep you; You are care, and care must keep you; Sleep, pret-ty
Care is heav-y, there-fore sleep you; You are care, and care must keep you; Sleep, pret-ty
Care is heav-y, therefore sleep you; You are care, and care must keep you; Sleep, pretty

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la, lul-la-by:— Rock them, rock them,

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la, lul-la-by:— Rock them, rock them,

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la-by:— Rock them, rock them,

wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by:— Rock them, rock them,

rock them, rock them, lul-la-by. Rock them, rock them, lul-la, lul-la, lul-la-

rock them, rock them, lul-la-by. Rock them, rock them, lul-la, lul-la, lul-la-

rock them, rock them, lul-la-by. Rock them, rock them, lul - - la -

rock them, rock them, lul-la-by, Rock them, rock them lul - la, lul-la-

pp *ppp rit.*

by. Lul-la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

pp *ppp rit.*

by. Lul-la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

pp *ppp rit.*

by. Lul-la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

pp *ppp rit.*

by. Lul-la - by, ... lul - la - by, ... lul - la - by, lul-la - by.

pp *ppp rit.*

WIND, GENTLE EVERGREEN.

(ROUND FOR THREE EQUAL VOICES.)

Dr. Hayes.

1 Wind, gen - tle ev - er - green, To . . form a . . shade a -

2 Sweet i - vy, wind thy boughs, And . . in - ter - twine . . with

3 Thus will thy last - ing tears With beau - ties hung prove

round the tomb . . . Where So - pho - cles is laid. 2

blush - ing ros - es And the . . . . clus - t'ring vine. 3

grate - ful Em - - blems of the lays He sung. 1

EASTER.

Frederick Manley. *Henry K. Hadley.*

Allegro con spirito.

There's a mu - sic up in the fro - zen hills, A gen - tly ex - ult - ant

har - mo - ny: It ris - es and falls with a thou - sand trills, And

all . . the earth with its gladness fills; And foun - - tains and riv - ers and

And foun - tains and riv - - - - - ers,

lakes and rills Are laugh - ing a - loud, "We are free!

. . . lakes and rills

lakes and rills

We are free!" . . . A - rise from your dark-some bed and see That

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win - ter and death are past and ye are free, O flow'rs, are free;

O ye

pp

O, . . ye flow'rs, are free! . . . A spir - it hath come to the

flow'rs,

pp

mf

sleep - ing earth, She has soft - ly kissed the life - less snow . . With

mf

cres.

f

ra - di - ant lips and has giv - en birth To a ma - ny-voic'd gur - gling mirth, A

cres.

f

ma - ny-voic'd gur - gling mirth. Her wings have hung o - ver the pla-ces of dearth,

And they

And the hid - den, And the hid - den streams of life now show Their blos - som with life in their glow,

won - ders in all the buds which blow, A - bove their death - less flow.

f

A - rise, O laugh-ter of low - land leas, For your wood - land sis - ters be -

p

gin to wake; The spir - it hath kiss'd the a - nem - o - nies, And the

vir - gin flow'rs that the wood-bird sees From his nest . . . . in the

in the boughs . . . . .

boughs of the

boughs of wild fruit trees, . . . And the vio - let peeps from the

of . . . wild

. . . of wild

brake. . . . . The wa - ters of ev - 'ry pond, .

And the vio - let peeps from the brake.

The

ev - - - - - 'ry . . . . . pond and

wa - ters of ev - er - y pond and lake, The wa - ters of ev - er - y

lake, Of heav'n's re - joic - ing hues par-take; A - wak - en, a -

pond and lake,

lake,

wak - en, O flow'rs, . . . a - wake! .

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

Heinrich Heine.

Robert Schumann.
Arr. by Frederic Field Bullard.

Moderato.

mf

To France were returning two Grenadiers; In

mf

To France were returning two Grenadiers; In

mf *p* *p*

Ped.

Rus - sia they both had been ta - ken, And when they came to the German frontier, All

Rus - sia they both had been ta - ken, And when they came to the German frontier, All

p

hope their brave hearts had for - sa - ken. For there they were told, to their fear - ful a-larm, That

p

hope their brave hearts had for - sa - ken. For there they were told, to their fear - ful a-larm, That

p

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cres.

France to her foes was for - sa - ken, Be - sieged and in rout were their

cres.

France to her foes was for - sa - ken, Be - sieged and in rout were their

cres.

f rit. *a tempo.*

broth - ers at arms, and the Emp'ror, the Emp'ror was ta - ken!

f rit. *a tempo.*

broth - ers at arms, and the Emp'ror, the Emp'ror was ta - ken!

f rit. *ff a tempo.*

p

Then bit - ter - ly sorrow'd the Grenadiers, Such dire - ful ti - dings

p

Then bit - ter - ly sorrow'd the Grenadiers, Such dire - ful ti - dings

p

p

learn - ing. The first one said, "The end is here! Like fire my old wounds are

p

learn - ing. The first one said, "The end is here! Like fire my old wounds are

p

burn - ing!" The oth - er said, "Our luck is gone. The thought of death I'd cher - ish, But

burn - ing!" The oth - er said, "Our luck is gone. The thought of death I'd cher - ish, But

mf

I have wife and child at home; With-out me they might per - ish." "What mat-ters

mf

I have wife and child at home; With-out me they might per - ish." "What mat-ters

wife or child to me! A far great-er claim has a-ris-en. They can

wife or child to me! A far great-er claim has a-ris-en. They can

mf *f*

beg their bread if they hun-gry be. My Em-p'ror, my Em-p'ror in pris-on! Oh,

beg their bread if they hun-gry be. My Em-p'ror, my Em-p'ror in pris-on! Oh,

ff *p* *f* *ff*

più moto.

com-rade, grant this last re-quest! For I hear Death's stern or-der. Bear

più moto.

com-rade, grant this last request! For I hear Death's stern or-der. Bear

p *più moto.*

with thee my bod - y, in France to rest, And bu - ry it on her bor - der.

mf

with thee my bod - y, in France to rest, And bu - ry it on her bor - der. The

cres. . . . . . .

più moto. *mf*

The I - ron Cross on crim - son band

mf

I - ron Cross on crim - son band o - ver my dead heart

mf

o - ver my dead heart place me; The mus - ket give me in my

place me; The mus - ket give me in my hand, and

cres. e rit. . . . . . *f* *maestoso.*

hand, and with my sword-belt brace me. And there I'll watch like a sen - ti - nel On

cres. e rit. . . . . . *f* *maestoso.*

with my sword-belt brace me. And there I'll watch like a sen - ti - nel On

cres. e rit. . . . . . *f* *f* *maestoso.* *sf*

guard in the cof - fin ly - ing, Till the can - non o - pen with thundering yell, And I

guard in the cof - fin ly - ing, Till the can - non o - pen with thundering yell, And I

sf *sf*

hear the squad-rons fly - ing. Then sure - ly the Emp'ror will ride o'er my grave, While

hear the squad-rons fly - ing. Then sure - ly the Emp'ror will ride o'er my grave, While

sf

sa - bres flash and rat - tle, while sa - bres flash and rat - tle. Then, armed to the teeth, will I

sa - bres flash and rat - tle, while sa - bres flash and rat - tle. Then, armed to the teeth, will I

rise from the grave For my Emp'ror, my Emp'ror to bat - tle!"

rise from the grave For my Emp'ror, my Emp'ror to bat - tle!"

Adagio.

HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

John Milton. (ROUND.) *F. Arnold.*

Allegretto.

1 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth-ful jol - li - ty, 2

2 Quips, and cranks, and wan - ton wiles, Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles. 3

3 Sport that wrinkled care de - rides, And laughter hold - ing both his sides. 1

THE FOUNTAIN.

James Russell Lowell. *Henry K. Hadley.*

Allegretto con moto.

f *cres.*

In - to the sun - shine, full of the light, Leap - ing and

f *cres.*

In - to the sun - shine, full of the light, Leap - ing and

f *cres.*

dim. Wav - ing so

flash - ing from noon till night; In - to the moon - light, whit - er than snow, Wav -

dim.

flash - ing from noon till night; In - to the moon - light, whit - er than snow, Wav -

dim.

flow'r - - - like when the winds blow;

rit. *meno mosso.* *p*

. . ing so flow'r - like when the winds blow; In - to the star - light, rush - ing in

star - - light,

rit. *meno mosso.* *pp*

. . ing so flow'r - like when the winds blow; In - to the star - light, rush - ing in

rit. *p meno mosso.*

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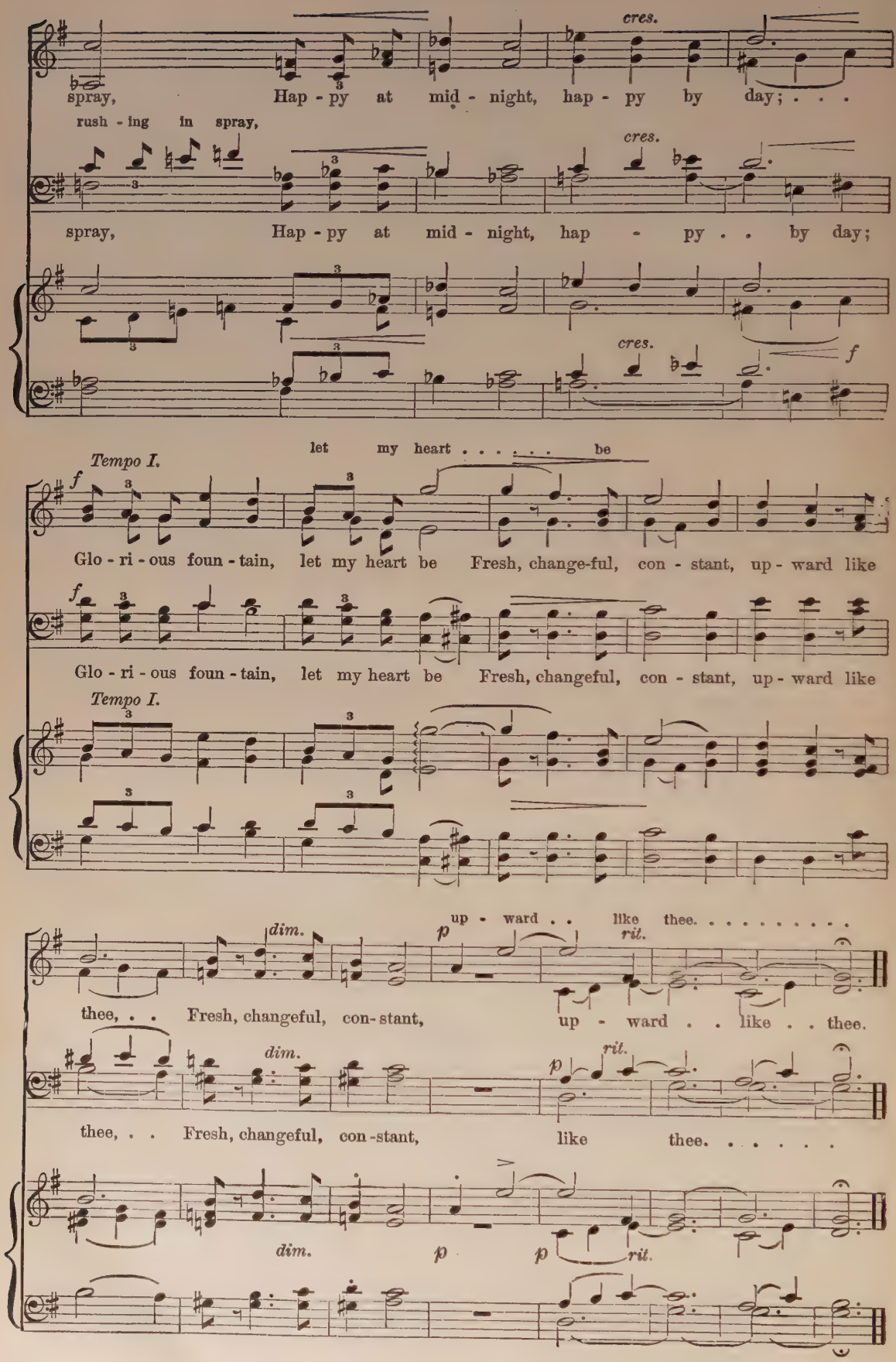
cres.
spray, Hap - py at mid - night, hap - py by day; . . .
rush - ing in spray,
cres.
spray, Hap - py at mid - night, hap - py . . by day;
cres.
f
let my heart . . . . . be
Tempo I.
f
Glo - ri - ous foun - tain, let my heart be Fresh, change-ful, con - stant, up - ward like
f
Glo - ri - ous foun - tain, let my heart be Fresh, changeful, con - stant, up - ward like
Tempo I.
dim.
p
up - ward . . like thee. . . . . .
rit.
thee, . . Fresh, changeful, con-stant, up - ward . . like . . thee.
dim.
p
rit.
thee, . . Fresh, changeful, con-stant, like thee. . . . . .
dim.
p
p
rit.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Wm. Duthie. *Welsh.*

1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and flight of ar - row,

Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now! Hurl the reel - ing

Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow - men, Be they knights, or
hors - man o - ver! Let the earth dead foe - man cov - er! Fate of freind, of

hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a - sun - der,
wife, of lov - er, Trem - bles on a blow! Strands of life are riv - en;

Flag we con - quer un - der! The pla - cid sky now bright on high Shall
Blow for blow is giv - en, In dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And

launch its bolts in thun-der! On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us, He is brav - est
mer - cy shrieks to heav - en! Men of Har - lech! young and hoar - y, Would ye win a

he who leads us! Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Coun - try, God, and Right!
name in sto - ry? Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Coun - try, God, and Right!

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THE CRUSADERS.

Wm. Duthrie. *Ciro Pinsuti.*

1. On steep Mount Car - mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the
2. Tho' bleach - ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Chris-tian men have

Ho - ly Land; Our mail - clad war - riors throng be - neath, 'Gainst
march'd be - fore, We'll smite in death the hea - then brood, And

Mos - lem foe or - dained to death! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!
plant the cross in Mos - lem blood! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!

Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! we lift our eyes, we lift our eyes,
Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! thou ci - ty blest! thou ci - ty blest!

where . . . . thy sa - cred tow - ers rise,
tem - - - - ple is our place of rest!

To where thy sa - cred, thy tow - ers rise, While
Thy tem - ple is our place of rest! And

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cres. e animando.

bra - zen trum - pet's mar - tial sound Pro - claims the vow that
as we scale thy ram - parts high, The heav'ns shall ech - o

cres. e animando.

ff *rall. e dim.* *pp a tempo.* *pp*

swells a - round, . . Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - men!
to our cry: . . . Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - men!

ff *pp a tempo.* *pp*

cres. *pp*

Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men! . .

cres. *pp*

Save! Save! . . . .

f *f*

Save! O save, O save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre!

f *p*

Save, . . .

p *pp*

Save, save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!

p *pp*

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

Sir Walter Scott. *J. G. Callcott.*

Andante con moto.

pp *leggiero.* *ten.* *leggiero.* *ten.* *legato.*

Love wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

ten. *leggiero.* *ten.* *leggiero.* *ten.*

Love . . . . wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

pp

Love . . . . wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

Love . . . . wakes and weeps While Beau-ty sleeps! O for mu - sic's

ten. *ten.*

pp *legato.*

leggiero. *ten.* *leggiero.* *cres.*

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beau - ty's dream, . .

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beau - ty's dream, . .

ten. *leggizro.* *cres.*

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beau - ty's dream, . .

soft - est num - bers, To prompt a theme, For Beau - ty's dream,

ten.

cres.

fp *dim.* *e* *rit.* *mf* *a tempo.*

Soft as the pil - low of her slum-bers! Thro' . . . groves of palm

Soft as the pil - low of her slum-bers! Thro' . . . groves of palm . .

fp *dim.* *e* *rit.* *mf* *a tempo.*

Soft as the pil - low of her slumbers! Thro' . . . groves of palm

Soft, . . soft as the pil-low of her slumbers! Thro' groves of palm Sigh gales of

fp *dim.* *e* *rit.* *mf* *a tempo.*

p

Sigh gales of balm, Fire - flies on the air are wheel - ing, While . . . thro' the

Sigh gales of balm, Fire - flies on the air are wheel - ing, While . . . thro' the

p

Sigh gales of balm, Fire - flies on the air are wheel - ing, While . . . thro' the

balm, Fire - flies on the air are wheel - ing, While thro' the gloom

p

cres. *f* *dim.* *ritard.*

gloom comes soft per - fume, The dis - tant beds of flowers re - veal-ing.

gloom comes soft per - fume, The dis - tant beds of flowers re - veal-ing.

cres. *f* *dim.* *ritard.*

gloom comes soft per - fume, The dis - tant beds of flowers re - veal - ing.

comes soft per - fume, The dis - - tant beds of flowers re - veal-ing.

cres. *f* *dim.* *ritard.*

p a tempo. *ten.* *ten.* *legato.*

O wake and live! No dream can give a shad - ow'd bliss, . . the

O . . . . . wake and live! No dream can give A shad-ow'd bliss, the

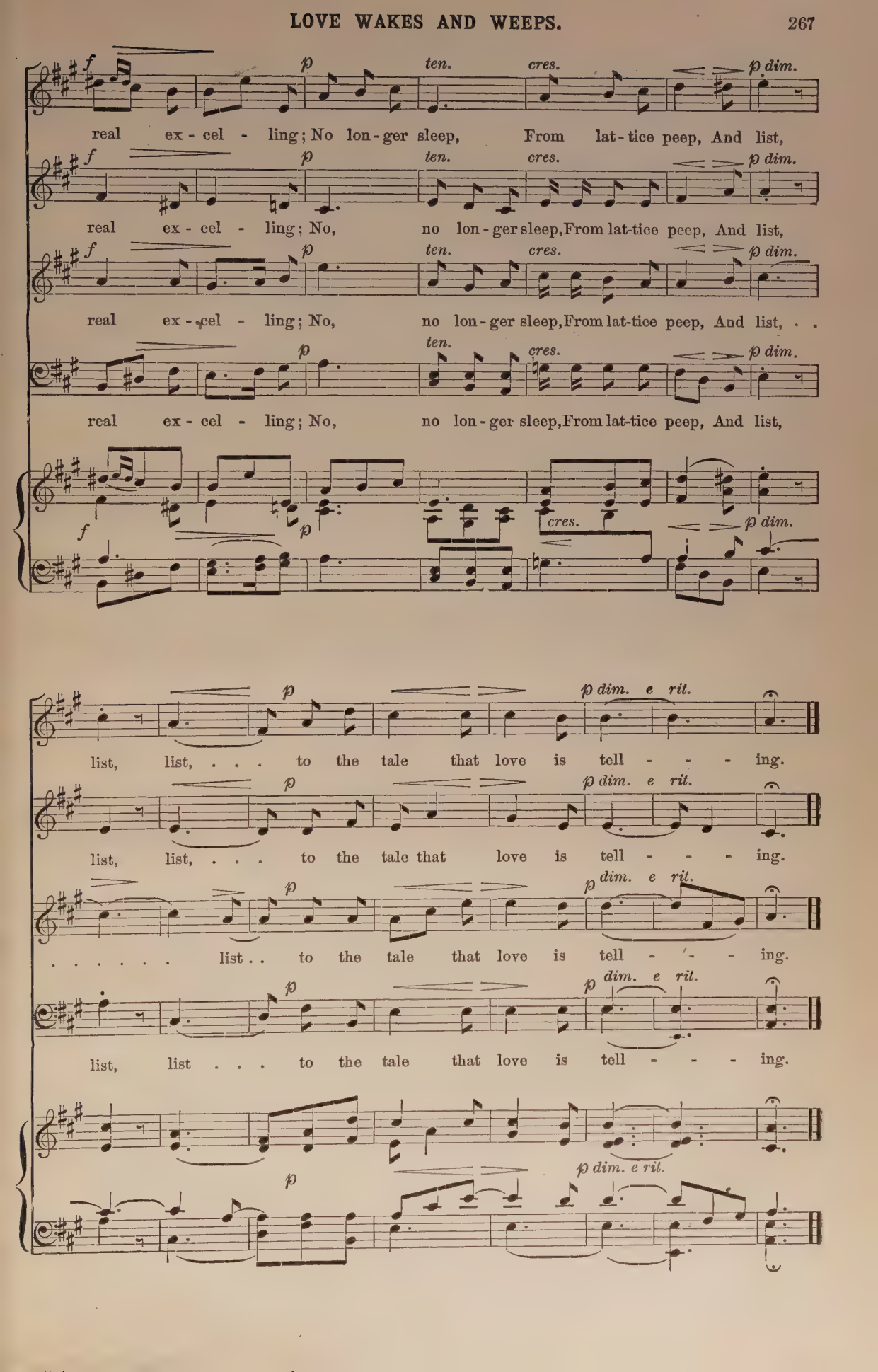
p a tempo. *ten.* *ten.* *legato.*

O . . . . . wake and live! No dream can give A shad-ow'd bliss, the

O . . . . . wake and live! No dream can give A shad-ow'd bliss, the

ten.

p a tempo. *legato.*


f p ten. cres. p dim.
real ex - cel - ling; No lon - ger sleep, From lat - tice peep, And list,
f p ten. cres. p dim.
real ex - cel - ling; No, no lon - ger sleep, From lat-tice peep, And list,
f p ten. cres. p dim.
real ex - cel - ling; No, no lon - ger sleep, From lat-tice peep, And list, . .
p ten. cres. p dim.
real ex - cel - ling; No, no lon - ger sleep, From lat-tice peep, And list,
f p cres. p dim.
p p dim. e rit.
list, list, . . . to the tale that love is tell - - - ing.
p p dim. e rit.
list, list, . . . to the tale that love is tell - - - ing.
p p dim. e rit.
. . . . . list . . to the tale that love is tell - - - ing.
p p dim. e rit.
list, list . . . to the tale that love is tell - - - ing.
p p dim. e rit.

THE BELL-MAN.

Robert Herrick. *Nicholas Douty.*

Rather slowly, in the spirit of the olden time.

mf *cres.*

From noise of scare - fires rest ye free, From mur - ders

Firmly. *mf* *cres.*

dim. *cres.*

Be - ne - di - ci - tie; From all mis-chan - ces that may

dim. *cres.*

fright Your pleas - ing slum - ber in the night,

mf

p

Mer - cy se - cure ye all And keep the gob - lins from ye while ye

p

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mf

sleep. Past one o'-clock and al - most two, My mas - ters

mf

all good - day to you, Past one o'- clock and al - most

Gradually

Gradually

softer.

two, My mas - ters all, good - day to

p

softer.

ritardando.

Dying away.

you, good - day to you.

sempre. *pp al fine.*

COMMENCEMENT SONG.

Maurice Leaf. *Cherubini-Mehul. Arr.*

1. Ro - ses are wak - ing; Smiles of flow'rs are break - ing o'er wood and hill;
2. Like sun - lit mea - dow Life with ne'er a sha - dow be - fore us lies;

Ro - ses are wak - - - - ing;
Like sun - lit mea - - - - dow,

Ro - ses are
Like sun - lit

Ro - ses are wak - - ing,
Like sun - lit mea - dow,

wak - ing; Smiles of flow'rs are break - ing o'er
mea - dow Life with ne'er a sha - dow be

Smiles of flow'rs are break - - - - ing o'er wood and hill;
Life with ne'er a sha - - - - - dow be - fore us lies;

wak - ing; Smiles of flow'rs are break - ing
mea - dow, Life with ne'er a sha - dow

Smiles of flow'rs are break - - - - ing o'er wood and hill;
Life with ne'er a sha - - - - - dow be - fore us lies;

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Swal - lows are blithe - ly wing - ing, Rob - ins a - gain are sing - ing, The
Bright - er than bird or flow - er, Gen - tle as dew or show - er, May

good green earth with glad - ness thrills, With life and light.
we be - come to grace the world And glad - ness bring.

Swal - lows are blithe - ly
Bright - er than bird or

The
Yet

Swal - lows are blithe - ly wing - - - ing, Rob - ins a - gain are
Bright - er than bird or flow - - - er, Gen - tle as dew or

wing - - ing, Rob - ins a - gain are sing - - - - -
flow - - er, Gen - tle as dew or show - - - - -

swal - - lows are wing - - ing, The rob - - ins are
bright - - er than flow - - er, And gen - - tle as

sing - ing, The good green earth with
show - er, May we be - come to

- - ing, The earth with glad - ness thrills, With life and
- - er, May we all grace the world, And glad - ness

sing - ing, The earth with glad - ness thrills, With life and
show - er, May we all grace the world, And glad - ness

f *p*

light, And ev - 'ry heart with joy and hope is
bring, And wake in all the joy - ous - ness of

f *p*

light, And ev - 'ry heart with joy and hope is
bring, And wake in all the joy - ous - ness of

f *sf* *p*

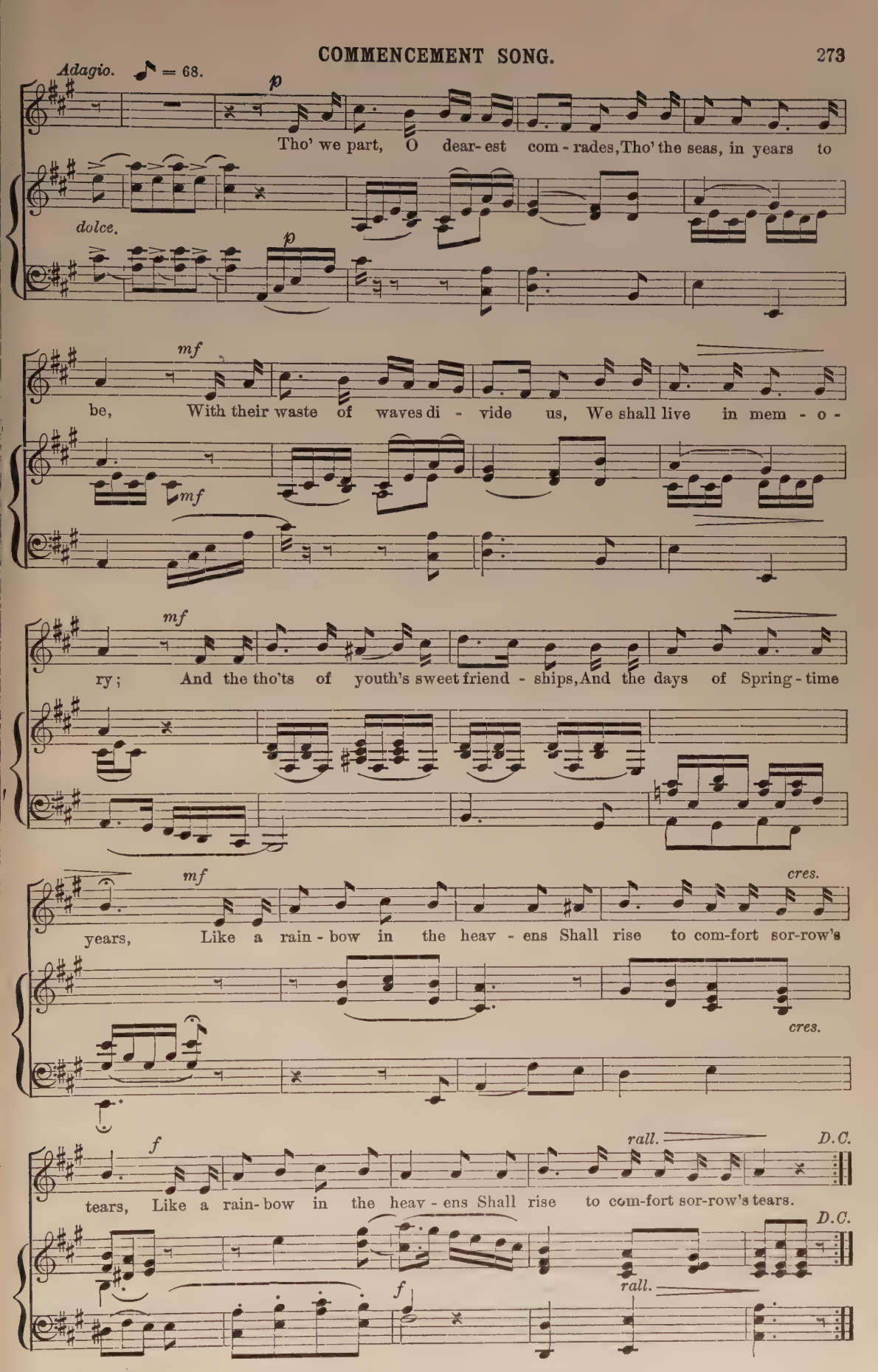
FINE.

bright, And ev - 'ry heart with joy and hope is bright.
Spring, And wake in all the joy - ous - ness of Spring.

bright, And ev - 'ry heart with joy and hope is bright.
Spring, And wake in all the joy - ous - ness of Spring.

FINE.

f *sf*


Adagio. ♪ = 68.
p
Tho' we part, O dear-est com-rades, Tho' the seas, in years to
dolce.
p
mf
be, With their waste of waves di-vide us, We shall live in mem-o-
mf
mf
ry; And the tho'ts of youth's sweet friend-ships, And the days of Spring-time
mf
cres.
years, Like a rain-bow in the heav-ens Shall rise to com-fort sor-row's
cres.
f
rall.
D.C.
tears, Like a rain-bow in the heav-ens Shall rise to com-fort sor-row's tears.
D.C.
f
rall.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Scotch.

mf *p*

Ped. ✱

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly . . fa's the
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her . . throat is . . like the
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry

dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true.
swan, Her . . face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on.
feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet.

Ped . . . . ✱

CHORUS.

mf *cres.*

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
Her voice is low and sweet; And she's a' the world to me, And for

mf *cres.*

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
Her voice is low and sweet; And she's a' the world to me, And for

mf *cres.*

f *p* *dim. e rall.*

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

f *p* *dim. e rall.*

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

f *p*

EPITAPH ON A PARISH CLERK.

(ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)

Old English. ***Samuel Webbe.***

1 *Andante sostenuto.* 2

Here lies, with - in this tomb so calm, Old Giles; pray sound his

3

knell, sound his knell, pray sound his knell; Who tho't no song was like a psalm, Who tho't no

4 1

song was like a psalm; No mu - sic like a bell, No mu - sic like a bell.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

(OLD BALLAD.)

Leonard McNally. *James Hook.*

Allegretto. *mf*

1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass More bright than May-day morn, Whose
2. Ye zeph - yrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the grove, Oh,

mp

charms all oth - er maids sur - pass, A rose with - out a thorn. This lass so neat, with
whis - per to my charm-ing fair, I'd die for her I love. This lass so neat, with

lass with

cres. *rit.* *tempo.* *rit.* *f*

smiles so sweet, Has won my right good - will; I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet

cres. *rit.* *tempo.* *rit.* *f*

smiles Has my good - will.

tempo. *mf* *piu rit.*

lass of Rich - mond Hill. Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond

tempo. *piu rit.*

Hill, . . . This lass of Rich - mond

ff *slower.* *mf tempo 1 mo.*

Hill, I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill.

ff *slower.* *mf tempo 1 mo.*

Old Welsh.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

David Owen. Arr.

Quietly. ♩ = 66.

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night; Guar-dian an-gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the night, While the wea-ry
3. Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

All thro' the night;
All thro' the night;
Clear thro' the night;

God will send thee, All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
world is sleep-ing, All thro' the night. O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing,
heav'n-ward wing-ing, Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from off thee shak-en,

All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
All thro' the night. O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing,
Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from off thee shak-en,

Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping, I my lov-ing vi-gil keep-ing, All thro' the night.
Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
By good an-gels art thou tak-en, Soul im-mor-tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, I my lov-ing vi-gil keep-ing, All thro' the night.
Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
By good an-gels art thou tak-en, Soul im-mor-tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

WIND AND SEA.

Bayard Taylor. *Frank G. Cauffman.*

Quickly and with spirit.

f

The sea is a jo - vial com - rade, He

f

The sea is a jo - vial com - rade, He

PIANO.

p cres - cen - do. f

goes; . . . . .

laughs wher - ev - er he goes, he goes; His mer - ri - ment shines in the

laughs wher - ev - er he goes; . . . . His mer - ri - ment shines in the

pose. . . .

ff

dimp - ling lines That wrin - kle his hale re - pose, re - pose, That

ff

dimp - ling lines That wrin - kle his hale re - pose, re - pose, That

ff

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Largamento. re - pose. . . . . *a tempo.* *rall.* *p*

wrin - kle his hale re - pose, re - pose, He lays him-self down at the

Largamento. *rall.* *a tempo.*

wrin - kle his hale re - pose. . . . .

largamento. *rall.* *a tempo.* *p*

f

feet of the sun, ... And

f

He lays him-self down at the feet of the sun,

f *p*

shakes, ... And shakes, ... And shakes . . . . . all

And shakes . . . . all

poco rall. *f* *a tempo. dim.* *poco rall.*

o - ver with glee; And the broad - back'd bil-lows fall faint on the shore, In the

poco rall. *f* *a tempo. dim.* *poco rall.*

o - ver with glee; And the broad - back'd bil-lows fall faint on the shore, In the

poco rall. *f a tempo.* *p dim.* *poco rall.*

molto rall.

f might - y . . . . sea. . . . . .

mirth of the might - y, might - y, might - y sea. . . . . But the

sea, might - y sea.

f *molto rall.*

mirth of the might - y, might - y sea. . . . . But the

f *molto rall.*

A little slower.

p

wind is sad and mourn - ful, And curs'd with an in - ward pain; . You may

p

wind is sad and mourn - ful, And curs'd with an in - ward pain; . You may

p

hark as you will by val - ley or hill, But you hear him still com -

hark as you will by val - ley or hill, But you hear him still com -

And shrieks, . . .

f

plain, com- plain, He wails on the bar - ren moun - tains, . . . And

And shrieks, . . .

f

plain, com-plain; He wails on the bar- ren moun - tains, And

f

. . . . . and shrieks He sobs

p

shrieks, and shrieks . . . on the win - try sea, He sobs on the

and shrieks

p

shrieks, and shrieks . . on the win - try sea, He

in the ce - dar and moans in the pine, ... *pp*

ce - dar and moans, and moans in the pine, the pine, And shudders all

He sobs in the ce - dar and *pp*

sobs in the ce - dar and moans in the pine, . . . And shudders all

pp

pp molto rit.

o - ver the as - pen tree, All o - ver the as - pen tree. O

pp molto rit.

o - ver the as - pen tree, All o - ver the as - pen tree. O

pp molto rit.

f Tempo Primo.

wel - come are both their voi - ces, And I know not which is

f

wel-come are both their voi - ces, And I know not which is

f Tempo primo.

best, ...

best, is best, The laugh - ter that slips from the o - cean's lips, Or the

best, . . . The laugh - ter that slips from the o - cean's lips, Or the

Largamento. *ff* *rall.*

rest, . . .

com - fort - less wind's un - rest, un - rest, Or the com - fort - less wind's un -

Largamento. *ff* *rall.*

com - fort - less wind's un - rest, un - rest, Or the com - fort - less wind's un -

Largamento. *ff* *rall.*

p *a tempo.*

rest. . . . . .

rest, un - rest. There's a pang . . in all . . . re - joic - ing, ...

rest. . . . . There's a

a tempo.

p

A joy in the heart of

p

pang in all re - joic - ing, A joy in the heart of

p *p*

pain, . . . And the wind that sad - dens, And the sea that glad - dens, Are

pain, . . . And the wind that sad - dens, And the sea that glad - dens, Are

f Largamento. *molto rall.*

self - same strain. . . . . .

sing - ing the self - same, self - same, self - same strain. . . . . .

strain, self - same strain.

f Largamento. *molto rall.*

sing - ing the self - same, self - same strain. . . . . .

f Largamento. *molto rall.*

THE PIGTAIL.

Adelbert von Chamisso.
Translated from the German by Wm. M. Thackeray.

Frederic Field Bullard.

Andante con brio.

SOPRANO. *mf*

1. There lived a sage in days of yore, And he a handsome round and round, and out and in, All day the puzzled pig - tail wore; But wondered much and sorrowed more Be - cause it hung be - hind him. He sage did spin; In vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him. And

ALTO. *mf*

1. There lived a sage in days of yore, And he a handsome round and round, and out and in, All day the puzzled pig - tail wore; But wondered much and sorrowed more Be - cause it hung be - hind him. He sage did spin; In vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him. And

TENOR. *mf*

1. There lived a sage in days of yore, And he a handsome round and round, and out and in, All day the puzzled pig - tail wore; But wondered much and sorrowed more Be - cause it hung be - hind him. He sage did spin; In vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him. And

BASS. *mf*

1. There lived a sage in days of yore, And he a handsome round and round, and out and in, All day the puzzled pig - tail wore; But wondered much and sorrowed more Be - cause it hung be - hind him. sage did spin; In vain, it mat - tered not a pin, The pig - tail hung be - hind him.

PIANO. ad. lib. *f* *mf*

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mused up - on this cu - rious case, And vowed he'd change the pig-tail's
right, and left, and round a - bout, And up and down, and in and

mused up - on this cu - rious case, And vowed he'd change the pig-tail's
right, and left, and round a - bout, And up and down, and in and

mused up - on this cu - rious case, And vowed he'd change the pig-tail's
right, and left, and round a - bout, And up and down, and in and

He mused up - on this cu - rious case,
And right, and left, and round a - bout,

place,
out,

place,
out,

f

And have it hang-ing at his
He turn'd, but still the pig-tail

place,
o t,

f

And have it hang - ing at his face,
He turn'd, but still the pig-tail stout

f

And vow'd he'd change the pigtail's place,
And up, and down, and in and out,

f

f

Not dang-ling there . . . . . be-hind him,
Hung dang-ling there . . . . . be-hind him,

face, Not dang-ling there . . . . . be-hind him,
stout, Hung dang-ling there . . . . . be-hind him,

Not dang-ling there . . . . . be-hind him,
Hung dang-ling there . . . . . be-hind him,

Not dang-ling there be-hind him,
Hung dang-ling there be-hind him,

p *f* *p* *p*

Not there be-hind him. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Hung there be-hind him. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

p *f* *p* *p*

Not there be-hind him. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Hung there be-hind him. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

p *f* *p* *p*

Not there be-hind him. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Hung there be-hind him. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

p *f* *p* *mf*

Not there be-hind him. Says he, "The mys - ter-y I've found, I'll
Hung there be-hind him. And though his ef - forts nev - er slack, And

p *f* *p* *mf*

mf

la, la, la, la, He turned him round;
la, la, la, la, And twirl, and tack,

mf *f*

la, la, la, la, He turned him round; But still it
la, la, la, la, And twirl, and tack, The pig - tail

mf *f*

la, la, la, la, He turned him round; But still it hung, but
la, la, la, la, And twirl, and tack, The pig - tail turns, the

f

turn me round," he turned him round; But still it hung, ... but
though he twist, and twirl, and tack, The pig-tail turns, ... the

f

f

f *rit.* 1 *mf* 2 *p poco lento.*

But still it hung be - hind him. Then
The pig - tail hung be - (*Omit.* . . . .) hind him. *Mm . . . . . Mm

rit. *mf* *p poco lento.*

hung, it hung be - hind him. Then
turns, it turns be - (*Omit.* . . . .) hind him. *Mm . . . . . Mm

rit. *mf* *p poco lento.*

still it hung be - hind him. Then
pig - tail turns be - (*Omit.* . . . . . hind him. *Mm . . . . . Mm

rit. *mf* *p poco lento.*

still it hung be - hind him. Then
pig - tail hung be - (*Omit.* . . . .) hind him. *Mm . . . . . Mm

1 2

rit. *mf* *p poco lento.*

* Humming with closed lips.

f a tempo.

. . . . Mm . . . . . A - las! still faith-ful to his back, The

f a tempo.

. . . . Mm . . . . . A - las! still faith-ful to his back, The

f a tempo.

. . . . Mm . . . . . A - las! still faith-ful to his back, The

f a tempo.

. . . . Mm . . . . . A - las! still faith-ful to his back, The

f a tempo.

cres. . . . . . *ff f rit.* *Presto.*

pig - tail turns, The pig - tail turns be - hind, be - hind him!

cres. *ff f rit.* *Presto.*

pig - tail turns, The pig - tail turns be - hind, . . . be - hind him!

cres. *ff f rit.* *Presto.*

pig - tail turns, The pig - tail turns be - hind, . be - hind him!

cres. *ff f rit.* *Presto.*

pig - tail turns, The pig - tail turns be - hind, be - hind him!

cres. . . . . . *ff f rit.*

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW!

Alfred Tennyson,
From "The Princess."

W. H. Neidlinger.

With dignity and repose.

mf — *dim.*

1. The splen - dor falls on cas - tle walls, And snow - y sum - mits old in sto - ry, The long light shades a - cross the lakes . . And the wild cat - a - ract leaps in glo - ry. Blow, bu gle,
2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thin - ner, clear - er, far - ther, go - ing; O sweet and far from cliff and scar . . The horns of elf - land faint - ly blow - ing. Blow, let us
3. O love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill or field or riv - er; The ech - oes roll from soul to soul . . And grow for - ev - er, and for - ev - er. Blow, bu - gle,

mf — *cres.* — *dim.* — *mp* — *cres.* — *accel.* — *dim.* — *mp* — *cres.* — *accel.* — *mp*

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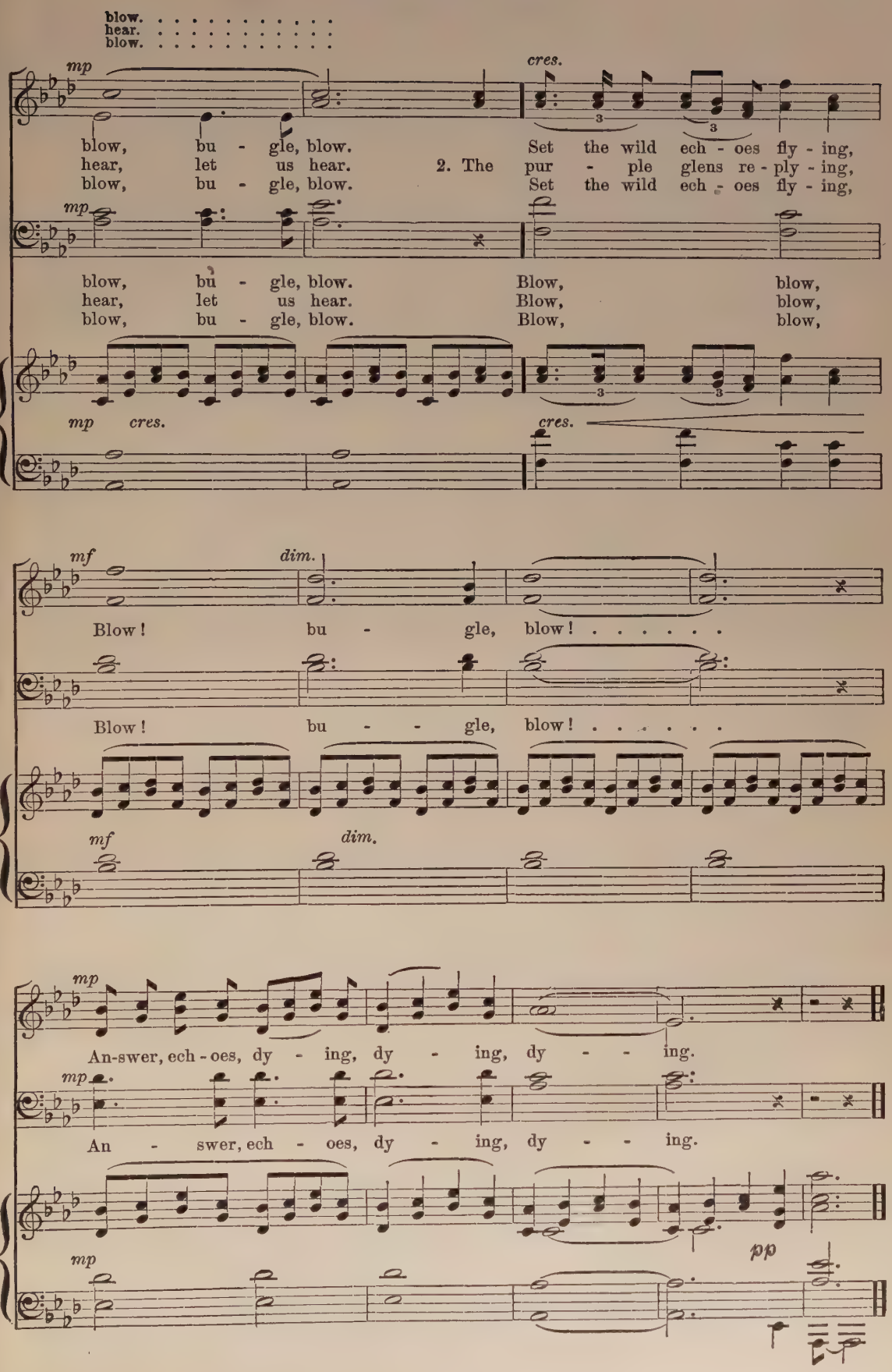
blow.
hear.
blow.
mp
cres.
blow, bu - gle, blow.
hear, let us hear.
blow, bu - gle, blow.
2. The pur - ple glens re - ply - ing,
Set the wild ech - oes fly - ing,
Set the wild ech - oes fly - ing,
blow, bu - gle, blow.
hear, let us hear.
blow, bu - gle, blow.
Blow, blow,
Blow, blow,
Blow, blow,
mp cres.
cres.
mf
dim.
Blow! bu - gle, blow! . . . . . .
Blow! bu - - gle, blow! . . . . . .
mf
dim.
mp
An-swer, ech - oes, dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - - ing.
An - swer, ech - oes, dy - ing, dy - - ing.
mp
pp

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH.

Jessie L. Gaynor.

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth Guid - ing in love and truth,
2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord; The all - sub - du - ing Word,
3. Ev - er be Thou our guide, Our Shep - herd, and our pride,

Through de - vious ways; Christ, our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy
Heal - er of strife; Thou didst Thy - self a - base, That from sin's
Our staff and song; Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy pe -

name to sing, And here our chil - dren bring, To sing Thy praise.
deep dis - grace, Thou might - est save our race, And give us life.
ren - nial Word Lead us where Thou hast trod, Our faith make strong.

NOTE. — This hymn, from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the primitive Christian Church.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL, ANGELIC SONGS.

(PILGRIMS.)

Frederick W. Faber.

Henry Smart.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an-gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch- es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag- ments

o-cean's wave-beat shore! How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus!
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
And life's long shad-ows break in cloud - less love.

An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

F. W. Faber. *J. Barnby.*

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old; Who
3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in Thy love, And

Where loy - al hearts and

would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al
would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold; Where loy - al
guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove. Where loy - al

true

hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rap-ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

A HOPE CAROL.

Christina G. Rossetti. *David Stanley Smith.*

Gracefully.

p

1. A night was near, a day was near; Be - -
2. Be - low the stars, be - yond the moon, Be - -
3. To - day or may be not to - day, To - -

p

p

Ped.

tween a day and night I heard sweet voi - ces call - ing clear,
tween the night and day, I heard a ris - ing, fall - ing tune
night or not to - night, All voi - ces that com-mand or pray,

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

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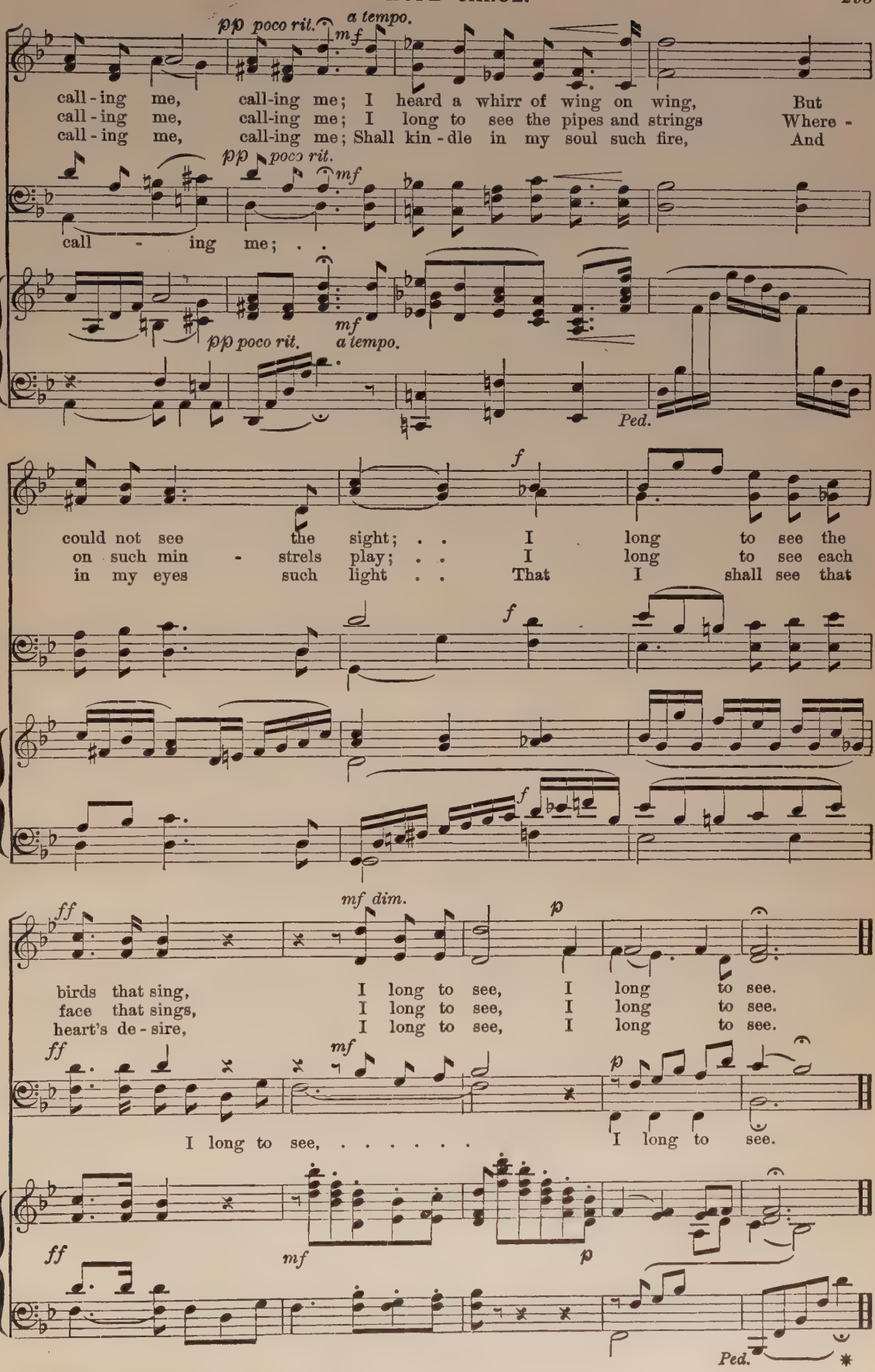

pp poco rit.
a tempo.
mf
call-ing me, call-ing me; I heard a whirr of wing on wing, But
call-ing me, call-ing me; I long to see the pipes and strings Where -
call-ing me, call-ing me; Shall kin-dle in my soul such fire, And
pp poco rit.
mf
call - ing me; . .
mf
pp poco rit.
a tempo.
Ped.
f
could not see the sight; . . I long to see the
on such min - strels play; . . I long to see each
in my eyes such light . . That I shall see that
f
f
ff
mf dim.
p
birds that sing, I long to see, I long to see.
face that sings, I long to see, I long to see.
heart's de-sire, I long to see, I long to see.
ff
mf
p
I long to see, ... I long to see.
ff
mf
p
Ped.

MY LOVE DWELT IN A NORTHERN LAND.

Andrew Lang. *Edward Elgar.*

Moderato legato. *p*

land, A dim tow'r in a for - est green was

My love dwelt in a north-ern land, ... A dim tow'r was

land, A dim tow'r in a for - est green was

My love dwelt in a north-ern land, ... a north-ern

Moderato legato. *p* (*For practice only.*)

his; . . *pp*

his; . . And far a - way the sand and gray - wash of the

his; *a tempo.* *pp*

land; . And far . . . . . a - way . . . . . .

rit. *pp* *a tempo.* *pp*

waves were seen, The wo - ven for - est boughs be - tween; And *p*

rit.

. . . the waves were seen, The wo - ven for - est boughs be - tween; And *p*

rit. *p*

a tempo. legato. night, The sun - set slow - ly, slow - ly died a - *dim. rit.*

thro' the north - ern sum - mer night, ... The sun - set died a -

a tempo. legato. night, The sun - set slow - ly, slow - ly died a - *dim. rit.*

thro' the north - ern sum - mer night, ... The sun - set died a -

a tempo. legato. *dim. rit.*

way, strange deer, sil - ver white,

pp

way, And herds of strange deer, sil - - - - - - ver white, Came gleam-ing

a tempo. strange deer, sil - ver white,

pp

way, And herds . . . . . of deer Came gleam-ing

pp a tempo.

f *dim.* *p* *rit.* *rit.*

through the for - est gray, And fled like ghosts be - fore the day. . .

f *dim.* *p* *rit.* *rit.*

through the for - est gray, And fled like ghosts be - fore the day. . .

f *dim.* *p* *rit.* *rit.*

Tempo poco piu lento.

And oft, that month, . . . we watch'd the moon . . . . Wax

pp *dolciss.* *ppp*

And oft, that month we watch'd the moon, And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon Wax

And oft, that month, . . . we watch'd the moon . . . . Wax

TENORS. *dolciss.* *ppp*

And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon, And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon, Wax

BASS. *ppp*

And oft, ... that month, we watch'd the moon . . .

pp

great and white . . . . o'er wood and lawn, ... And

great and white o'er wood and lawn, wax great and white o'er wood and lawn, And

great and white . . . . o'er wood and lawn, ...

great and white o'er wood and lawn, wax great and white o'er wood and lawn, And

. . . . . wax great o'er wood and lawn, And

NOTE. — The passage of vocal accompaniment to be sung as softly and smoothly as possible, and without accent. 2d Ten and 2d Bass parts may be sung or omitted ad lib.

oft, . . . that month, we watch'd the moon wax great . . . . . .

mf *dim.* *p* *pp*

oft, that month, we watch'd the moon, And oft, that month, we

mf *dim.* *p* *pp*

oft, that month, we watch'd the moon, And oft, that month, we

mf *dim.* *p* *pp*

oft, that month, we watch'd, we watch'd the moon,

mf *dim.* *p*

. . . . . and white . . . . o'er wood and lawn, . . .

pp *ppp*

watch'd the moon wax great and white o'er wood and lawn, wax great and white o'er

watch'd the moon wax great and white . . . . o'er wood and lawn, . . .

pp *ppp*

watch'd the moon wax great and white o'er wood and lawn, wax great and white o'er

ppp

wax great . . . . . and white o'er

pp

ten.

. . . . And wane, with wan - - - ing of the June, . . .

wood and lawn, And wane, with wan - ing of the June, And wane, with wan - ing

. . . . And wane, with wan - - - ing of the June, . . .

wood and lawn, And wane, with wan - ing of the June, And wane, with wan - ing

wood and lawn, ... And wane, with

. . . . Till, like a brand for bat - tle drawn, she fell, ...

f *sf* *dim.* *ril.*

of the June, Till, like a brand for bat - tle drawn, she fell,

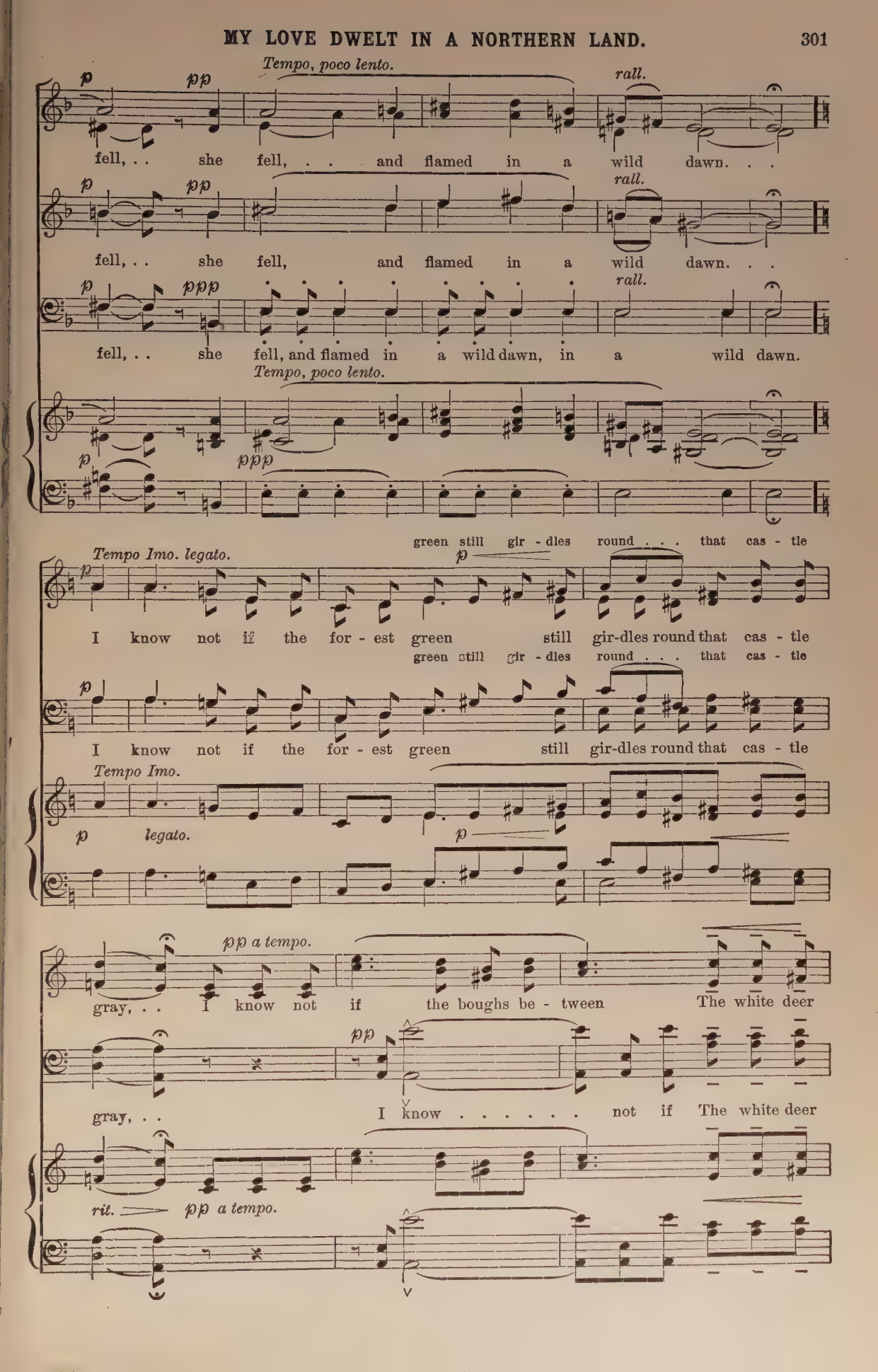
f *sf* *dim.* *rit.*

of the June, Till, like a brand for bat - tle drawn, she fell,

f *sf* *dim.* *rit.*

wan - ing June, Till, like a brand for bat - tle drawn, she fell.

f *sf* *dim.* *rit.*


Tempo, poco lento.
rall.
fell, . . she fell, . . and flamed in a wild dawn. . .
fell, . . she fell, and flamed in a wild dawn. . .
fell, . . she fell, and flamed in a wild dawn, in a wild dawn.
Tempo, poco lento.
green still gir - dles round . . . that cas - tle
Tempo Imo. legato.
I know not if the for - est green still gir-dles round that cas - tle
green still gir - dles round . . . that cas - tle
I know not if the for - est green still gir-dles round that cas - tle
Tempo Imo.
legato.
pp a tempo.
gray, . . I know not if the boughs be - tween The white deer
gray, . . I know . . . . . not if The white deer
rit.
pp a tempo.

grass a - bove . . . . my

f *dim.* *pp* *ppp* *molto espress.*

van - ish ere the day; . The grass a - bove my love is green, The

f *dim.* *ppp* *molto espress.* *ppp*

van - ish ere the day; . The grass a - bove my love is green, The

f *dim.* *ppp*

love is green, ...

ffz p *poco rit.* *Tempo, piu lento.*

grass a - bove my love is green, His heart is cold-er than the clay,

heart is cold, cold - er than the

ffz p *poco rit.* *mezzo voce.* *pp*

grass a - bove my love is green, His heart is cold - er than the clay, ...

Tempo, piu lento.

ffz p *poco rit.* *pp*

cold - - - er, cold - er

pp mezza voce. *pp mezza voce.* *molto rall.* *ppp*

cold - er than the clay, cold - - er than the clay. . .

clay, His heart is cold - - - er, cold - er

molto rall. *ppp*

. . . . . than the clay. . .

molto rall. *ppp*

A MERRY LIFE.

From the Italian. *Denza.*

Allegretto giocoso.

f

1. Some think . . .
2. Ah, me! . . .

p grazioso.

p

. . the world is made for fun and frol - ic, . . And so do I! . . . .
. . 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, . . And like it well! . . .

CHORUS. *f* SOLO. *f*

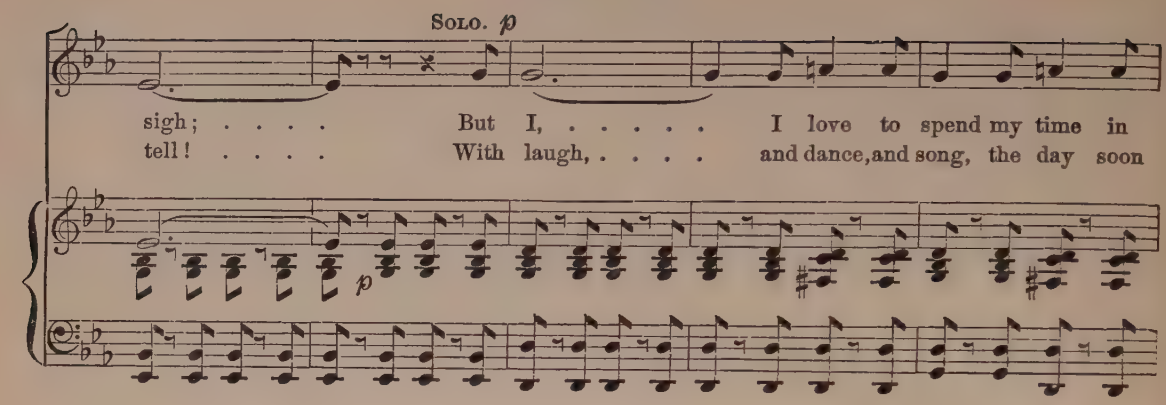
. . And so do I! . . . . . Some think . . . . it well to
. . And like it well! . . . . . For me, ... I have not

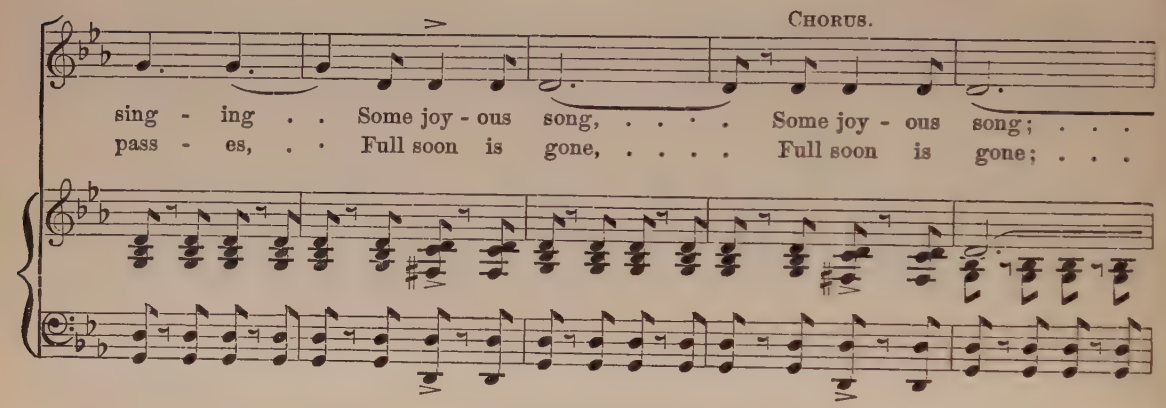
f *p*

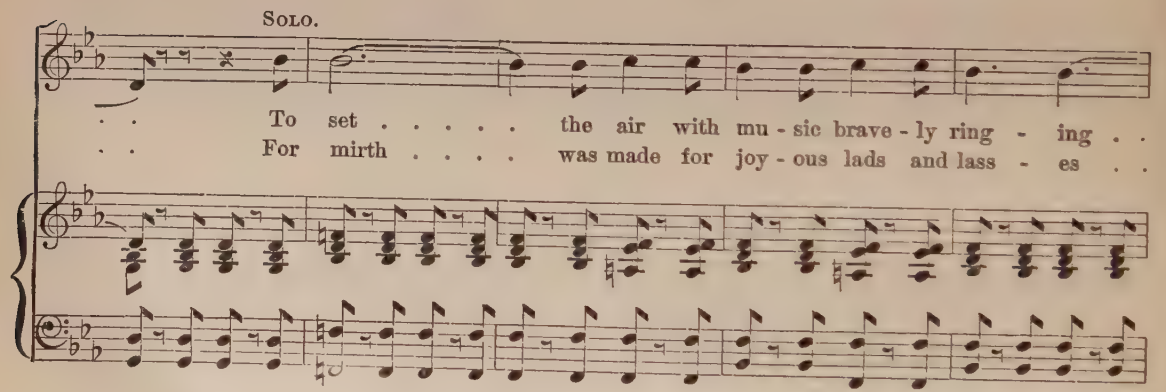
CHORUS. *f*

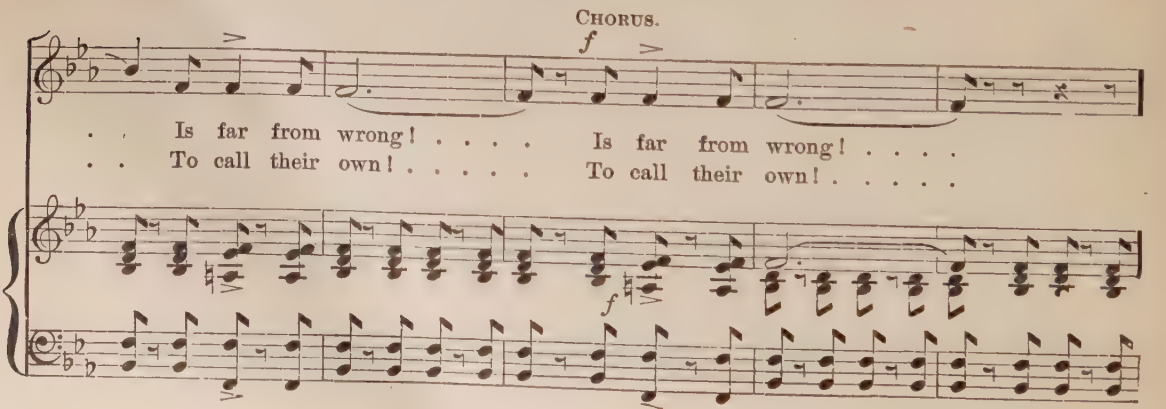
be all mel - an - chol - ic, . . To pine and sigh, ... To pine and
thought it worth the try - ing, . . So can - not tell! . . . . . So can - not

f


Solo. p
sigh; . . . . But I, ... I love to spend my time in
tell! . . . . With laugh, ... and dance, and song, the day soon
p


Chorus.
sing - ing . . Some joy - ous song, ... Some joy - ous song; . . .
pass - es, . . Full soon is gone, ... Full soon is gone; . . .


Solo.
. . To set . . . . . the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing . .
. . For mirth . . . . was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es . .


Chorus.
f
. . Is far from wrong! . . . . Is far from wrong! . . . .
. . To call their own! . . . . . To call their own! . . . . .
f

f *1st time* SOLO.

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu- sic sounds a - far! . . . Hark - en! Hark - en!

UNISON.

f

Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu- sic sounds a - far! . . . Hark - en! Hark - en!

f

ten.

Mu- sic sounds a -far! Tra- la - la - la, tra- la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!

Mu- sic sounds a -far! Tra- la - la - la, tra- la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra, la - la - la!

p *cres* - *cen* - - *do.* *col canto.*

f

Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.

Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.

f

O REST IN THE LORD.

From "Elijah." **Mendelssohn.**

Andantino. *p*

O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, and He shall

pp

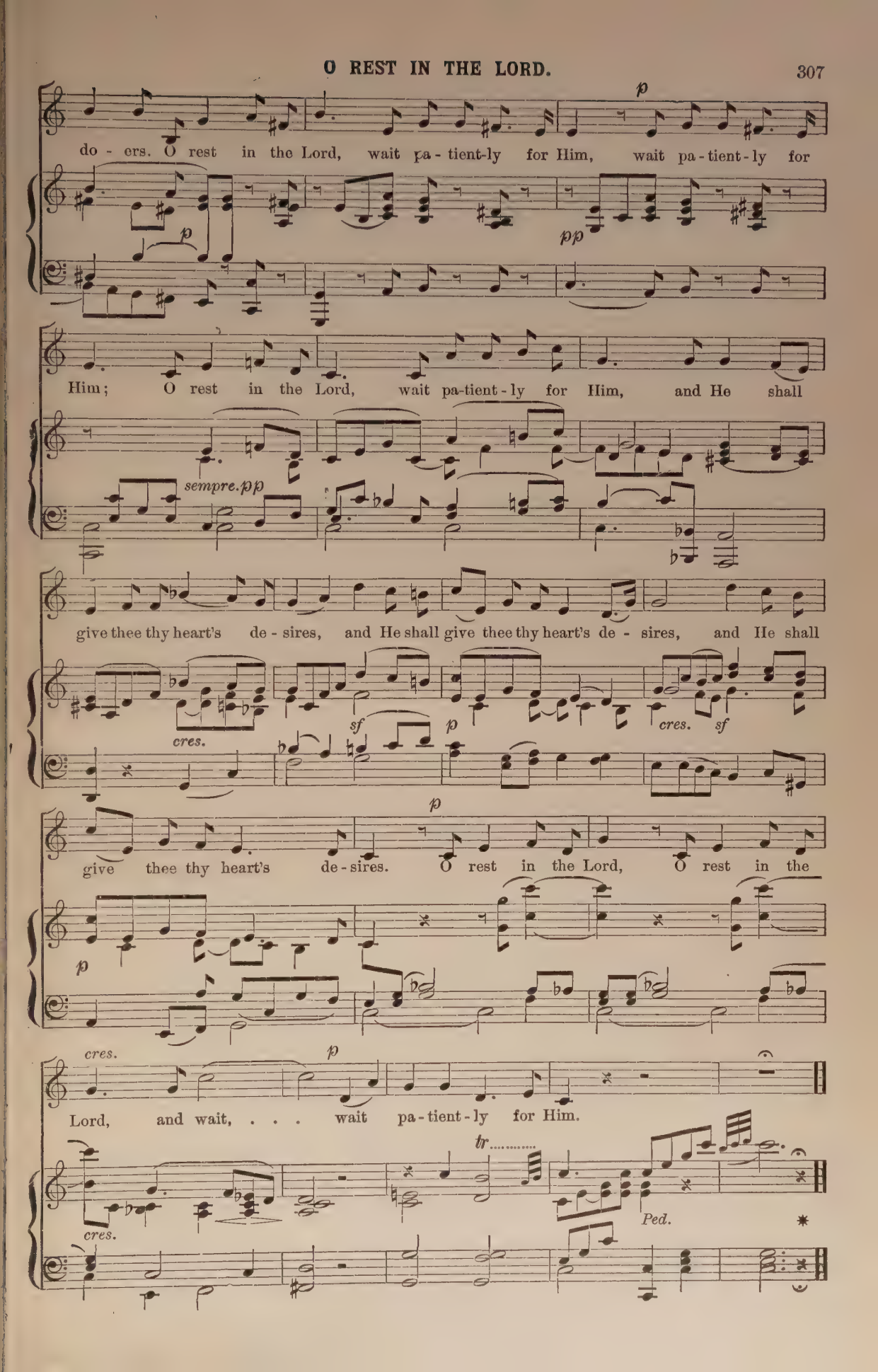
give thee thy heart's de - sires: O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de -

sires. Com-mit thy way un - to Him, and trust in Him; com-mit thy way un -

to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-self . . . be-cause of e - vil

p


do - ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient-ly for Him, wait pa - tient - ly for
Him; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient - ly for Him, and He shall
sempre.pp
give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall
cres.
give thee thy heart's de - sires. O rest in the Lord, O rest in the
cres.
Lord, and wait, . . . wait pa - tient - ly for Him.
tr
Ped.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Alfred Tennyson.
From "In Memoriam."

Ch. Gounod.
Arranged for Chorus by W. W. Gilchrist

♩ = 48.

ALTO.

Ring out, wild

f

bells, to the wild sky, ... The fly - ing cloud, the frost - y

light; . . . . . The year is dy - ing in the night, ...

SOPRANO.

Ring out the

f

. . . Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. . . . . .

cres. *dim.* *p* *mf*

Copyright, 1896, by W. W. GILCHRIST.

old, ring in the new; . . . Ring, hap - py bells, a - cross the snow, ...

mp

Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring, hap - py

mp

Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring, hap-py

mp

Ring out, wild bells, ... Ring out, wild

. . The year is go - ing, let him go! . . . . Ring out the false, ring in the

bells, a - cross the snow, Let him go!

bells, a - cross the snow, Let him go!

bells, ... Ring out, wild bells!

cres.

p legato.

true, Ring out the grief that saps the mind, ...

f *p*

Ring, Ring, Ring in the true, Ring out all

p

Ring out the false, ring in the true, Ring out all

Ring out the false, ring in the true,

f *p*

. . For those that here we see no more, ... Ring out the feud of rich and

grief, . . Ring out all feud, . .

grief, . . Ring out all feud, . .

cres . . . cen . .

poor, . . Ring in re - dress for all man - kind. . . . . .

Ring in re - dress. . . . . For all man - kind. . .

Ring in re - dress for all man-kind, For all man - kind. . .

- - do - - mol - - - - to. dim.

f

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, ... The faith-less cold - ness of the

f

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, Ring out, ring out The faith-less cold - ness of the

Ring out, ring out,

Ring out, ring out,

mf

times, ... Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the

times, Ring out, ring out, Ring out, ring out,

Ring out, ring out, Ring out, ring out,

Ring out, ring out, Ring out, ring out,

cres . . . *cen* . . *do.* *cres.* . . . .

poco rall. *ff*

full - er min - strel in. . . Ring out old shapes of foul dis - ease, . .

ff

Ring out, wild bells, Ring, Ring out, wild bells, Ring

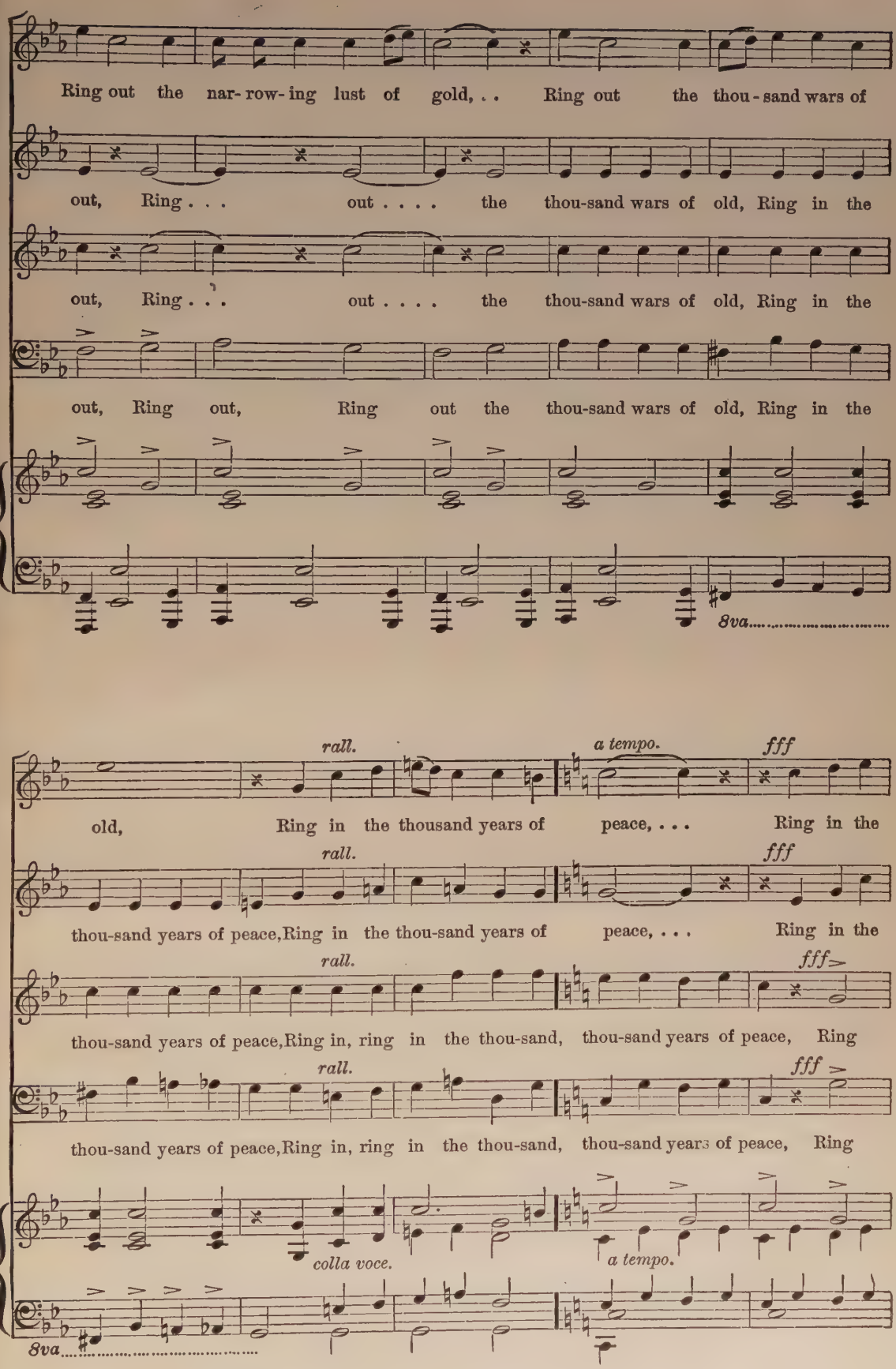
ff

Ring out, wild bells, Ring, Ring out, wild bells, Ring

ff

Ring out, wild bells, Ring, Ring out, wild bells, Ring

poco rall.


Ring out the nar- row- ing lust of gold, . . Ring out the thou - sand wars of
out, Ring . . . out . . . . the thou-sand wars of old, Ring in the
out, Ring . . . out . . . . the thou-sand wars of old, Ring in the
out, Ring out, Ring out the thou-sand wars of old, Ring in the
8va
rall.
a tempo.
fff
old, Ring in the thousand years of peace, . . . Ring in the
rall.
fff
thou-sand years of peace, Ring in the thou-sand years of peace, . . . Ring in the
rall.
fff
thou-sand years of peace, Ring in, ring in the thou-sand, thou-sand years of peace, Ring
rall.
fff
thou-sand years of peace, Ring in, ring in the thou-sand, thou-sand years of peace, Ring
colla voce.
a tempo.
8va

val - iant man and free, The larg - er heart, the kind - lier hand, . .

val - iant man and free, The larg - er heart, the kind - lier hand, . .

in the val - iant man, The kind - lier heart and

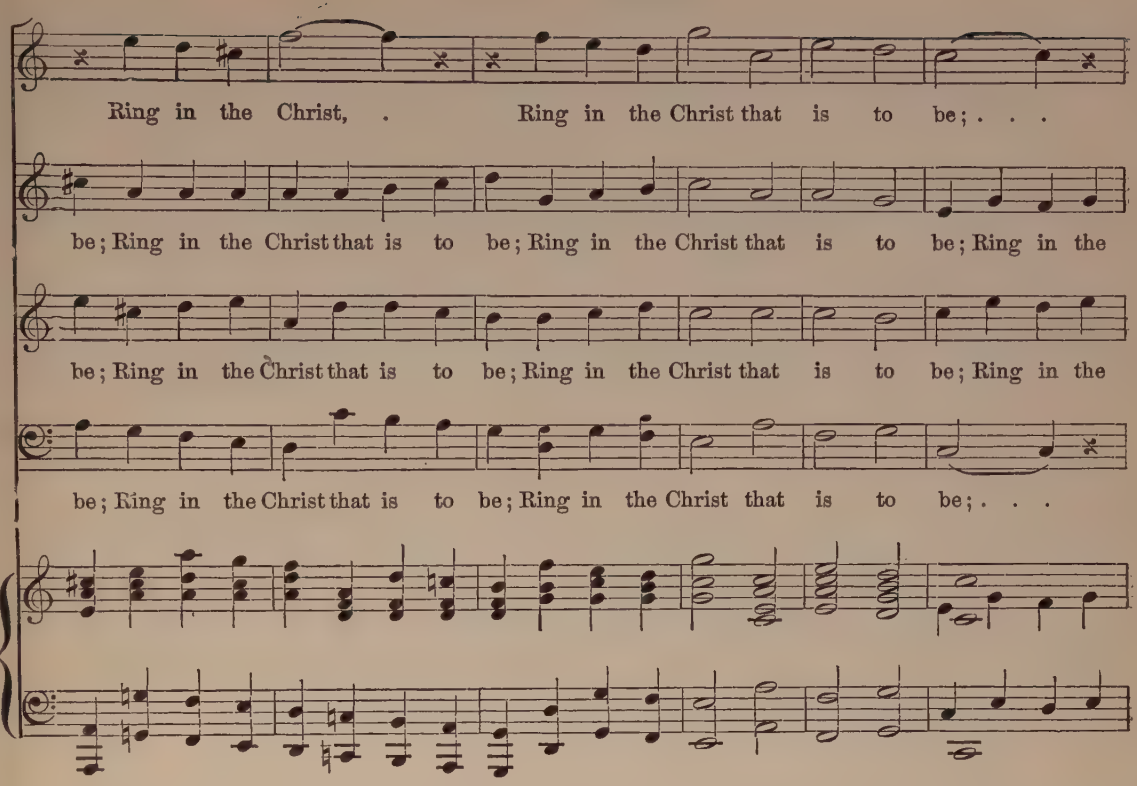
in the val - iant man, The kind - lier heart and

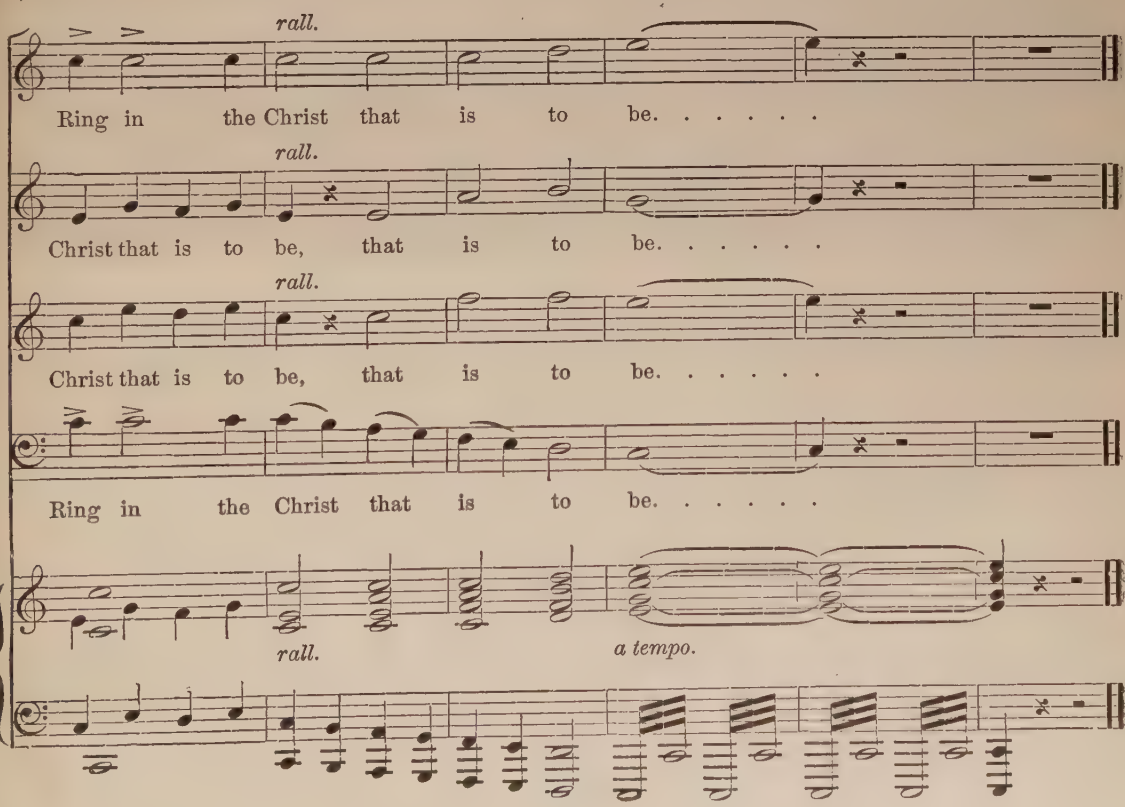
. . . Ring out the dark-ness of the land, . . . Ring in the Christ . . .

. . . Ring out, ring out the dark-ness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to

hand, Ring out the dark-ness of the land, ... Ring in the Christ that is to

hand, Ring out, ring out the dark-ness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to


Ring in the Christ, . Ring in the Christ that is to be; . . .
be; Ring in the Christ that is to be; Ring in the Christ that is to be; Ring in the
be; Ring in the Christ that is to be; Ring in the Christ that is to be; Ring in the
be; Ring in the Christ that is to be; Ring in the Christ that is to be; . . .


rall.
Ring in the Christ that is to be. . . . . .
rall.
Christ that is to be, that is to be. . . . . .
rall.
Christ that is to be, that is to be. . . . . .
Ring in the Christ that is to be. . . . . .
rall.
a tempo.

SANTA LUCIA.

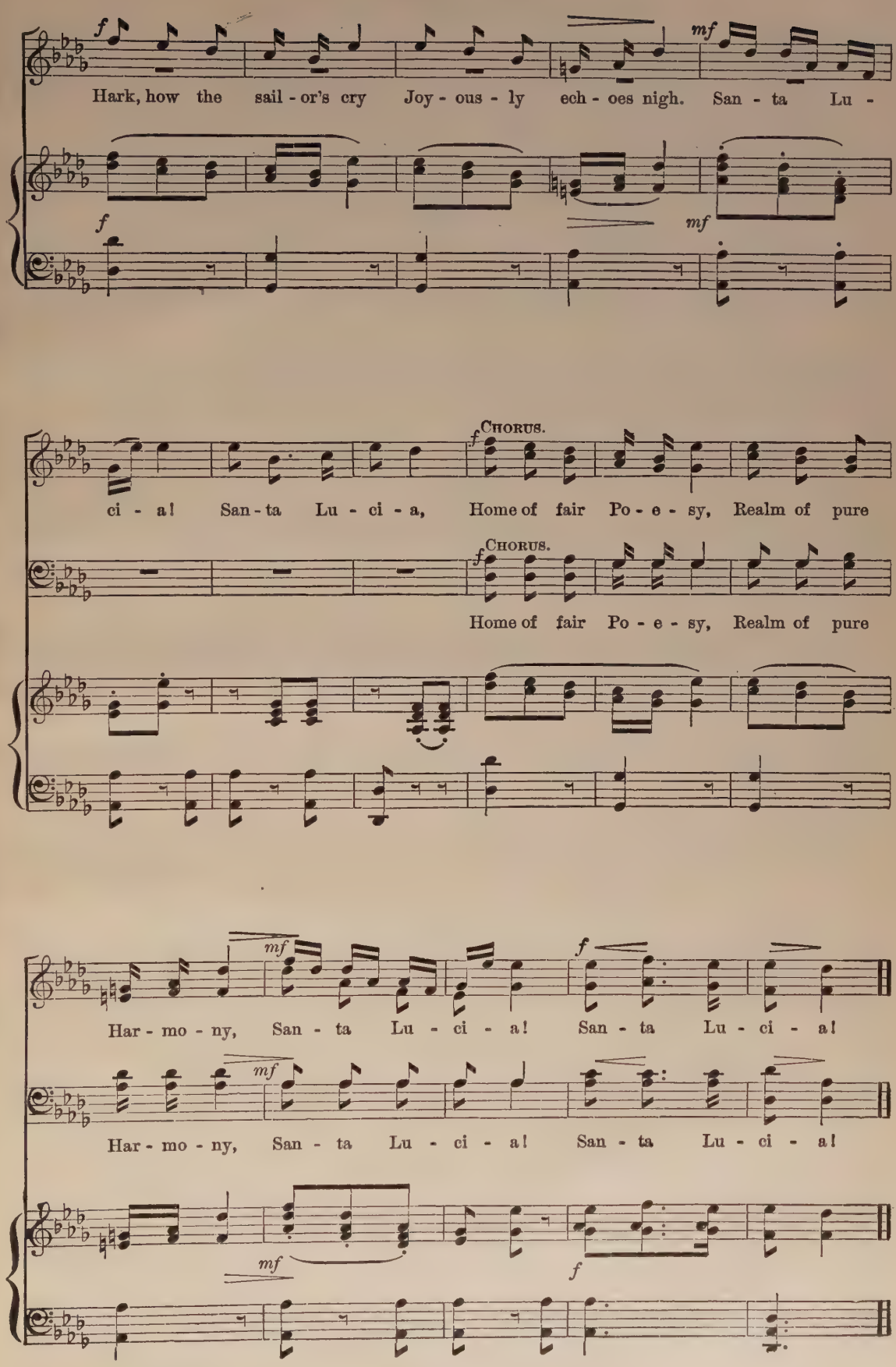
Italian.

1. Now 'neath the
2. When o'er thy

sil-ver moon O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
wa - ters Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,

Soft winds are blow - ing. Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in -
All care al - lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are

vite us, And as we gen - tly row All things de - light us.
giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en.


f
mf
Hark, how the sail - or's cry Joy - ous - ly ech - oes nigh. San - ta Lu -
CHORUS.
ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a, Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure
Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure
Har - mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
Har - mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

SONG OF ILLYRIAN PEASANTS.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. *P. A. Schnecker.*

Allegretto. With spirit.

mf Leggiero.

mf

Up! up! ye dames, ye lass - es gay! To the mead - ows trip a - way; Up!

mf

Up! up! ye dames, ye lass - es gay! To the mead - ows trip a - way; Up!

mf

rall. *f a tempo.*

up! ye dames, ye lass - es gay! To the mead-ows, to the mead-ows trip a - way.

rall. *f a tempo.*

up! ye dames, ye lass - es gay! To the mead-ows, to the mead-ows trip a - way.

rall. *f a tempo.*

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mf

'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn, And scare the small birds from the corn.

mf

'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn, And scare the small birds from the corn

mf

cres. *f*

Not a soul at home may stay, at home may stay; For the shepherds must go with

cres. *f*

Not a soul at home may stay, at home may stay; For the shepherds must go with

cres. *f*

rit. *p*

lance and bow To hunt the wolf in the woods to - day. Leave the hearth and leave the house

rit. *p*

lance and bow To hunt the wolf in the woods to - day. Leave the hearth and leave the house

rit. *p*

To the crick - et and the mouse; Find gran- nam out a sun - ny seat, With

To the crick - et and the mouse; Find gran- nam out a sun - ny seat, With

rit. *a tempo.*

babe and lamb-kin at her feet; Not a soul at home may stay, at home may

rit. *a tempo.*

babe and lamb-kin at her feet; Not a soul at home may stay, at home may

rit. *a tempo.*

f *rit.*

stay; For the shepherds must go with lance and bow To hunt the wolf in the woods to - day.

f *rit.*

stay; For the shepherds must go with lance and bow To hunt the wolf in the woods to - day.

f *rit.*

Laurel Song Book—Hymnal Supplement.

OLD HUNDRED.

Thos. Ken. *G. Franc.*

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host. Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

LYNDHURST.

Johann W. von Goethe.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er Tri - al bear and pain, Sur - er yet and
3. High - er yet and high - er, Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and

dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing
sur - er Peace at last to gain; Suf - f'ring still and do - ing,
near - er Ris - ing to the light,— Light se - rene and ho - ly,

God with - out a fear, Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
To His will re - signed, And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
Where my soul may rest, Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.

ST. EDMUND.

Lucy Larcom, 1892. *Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872.*

1. Draw thou my soul, O Christ, Clos - er to Thine; Breathe in - to
2. Lead forth my soul, O Christ, One with Thine own;— Joy - ful to
3. Not for my - self a - lone May my pray'r be,— Lift Thou Thy
4. Near - er to Thee, O Christ, Near - er to Thee! Till we in

ev - 'ry wish Thy will di - vine! Raised my low self a - bove, Won by Thy
fol - low Thee Thro' paths un - known! In Thee my strength re - new; Give me Thy
world, O Christ, Clos - er to Thee! Cleanse from its guilt and wrong, Teach it sal -
Thy dear face God's glo - ry see: Heav'n-ward our hopes as - cend, Sav - iour and

death - less love, Ev - er, O Christ, thro' mine Let Thy life shine.
work to do! Through me Thy truth be shown, Thy love made known.
va - tion's song, Till earth, as heav'n ful - fill . . God's ho - ly will.
Lord and Friend: O draw us all to Thee, . Near - er to Thee!

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

Philip Doddridge, 1755. *Hans G. Nägeli, 1768 – 1836.* *Lowell Mason, 1845.*

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. While Prov - i - dence sup - ports, Let saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down this wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved Down to the pres - ent day;

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guide His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

JERUSALEM ABOVE.

(MATERNA.)

F. B. P., 16th Cent. *Samuel A. Ward, 1882.*

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? . . When
2. No murk - y cloud o'er - shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor dark-some night; . . But
3. Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green, . . There
4. There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring; . There

shall my sor-rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see? . . O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O
ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light. . There lust and lu - cre cannot dwell, There
grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs As nowhere else are seen. Quite thro' the streets, with silver sound, The
ev - er - more the an - gels sit, And ev - er - more do sing. . Je - ru - sa-lem, my happy home, Would

sweet and pleas - ant soil! . . In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
en - vy bears no sway; . There is no hun - ger, heat, nor cold, But pleas - ure ev - 'ry way.
flood of life doth flow; . Up - on whose banks on ev - 'ry side The wood of life doth grow.
God. I were in thee! . Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see.

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O COME, LET US WORSHIP.

(LYONS.)

Robert Grant, 1833. *J. M. Haydn, 1737–1806.*

1. O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly sing His power and His
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to

love,—Our Shield and De-fend - er, the An-cient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
fail. Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end, Our Mak-er, De - fend-er, Re - deemer and Friend.

OH, COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.)
Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841.

J. Reading, 1692.

1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, Oh, come ye, oh,
2. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of An - gels;
ci - ti - zens of heaven a - bove: Glo - ry to God In the high - est;
Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

After each verse.

Oh, come, let us a-dore Him, Oh, come, let us a-dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

GOD BE WITH US.

(DUKE STREET.)

Leonard Bacon, 1838.

John Hatton, c. 1793.

1. O God! be-neath Thy guid - ing hand; Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea;
2. Thou heardst, well-pleas'd, the song, the prayer; Thy bless-ing came; and still its power
3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex - iles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's chil - dren shall a - dore.

And, when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm . . they wor - shipped Thee.
Shall on-ward thro' all a - ges bear The mem-'ry of . . . that ho - ly hour.
And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns . . the earth no more.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

(EWING.)

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. *Alexander Ewing, 1853.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And
3. There is the throne of Da - vid,—And there, from care re - leased, The
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, O, I know not, What
bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng: The Prince is ev - er in them; The
song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Lead - er, Have
sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!
day - light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
con - quered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

Philip Doddridge, 1755. *George F. Handel, 1728.*

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For -
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis
4. Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun; And,

heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
get the steps al - rea - dy trod, And on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
His own hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Sarah F. Adams, 1841. *Lowell Mason, 1856.*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to thee! . E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, . Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; . All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, . Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, . . Sun, moon, and

be a cross That . rais - eth me, . . Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My . . rest a stone, . Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send - est me In . . mer - cy given; . An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; . So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, . . Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. .

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

C. Wesley, 1757. *F. De Giardini, 1769.*

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at - tend!
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour!
4. To the great One in Three The high - est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more;

Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
His sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 1855, Ab. (WINDSOR.) *J. Barnby, 1833, 1896.*

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul

wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-lier than the
hush of na-ture new-ly born; A-lone with Thee, in breath-less ad-o-
eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re-pose be-neath Thy wings o'er-
wak-eth, and life's shad-ows flee; Oh, in that hour, fair-er than day-light

the sweet
the calm
sweet-er
rise the

day-light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee!
ra-tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
shad-ing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.
dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo-rious thought, I am with Thee!

the sweet
the calm
sweet-er
rise the

RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT.

A. Pope, 1720. (MOSCOW.) *A. F. Lwoff, 1833.*

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im-pe-rial Sa-lem, rise; Ex-alt thy tow-'ring head and lift thine eyes;
2. See a long race thy spacious courts a-dorn: See fu-ture sons, and daughters yet un-born,
3. See bar-b'rous na-tions at thy gates at-tend, Walk in thy light, and in thy tem-ple bend;
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de-cay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt a-way;

See heav'n its spark-ling por-tals wide dis-play, And break up-on thee in a flood of day.
In crowd-ing ranks on ev-'ry side a-rise, De-mand-ing life, im-pa-tient for the skies.
See thy bright al-tars thronged with pros-trate kings, While ev-'ry land its joy-ous trib-ute brings
But fixed His word, His sav-ing pow'r remains; Thy realms shall last, thy own Mes-si-ah reigns.

ANTIOCH.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1742.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King,
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-iour reigns: Let men their songs em-ploy,
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na-ture
Re-peat the sound-ing
And won-ders of His

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n.. and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat..the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of His love, Won-ders, and won-ders of His love.
sing, ...
joy, ...
love, ...

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
joy, Re-peat the sound-ing joy,
love, And won-ders of His love,

HOLY SPIRIT, TRUTH DIVINE.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864. *Arr. from L. Gottschalk, 1856.*

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, Truth di-vine, Dawn up-on this soul of mine;
2. Ho-ly Spir-it, Love di-vine, Glow with-in this heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, Power di-vine, Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, Joy di-vine, Glad-den thou this heart of mine;

Word of God, and in-ward Light, Wake my spir-it, clear my sight.
Kin-dle ev-'ry high de-sire; Per-ish self in Thy pure fire.
By Thee may I strong-ly live, Brave-ly bear, and no-bly strive.
In the des-ert ways I sing, "Spring, O Well, for-ev-er spring!"

ELLACOMBE.

Isaac Watts, 1719. *German.*

1. With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns He
2. His stead-y coun - sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing year; He bids the sun cut
3. He sends His word, and melts the snow, The fields no lon - ger mourn; He calls the warm - er

spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky: He sends His show'rs of bless - ing down To
short His race, And win - try days ap - pear: His hoar - y frost, His flee - cy snow, De -
gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn. The chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O -

cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the moun - tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.
scend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams for-bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.
bey His might - y word: With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, Praise ye the sov-'reign Lord.

SPIRIT OF GOD.

(BENEDICTION.)

Rev. George Croly, 1854. *Edward J. Hopkins, 1860.*

1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth, thro' all its puls - es
2. Teach me to feel that Thou art al-ways nigh; Teach me the strug-gles of the soul to
3. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love,— One ho - ly pas - sion fill - ing all my

move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might-y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
bear, To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb - el sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un-answer'd pray'r.
frame; The bap-tism of the Heav'n-de-scend-ed Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, 1872. *Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872.*

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is -
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come . . to Thee!
power When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fil.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

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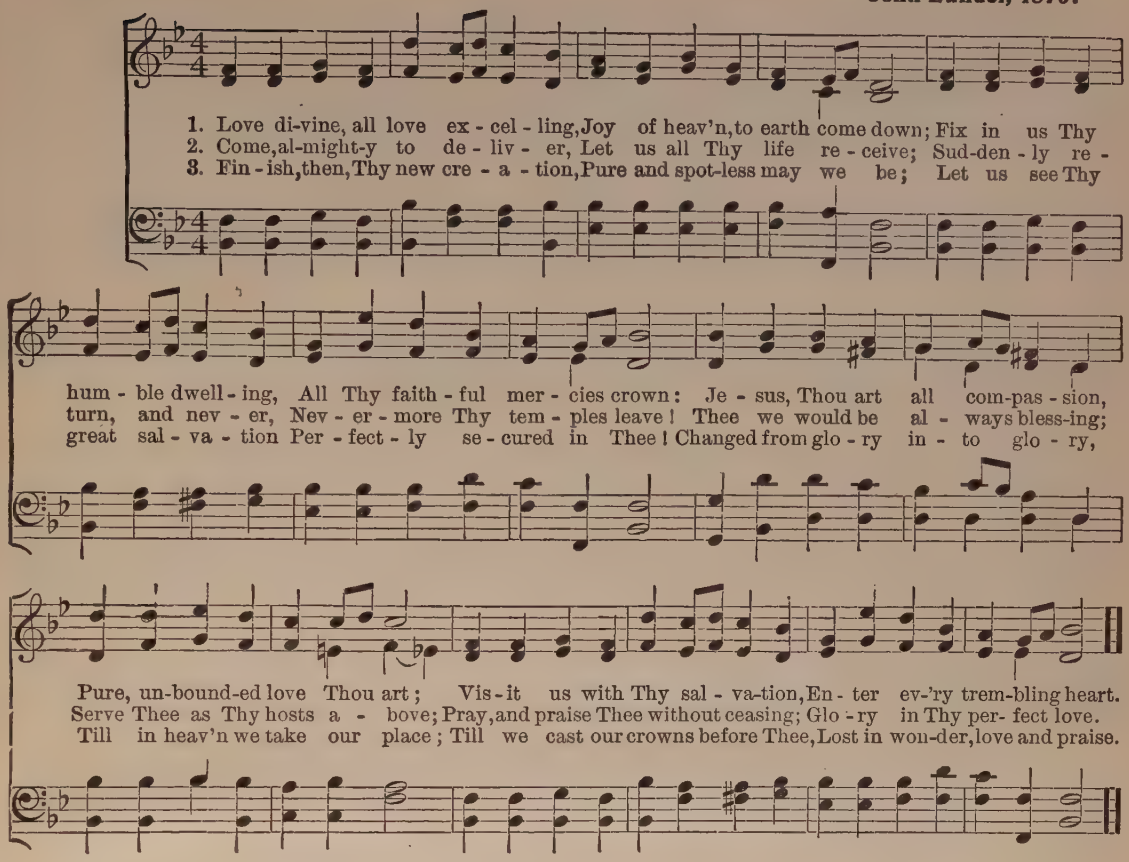
CORONATION.

O. Holden, 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all ma-jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all ma-jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
3. O that with yonder sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

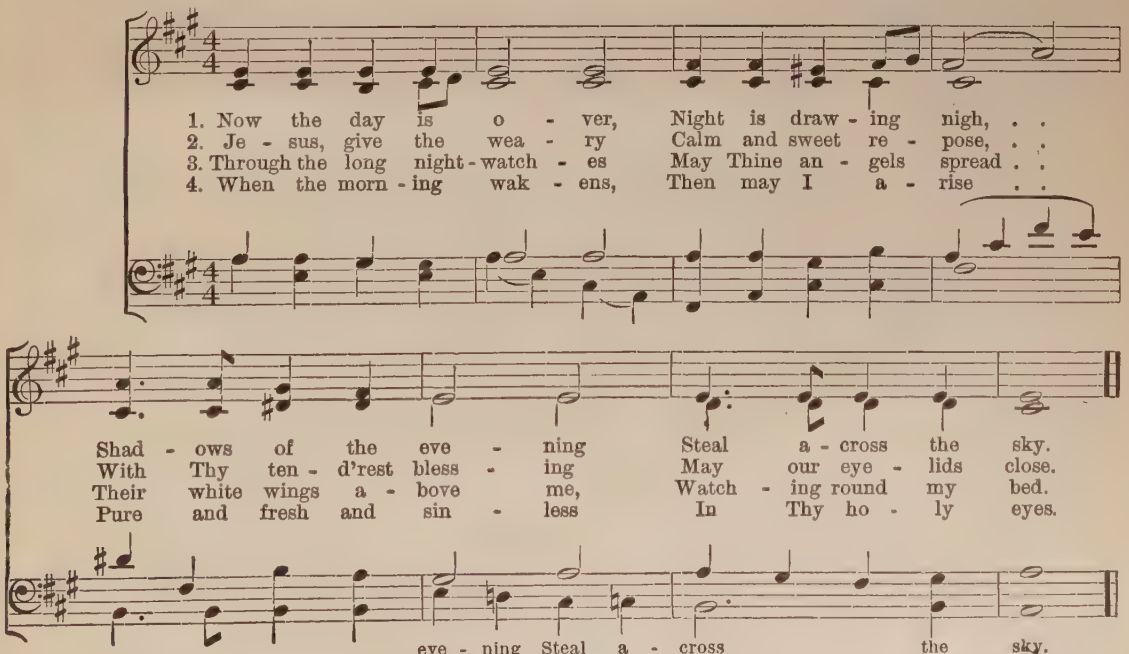
John Zundel, 1870.



NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

(MERRIAL.)

S. Baring Gould, 1865. *Joseph Barnby, 1868.*



I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

Horatio Bonar, 1846. *John B. Dykes, 1868.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad, I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav - 'ling days are done.

LORD, IN THY GREAT, THY GLORIOUS NAME.

(PSALM 31.)

Anna Steele. *Schumann.*

1. Lord, in Thy great, Thy glo - rious name, I place my hope, my on - ly trust; Save me from sor - row, guilt, and shame, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.
2. Thou art my Rock! Thy name a - lone The for - tress where my hopes re - treat; Oh, make Thy power and mer - cy known; To safe - ty guide my wan - d'ring feet.
3. Blest be the Lord, for - ev - er blest, Whose mer - cy bids my fears re - move; The sa - cred walls which guard my rest Are His al - might - y power and love.

PILOT.

Edward Hopper, 1871. *John E. Gould, 1871.*

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, . . Hid - ing rock and treach-'rous shoal; . .
Boist - 'rous waves o - bey Thy will . . When Thou say'st to them, "Be still." . .
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, . . Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast, .

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

ABIDE WITH ME.

(EVENTIDE.)

Henry F. Lyte, 1847. *William H. Monk, 1861.*

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness deep - ens, Lord, with me a -
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a -
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev -'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter-

bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a - bide with me!
way; Change and de - cay in all a -round I see: O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
power? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, a - bide with me!
ness: Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic-to - ry? I triumph still if Thou a - bide with me.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865. *Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871.*

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore!
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus, Constant will re-main;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri-umph song,—

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe: For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo-d-y we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King! This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

Martin Luther, 1529.

1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He, a -
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing; Were not the right man
3. And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us, We will not fear, for
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the

mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is
God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The Prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for
gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin- dred go, This mor - tal life al -

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
He; Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
him; His rage we can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His King-dom is for - ev - er.

THESE SEE HIS WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

(DUNDEE.)

Joseph Addison, 1712. *Scottish Psalter, 1615.*

1. How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord! How sure is their defence! Eternal wisdom is their guide; Their help, omnipotence.
2. When by the dreadful tempest borne High on the broken wave, They know Thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.
3. The storm is laid, the winds retire, O-bedient to Thy will; The sea, that roared at Thy command, At Thy command is still.
4. In midst of dangers, fears and deaths, Thy goodness I'll adore; And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

(CREATION.)

J. Addison, 1712. *Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798.*

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, . With all the blue e - the - real
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, . The moon takes up the won - drous
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all . . Move round this dark ter - res - trial

sky, . And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great o - rig - in - 'al pro -
tale, . And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her
ball; . What though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be

claim. Th' un-wea - ried sun from day to day, Does his . . . Cre - a - - tor's power . . dis -
birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all . . . the plan - ets in . . . their
found; In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - - ter forth . . a glo - rious

Ped.

play, And pub - lish - es . . . to ev - 'ry land The work . . of an . . al - might - y hand.
turn, Con - firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread . the truth . from pole to pole.
voice; For - ev - er sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand . . that made . us is di - vine."

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

John Newton, 1779. *F. J. Haydn, 1797.*

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He, whose word can -
2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy

not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. On the rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy
sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move. Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their

sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
thirst t' assuage?—Grace, which, like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY.

(BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.)

Julia Ward Howe. *Anon.*

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel, writ in bur - nish'd rows of steel;
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

He is tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd, He hath
They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps, I have
"As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal:" Let the
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;
read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;
he - ro born of wo - man crush the ser - pent with his heel,
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him,— be ju - bi - lant, my feet!
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

CHORUS.

His truth is march-ing on.
His day is march-ing on.
Since God is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.
While God is march-ing on.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

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